



"By Malais Grand"

# PICTURES

OF

# SWEDISH LIFE

OR

### SVEA AND HER CHILDREN

BY /

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### NOTE.

MOTHER SVEA is a far-off cousin to Britannia and Columbia. This interesting old lady has evidently discovered the fountain of perpetual youth. In full vigor and beauty she reigns in her quiet home in the North, and keeps up her ancient customs in an aristocratic and independent way quite her own. Her family is small, but she takes as good care of her few children as any old-fashioned educator can; and thinks, no doubt, in her heart, that her crows are the whitest, though the brood may not be as large as some others she could mention.

The writer has lived many years in Svea's dominions, and is well acquainted with her fireside doings, and so ventures to chat about them with well-loved friends "over the water."

In this unstudied sketch of experiences and observations, the "we" often adopted simply indicates that the writer was not alone on the occasions referred to, though her companions have been by no means always the same. For the impressions here recorded she only is responsible. One can but see through one's own spectacles, whatever their color or character may happen to be.

With these few prefatory words, the writer shakes hands with her American friends, and betakes herself to her pleasant task.



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# I.

SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PRESENT.

#### SHAKING HANDS WITH SVEA.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. STOCKHOLM.

WHAT SVEA TELLS HER SEEING THE KING.

CHILDREN.

THE QUEEN'S MONUMENT. Two Poets.

THE GATEWAYS,

WATER UTILIZED. "THE UNCLES."



AN OLD SWEDISH HOME.

## PICTURES OF SWEDISH LIFE.

#### THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WHO does not remember some quiet, old-fashioned country home, where generation after
generation has lived and died, loved and honored?
There the words from the lips of the parents, "So your
grandfather used to do," "So my grandmother said,"
have for the children the sanction of law. The old
family customs and the old family traditions are kept
up, because they are old family customs and old family
traditions. What has grown on the place or has been
made under the roof has a special and endeared value.
Not only is the homespun prized in such a mansion,
but the domestic virtues are there fostered; hospitality,
thrift, and industry flourish, and the individual interest is lost in the interest of the whole.

The household is at the patriarchal standpoint, and the servants are its valued members. Their individual peculiarities are a source of amusement and interest. There is not a shade of pride or condescension on the one side, nor of false servility on the other. The servants are friends, to whom the weal and woe, the sickness and health, the life and death of the family so faithfully served are dearer than their own.

The master of this old-fashioned home, be he "judge," or "colonel," or "lawmaker," pervades the whole estate

in the summer time. Here he takes up rake or pitchfork, or works with the reapers; there he stands and talks with a farmer on the state of the crops. In the winter he can handle the axe at the wood-pile, to get his blood in circulation, or shovel snow in the avenue, as a pleasant recreation.

In the drawing-room a piece of furniture is valued because it is old rather than because it is new. The cut of a garment is not as important as the substantial nature of the material. Self-respect, not pride, prompts the dwellers in that home to be natural and independent in their actions and habits, without regard to what the neighbors may think. Indeed, they have no near neighbors. There is time for a dainty damsel to make any desirable change in her dress, between the appearance of a carriage, or a visitor on foot, at the end of the avenue, and the sounding of the old brass knocker.

The sewing-machine had hard work to get admittance into that home, and the needle refused to go out, even when the clicking stranger was fairly established. Stockings are knit there still, and mittens too, in the good old way.

There is always a well-furnished library in such a home. Dozing at the fireside is not the custom in winter evenings. There is ever somebody to read aloud, and something too, new or old, that is worth reading. The boys go out from such a home eager for knowledge, and come back to lay their university honors at their mother's feet. Later on in life, it is a joy for them to know that there will be a twinkle, then a tear, in that mother's eye, as she hears that the whole nation is praising her "boys."

Not that sin or temptation find no place in such a

home. The old struggle goes on there as elsewhere, and now and then the victory is on the wrong side. There may be in its chronicles the story of a son who was always at home, a thorn in the side for his parents; a poor limp lazy body, the bottle his destroyer, and the burning thirst within his torment. Another boy may have gone out reckless, to never return. Where he is no one knows; but good prayers from that quiet fireside are never lacking for him, and for him the mother pleads alone in secret.

There is outward deference in that home to the Sabbath, and on week-days to all that is holy. Morality and respectability are the rule, though not without exceptions. Only the Searcher of all hearts knows how it is with the individual souls. There is little talk about spiritual things, — more about the church and the minister; but in quiet window-seats are the sisters' books of devotion, and as to the mother, all in the house and out of the house reckon her for a saint.

There have been in many lands, and still are, such homes, in spite of railroad and telegraph and telephone; and happy are they whose lot lies under such a roof.

This is in a measure a fancy picture; but just such a home, in her own European way, Svea has had, to a certain extent, in which to raise her children. She does not front on the North Sea, like her twin sister, with her face to Britannia's dominions. "To Norraway, to Norraway," ran the old ballad, and "To Norway" has long been the summer cry of the travelling Englishman.

Sweden has looked out on the more quiet Baltic, and has had no desire to be on a familiar footing with the Russian beyond the eastern waters.

Nature made the Scandinavian peninsula more than

almost an island. The ice and snow at the north, for a large part of the year, tell no story as to whether they cover sea or land, and can be more impassable than an open ocean.

These physical circumstances have given the Swedes a kind of seclusion in which to develop their peculiar national character. Ingenuity and industry have been fostered among the people as a whole, and in every cottage the inmates have learned to supply, as far as possible, their own needs. Where there was little to export, the imports must be kept down by making available all internal resources. If there were no coal, stoves must be planned to economize the heat from the wood of the ever rejuvenating forests. If wheat were hard to raise, excepting in the south, the agriculturist must take more pains with his potatoes and his rye and barley, and be thankful if scanty harvests did not drive the poor to mingling bark meal with the flour for their bread.

If cotton would not grow, "the blue-eyed flax" was more obliging, and the modest sheep could feed where no abundant crops could be raised, and woollen garments were pleasant in a northern climate all the year round. So the Swedes have managed to supply for themselves the necessaries of life, without depending much on outsiders.

The kings of Sweden, from the time of Gustaf Vasa and earlier, have been fond of having free personal intercourse with the humblest of the people, as a busy and dignified father likes now and then to have a romp with his little children. Swedish history is full of stories of such interviews, — of astonished peasants and a laughing king, and a parting golden gift that made matters comfortable all round. A person

now, of any degree, who has just cause of complaint, or anything important to tell, can always find access to the person of the King to represent his own cause. As to the queens, some of them have been models of housewifely virtues and the most scrupulous thrift. One of the consorts of Gustaf Vasa liked to bake and brew with her own royal hands, and to make, herself, little garments for her many children.

Old historical tales and old customs have had their strong influence in forming the character of the Swedish people. In the country homes of Sweden the loom is still in use, and its products carpet the floor in long paths over the white boards, and are worn sometimes on occasion by mistress and maid.

Sweden is insular, but not isolated; her sons have ever been rovers, to come back with precious spoil. It is no longer the golden treasures of ravished foreign shores that are laid at Svea's feet, but treasures of knowledge, and nature, and art, that her sons have won in distant lands. The fierce spirit that raged in the old vikings, and was toned down into the invincible bravery that astonished the world in the armies under Gustaf Adolf and Karl XII., would doubtless now flame up at the bugle sound "to arms!" In peace, Sweden has been winning other conquests. Nordenskiöld has gathered his trophies in the north, and John Ericsson in the western world. Swedish travellers have come back renowned from Greenland, and from Africa, and from Persia, and from Thibet. The world knows Svea's sons!

#### WHAT SVEA TELLS HER CHILDREN.

MOTHER SVEA seems to be a widow. We never hear of any prince consort to share her home and her many anxieties. Perhaps her husband was a certain Odin, a hero of the far past, who, it is said, was not sainted, but deified, after his death. This seems the more probable, as Svea's older children called him Allfather. Be all this as it may, Svea appears to have the whole care of her children, and devotes a great deal of time to their development and education.

Like most mothers, Svea tells her children they have the best home in the world. She says her homestead is built on a granite foundation, and in her cellars she has iron and copper enough for all time. She does not boast of her silver (though the mine at Sala was once reckoned "the treasure-house and chief jewel" of Sweden), but she says she uses the precious metals as other people do nowadays; but if hard times came, and she was at a pinch, she could use bars of iron and beams of wood for her cash, and so make all even with her neighbors. Svea assures her children that she makes the best steel in the world, let Britannia say what she will, and that her matches are used all round the globe. They are to be found even in China, though "sly John" does sometimes use her Jönköping labels on his boxes, and makes the matches himself.

Svea thinks a child ought to be able to find his way about his own home before he goes toddling round to explore the world at large. She puts, judging from some of her school text-books, Swedography first, and geography comes afterwards. A little boy must have all the rivers of Sweden, and their courses, definitely in his mind, before he learns that there are larger and more noted streams in the world. He is expected to be able "to bound" the twenty-four provinces of his own country, and name their chief cities, — yes, and much more



SÖDERHAMN.

of local importance, — before his attention is called to the fact of the existence of London or Paris. A boy may be even twelve years of age, and not have reached that part of his geographical text-book, where, after the Eastern Hemisphere has been carefully dealt with, he is to learn something of the new world the other side of the water. Yet you are not to think that he knows nothing about America all this time. He has at least a cousin there, who gives the family of which he is a member an account of his new home, couleur de rose,

or as dark as midnight, according to his own personal experiences.

If there is anything Svea is proud of, it is her beautiful lakes, larger, she says, than any in the world, excepting Russia's, and some others far away on the other side of the Atlantic. Svea is not afraid of water for her boys; she likes them to be sailors, and boasts with pride that they are everywhere, under every flag, and are known as the best seamen in the world. She does not mind telling that just now her boys are taking up for Britannia wrecks from the depths of the sea, because "England can nowhere find such skilful, honest sailors as the Swedes." Then Svea gets warm and says, "My children have always slept best on board ship. Did not our family eat grapes in America hundreds of years before Columbus went fumbling round among the West India Islands, looking for a continent that was on this side of the world then just as it is now?"

To her stay-at-home children, Svea has much to say, and they are to do as she says, if they want to keep in her good graces. They must learn to speak French, and they may speak as many foreign languages as they choose (and they have polyglot gifts and tendencies), but Swedes they must be in head and heart, in morals and in manners. "Do as your forefathers have done, and you can't go wrong," Svea says; and then she runs her finger down the page of history, and points at the shining examples of heroes, and patriots, and poets, and scientists, and adds solemnly, "Be worthy of your ancestors, and all the world will do you honor!"

In morals, Svea's code is the good old code from the good old Book. She tells her children that, for their guidance in life and their comfort in death, they must look to the Bible; and that of the Holy Word, Doctor

Martin Luther is the safest expositor; and that Luther's catechism is the best religious teaching a little child can have, and he ought to know it by heart, from cover to cover.

Obedience to parents, loyalty and good manners, are Svea's strong points in education. About good manners she has no end of instructions.

"My dears," says this old Northern mother, "the peel is but the outside of the fruit; but by that outside you must generally judge of its quality. You can't taste here and there before you choose at the table or at a street stand. You give a glance, you judge by the peel, and make your choice. That is the way with manners: they are the outer indication of what there is within. You may make a mistake here, as with the fruit; the exterior may both be seemly and alluring, when all is rottenness within."

"You must begin young, if you want to have good manners," Svea says, and she follows out her principles. As soon as a boy is steady enough to stand on his legs, he must learn to bow, if he falls over in his first efforts; and a little girl, for her salutation, must make a tiny bob-courtesy, like the dimpling of a cork with a minnow's nibble. As soon as the right hand (the pretty hand, the Swedes call it, for children) is known from the left, it must be put out to be shaken, on the reception of a gift or favor, at the same time that the child says the word, — perhaps the most frequently spoken in the Swedish language, — "tak," which means "thanks." The utterance of "tak" on all suitable occasions, small and great, becomes as natural to Swedes of all degree, and almost as unconscious, as breath.

The bob-courtesy is an essential particular in Swedish rules of politeness. It obtains everywhere in the coun-

try, and among old-fashioned people in Stockholm, and may even appear at court. It is very pretty to see little children courtesy to their mothers' friends, as they pass them in the street. They make no halt, but slightly bend the knee as they go, like a sail-boat just going down with a little wave, and then up in a second, keeping on its course all the time. The boys have their hats off and on again, under such circumstances, as if by magic.

"When in conversation," Svea says, "never be so interested in the subject about which you are talking that you forget who you are, and whom you are addressing. It is a kind of selfish absorption that makes the speaker oblivious of the claims of his companion, while lost in congenial talk. So young people grow too forward with their elders, and inferiors too familiar with those above them. It has been well said, 'If the King pats you on the shoulder in a friendly way, you are not to pat the King in return.' This is a good warning for every one, all down the grades of society.

"When you enter a room, you speak first, of course, to the hostess and host; that common sense would tell you. You will know, if you have your wits about you, which of your acquaintances to greet next. You have of course read your Book of the Peerage (Adels-Kalender), and you know 'who is who,' and the fixed rules of precedence. Nobody takes offence at your observing them.

"I am not talking about court etiquette; that is quite another affair, my dears, and very complicated. "Always address a stranger or an acquaintance in the third person, until you are asked to do differently; but you must not say, 'Is he tired?' or 'Will she go with me?' even to a servant. It is better, 'Will dear good

Emma please button my shoes?' or 'Will kind Kaine be good enough to take this basket for me to my uncle's?' Servants like that friendly way, and you ought to make them as comfortable as you can.

"Repeat the title or the name of the occupation of the person you address: 'Is the Burgomaster ready?' or 'May I offer the Doctor a glass of water?' Some people are trying to bring the English you into fashion, but it does not do in Sweden.

"When you ask a gentleman after the health of his wife, say always, 'How is the Countess?' or 'How is Doctorinnan?' if the husband is a doctor. You understand what I mean.

"When you go to make a visit, and are shown into an empty drawing-room, you are not to seat yourself, as if you owned the establishment, but stand until the hostess comes in, and she will place you where she thinks best. Sit down where she indicates, and make no fuss about it, if she puts you in the right hand corner of the very best sofa.

"As to sitting on the sofa, it is a little puzzling, when you have many guests of about the same claims, to know where to place them. Those dear old-fashioned sofas, twelve feet long, the remains of the grand 'high seat' of your ancestors, are out of fashion now. It was refreshing to see a row of old ladies sitting on them, talking in such a low voice that nobody could possibly hear what was said a yard from them.

"When the supper is served, wait to see to what lady the hostess gives a little look, or a gentle touch, to show that she is to go forward first, to help herself. If you are plainly the person intended, step at once to the table. Don't bend over at a sharp angle, like a penknife with the blade half out. Just incline the centre of your body a little to one side, like an old-fashioned Frenchman about to make a bow, then bend and look about you, if there is a hors d'œuvre (a collection of little dishes, sliced meat, sardines, etc., etc.) and make your choice deliberately. Spread your bread in your hand, or on the table; lay upon it or on your plate the dainty you have chosen, and go your way, to make room for the next comers. Eat this part of the supper standing. Of course afterwards you sit at one of the little tables, which your hostess will probably point out to you.

"At a dinner party, you must not eat too slowly; for as you must leave no food on your plate, you must be on the watch not to keep the courses waiting, while you are finishing off lazily."

We will not tell what Mother Svea says about drinking toasts, and clinking glasses, and pretty speeches, or who is to say some nice and complimentary thing on the part of the company, to the hostess and host, before they leave the table; but she bids her children on no account to forget to take their entertainers by the hand, or bow and thank them for the pleasant meal.

"As to meeting a gentleman in the street," Svea says, "a lady must never bow first, but be in a responsive frame of mind, and awake to the slightest indication that a masculine hand is going to a hat, and come in with her own bow, as she would with her proper part in a song.

"When you walk in the street with a person older or more distinguished than yourself," says Svea, "keep yourself always on the left side of your companion. Of course a lady always has the *right* arm of a gentleman offered to her. She does not take it, though, in the street, unless she is old or betrothed to him. If she

does, it is like announcing to the public that they are 'engaged' to each other."

Svea says little about dress to her daughters in the upper circles of society. She knows very well that what is the last fashion in Paris or San Francisco is now, or soon will be, the last fashion in Stockholm. But to the peasant girls Svea would like to say, "Keep to the charming old costume that your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother wore before you." She does not say it, and it would be of no use if she did. It is only in a few districts that these gav and very pretty costumes are still worn, simply and naturally by the peasants themselves. At country seats, and sometimes even in the small cities, young ladies may be seen going about dressed like Dalecarlian girls, or peasants from Vingåker or Skåne, etc. These counterfeit rustics have no more charm about them than a damsel would have roaming wood and high road dressed in bridal dress and veil, when she had no bridegroom to honor by the display. There is no sentiment, no sense of rural life, in this masquerading by daylight.

To her sons, Svea says: "A pretty lady in full dress always looks well; but her cavalier, to properly match her, should wear a uniform. My sons, get a uniform if you can; then you are always ready to wait on any fair lady, and for any society, if it is to dine with the King himself. It is not a hard matter, for I give a uniform or pretty buttons to almost all who are directly in my service. Not that I exactly give them, but I let the privilege of wearing them go with the office, and say, myself, how they should be made.

"If you have no uniform, you must have an order. Don't say you don't want one; that's foolish. The

very republicans, the other side of the water, like to have their blue ribbons and their Good Templar badges, and give up for their badges what most of my children own to be the best drink in the world. Orders have their uses, too, as well as being a great honor. What did Balzar von Platen say when he got the order of the Seraphim?—that he 'could wear any old coat he pleased, now he had such a decoration.' There is no use to talk about it,—orders suit full dress, and they should be prized as an expression of approbation given by one's king."

Svea grows serious, and says: "I need not tell you to 'submit yourselves to the powers that be,' for that the Bible has said before me; but you are not to flatter your king, and bow down to him as something more than human. You may modestly remember, even in his presence, that you are a Swede, a free man, a citizen of a country where law is protected; and though the King should have all due respect, the subject is still master in his own home.

"Live, each one of you, by your own fireside, as becomes a Swede, a Lutheran, and a Christian, and all will go well in the old homestead."

## THE GATEWAYS.

THE times have gone by when we could simply say that a man was a hard student, or a ripe scholar; or, of a gifted boy, that he was, in cottage phrase, "fond of his book." We must hear what is read or studied, if we want to judge what the reader is, or is to be. In this age of specialties, it is much the same with regard to travelling. We like to know what a man wishes to see, rather than simply that he is fond of sight-seeing.

Perhaps there is no country that has among its visitors a larger proportion of specialists than Sweden. Of course there are individuals who have been, as they say, everywhere else, and have come to the North as a last resort for summer recreation. There are, also, the disciplined parties, under experienced leaders, where all must see the same things together, but with He who has been listless and unindifferent eves. terested in the picture gallery, is wide awake and delighted at the porcelain factory. A young "Miss" is filling her herbarium from the rich flora of the land of Linnæus, while her brother goes about with his little hammer, and fills his pocket with stones. All, in due time, see something they really care to see, and learn much they would never have learned in any other way.

The hunter finds the familiar game that he has delighted to kill on the other side of the Atlantic, and he is pleased to become acquainted with the tenants of the woods to which Walter Scott so loved to allude, although in a new land they bear a new name. He even declares that the imposing elk has a larger family connection then he has in the New World.

Now and then the foreign sportsman bags a bird that is new to him, or lands a fish that he cannot claim as an acquaintance.

The more serious travellers have historical studies to prosecute, or gymnastics for the sick and the well to study, or the different systems of slöjd (handiwork) to master, or to see nature in its northern guise, or to note the peculiarities of the northern climate, or perhaps are sufficiently adventurous to be eager to observe curiously or scientifically the midnight sun. To one and all we can promise in Sweden an interesting journey, and everywhere a courteous reception.

Swedes who have been in Germany, or the sunny South, generally return home by the admirable line of large steamers plying between Lubeck and Stockholm. Strangers from Eastern Europe come in, too, by the grand entrance to Sweden through the beautiful harbor of the capital, and knock at once at the main door of the old homestead. Travellers from the western side of the Old World, and from the far West of the New, often modestly slip into Ultima Thule by the southern portal, at Malmö, or the wide side gateway, at Göteborg. They thus have time to come courteously forward, not unprepared to greet suitably the Queen of the North.

A traveller landing at Malmö has all Sweden before him, stretching northward as far as anybody, not an arctic explorer, would wish to venture. He has a country before him that could cover over like a blanket the Old Thirteen, if they were now what they were in the days of the Declaration of Independence. Columbia, in her present spacious home, could take in the whole Swedish population, and experience no particular inconvenience from the stretch of her hospitality. She could, too, without difficulty, stow away their native land, that is about as long as the



THE CATHEDRAL AT LUND.

Mississippi, between that great river and the Rocky Mountains, and have a bit of ground to spare there still for her Indian children.

A traveller landing at Malmö is at once in the most fruitful and the most thickly populated part of Sweden. Bright fields of wheat and dark forests of the beech-trees greet his eyes. He will probably not linger long in the province of Skane, unless he wants to see, at Lund, the odd old Cathedral or the southern

university. He is northward bound. It will soon be "comin' thro' the rye" for him, while from farther up will sing out an echo from the song of his childhood,

"Oats, peas, beaus, and barley O!"

But perhaps the stranger has entered Sweden at Göteborg, a course which has many advantages, especially for Americans. If Sweden be the real aim and goal of his journey, it is shortly and cheaply reached by crossing from Liverpool to Hull, taking two days on the North Sea, and the desired haven is reached.

If the waves have not been too high, and the traveller, consequently, "too low in his mind" for conversation, he has probably made some pleasant Swedish acquaintances on board, and has already a few words of their language at command, while he has possibly been astonished at their proficiency in speaking his own.

Of course the wise stranger has his "Guide through Sweden," in English, in his possession, his Murray or Baedeker, to tell him what to see, and how to see it. He "does" Göteborg properly, then goes up the eleven watery terraces at Trollhättan, and politely admires the five small cataracts dashing cheerfully downward, content to have been defeated by Swedish engineering. No doubt the American traveller has his private undercurrent of swelling pride, meanwhile, as he secretly thinks of the majesty of his own peerless Niagara, and the thundering roar of its exhaustless waters.

The tourist will increase his Swedish vocabulary at every loch and stopping-place, the little peasant guides, who will throng about him, being his teachers. He will pick Swedish flowers, and find old acquaintances with pretty new names, and perhaps he will enter a red cottage or a wayside restaurant, and be offered a glass of milk as a natural drink for a thirsty man, not to speak of stronger potions. He has grown rich suddenly, he finds. The contents of his portemonnaie seem to have been almost quadrupled. A copper cent has become three öre and seven-tenths. For one öre he has just bought the most delicious little crisp biscuit, that seemed just made to give an extra relish for a glass of good milk.

We leave the journey to this traveller, this nouveau riche, and his guide-book, until he is fairly floating through the last of the two bright bands that form the Södertelge Canal, and has Lake Mälar opening its mirror before him. The people of the little town of Södertelge, close at hand, cannot see him, gliding along through the deepest canal cut in Europe. The green, closely mown slopes are miniatures of those treacherous Alpine declivities where the mountaineer safely cuts the grass, and bears it home in the "hotte" on his back, but where the incautious traveller may slide down to certain death. Those beautiful banks at Södertelge—and the still water—have allured to suicide more than one sad heart,—

"Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery, Swift to be hurled — Anywhere, anywhere Out of the world."

Of course nobody tells the stranger any such dreadful stories, to destroy the sweet dream of peace into which he falls as he moves quietly through Lake Mälar's beauty, and brightness, and calm. Stockholm is reached before he is looking out for it. Beautiful

Stockholm! Thousands have described it by word of mouth and with the gifted pen, and yet it is new every day to some foreigner's wondering eyes. No description, no photograph, has given the real picture to his mind. The stranger is no longer like a stranger: the inhabitants may speak what language they will, they may be all deaf mutes if they must be, but the fact remains the same,—they have one of the most beautiful cities of the world, and he is enjoying it with them. He is more than a far-off cousin! He is a brother man, to praise with them the charms of the city of many islands, the city of many hills, the Empress of the North he has come so far to see, and is satisfied with the seeing.



TROLLHÄTTAN FALLS.

## WATER UTILIZED.

THE Swede is by nature almost an aquatic, or rather amphibious, animal. It is his delight to be in, as well as on, the water. Not that the open air cold winter plunge of St. Erik is much in vogue, but its equivalent, in many city homes, and in the public bathing-houses, is to be found, all the year round, and diligently used by people of all classes.

In summer the whole population of Sweden takes to the water by common consent. The owner of a cottage or villa for the warm weather has comparatively little hope of letting it favorably, if it does not lie by the coast, or near some bay or stream or lake, to brighten the view and afford a chance for a daily bath for the desired tenants.

As to swimming, it is an accomplishment that must be early learned, if anxious mammas are to have any peace of mind. With shores that are in many cases precipitous, with unknown depths of water below, a steamboat landing at almost every country seat or substantial villa, or a pier where the row-boat (the summer family carriage) is to be tethered, children could hardly be trusted out of sight for a moment, if they were not swimmers at the very earliest possible age.

One of the amusements of Stockholm is to be present at the exhibition of the proficiency of the pupils at the fine swimming-school. Such jumping and diving, such skill in all the arts that the fish and the frog know by nature, it is most diverting to see. At one of

these exhibitions the spectators were witnesses to an unexpected performance. A lady, apparently lost in watching the swimmers, ventured over the very edge of the great tank that is the field of operation for, may we say, the "aquabats." She suddenly lost her balance, and fell into the deep water, parasol in hand. A gentleman, "all accoutred as he was," plunged in after her. His high hat floated one way, and her parasol the other; but there was no smile on the eager, solemn faces of the lookers-on. The gentleman threw off his coat and boots in the water, and dived after the sinking form of the lady, rescued her, and was soon bearing the dripping figure to the platform, amid thunders of applause. Hearty and heartfelt applause it was; but there were some among the observers who knew that all this was a preconcerted part of the performance, to show, as Sam Patch said, "that some things could be done as well as others."

Girls in Sweden take part in long swimming contests in the bays and lakes, and not seldom win the prizes, as they do in many competitions in these days of progress.

The abounding waters of Sweden are not only a source of health and pleasure, they are the high-roads, in many regions, for the purposes of domestic life. The market women from the neighboring islands may bring to your country home by their boats, fish, garden vegetables, berries, and even dainty bouquets. So the peddlers of earthen and tin ware may arrive, and even tramps to beg, or thieves by night to break into your cellar and select from your stores what suits their fancy. The inevitable "sweeps" have been known to come sailing up to the landing of a villa; but they are sporting characters by taste and vocation, and may

make their descent in winter gliding on the swift "skidor," or their fall visitation whirling along on bicycles, flying through the country like dark sprites out on some uncanny errand.

You may yourself, to avoid a long drive, row or take a sail-boat to attend the nearest church on a Sunday morning, the clergyman himself arriving in a similar fashion. Not very long since such a reverend gentleman, on his return trip, was upset with his family within the sound of the church bell and in sight of his dispersing congregation. The dripping party were all rescued and cared for, and comfortably sent home: so one can tell the story in a cheerful mood.

The structure of the coasts of the Scandinavian peninsula, cut into by long winding bays and adorned by beautiful necklaces of rocky islands, suggests at once the home of the fisherman and the skilful sailor. In the early days, when roads were rarities and dense wide forests the resort of outlaws and wild bands of marauders, travelling by land was a dangerous undertaking. It was natural that the "creekers," or bay dwellers, the vik ings (vik means bay), had their "march on the mountain wave," if not always their "home on the sea." Living on the borders of a bay, it was easier and safer to visit a neighbor on the other side of his peninsula by water than by land. "The longest way round" in a boat was the "shortest and safest way home."

Trained from youth to trim the sail and to handle the rudder and the oar, it is not strange that the Northmen became adventurous sailors on the great waters far from their own shores. "North Sea, English Coast, Hebrides, Iceland, Greenland, Newfoundland, Rhode Island," are said to have been early items in the out-

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lined trips of their old "Tourists' Association." <sup>1</sup> These stopping-places were no doubt duly described orally on the return home of the voyagers, and some of them left records, that were embodied in writing, of what they saw in far "Vineland," in the country then innocent of Columbus, or Americus Vespucius, or any of those southern explorers of the West.

An old viking, sitting down in his home at last, with the spoils of his many voyages about him (rich draperies from Eastern looms, bought in Gotland, or boots from distant Spain, or money coined in fair Italy), must have chafed sometimes at the thought of opportunities lost at home, in a small way, for his favorite pastimes, and little trips suitable for his declining years. Such lakes and rivers as these were in his own country, going to waste, as it were, "in their loneness," when they might almost shake hands with each other. He had long ago, no doubt, had the rivers that were navigable under his command. As to the waterfalls, they worked for him at a very early day. He could cut his masts and his timbers for his vessels on the heights, and the gayly flowing rivers would bear them down the coast and land them, in due time, if not as by express, just where he wanted them to be. A cataract or so would make no difference in the end, though there might be a little clogging, and a delay now and then.

Those great lakes, though, had no right to shine there alone, one by one, when they ought to be linked together. The viking could not, like the Indian, take up a light bark canoe, and carry it easily round waterfalls, or from lake to lake. The Northmen's boats were made of sterner and heavier stuff, and for rougher

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Tourists' Association (Turist Föscuing, — Stockholm address).

usage. There was almost a path by water, "the only proper mode of travelling," from the waves of the western sea to those of the Baltic; but no viking was to find his way along that unopened inland route.

Thoughts on this subject were no doubt glimmering in the Northman's mind far back in the past,—a hidden, smouldering fire for long centuries. Now and then a spark would come up, or a whiff of smoke, or a struggling flame; but the fire did not fully burst forth,—the thoughts took no definite, practical shape. The water continued to do its own natural work, but the difficulties of up-hill transportation were not surmounted.

The subtile and ingenious Catholic, Bishop Brask, in the time of Gustaf Vasa (1521-1560), had his own plans for connecting the Swedish waters, in which his wise King concurred; but those were stirring times, when fighting was a more popular trade than engineering, and nothing definite was done or undertaken.

Trollhättan with its leaping cataracts, and the freaks of Göta River (Götaälf) guarded the entrance to Lake Väner (Vänern). They must be outwitted, if the path were to be opened from the great lake to the sea. It came plainly to the mind of engineers (especially to that of Polhem in the time of Karl XII.) that if one loch could enable a boat to mount one small elevation, many might do the same for a greater. There might be a watery staircase, where loaded vessels could pass safely up and down, to the music of the falling waters, defeated, made useful, but not robbed of their song.

The work was begun, broken off, resumed, and broken off again, until the year 1800, when the first boat fairly passed through the completed canal between "Vänern" and the western salt water.

Göta Canal was quite another undertaking. Vänern

must shake hands with the Baltic on the east, as it had with the western sea. Göta Canal is a kind of family name for the series of little canals of which it is made up. They have each their separate names and character, and in the construction of each there were special difficulties to be overcome. For this great work an energetic, skilful, gifted engineer was being prepared. At Trollhättan, among the directors of the new canal, Balzar von Platen had been in the best possible school for his future undertakings, nor had his early training for his life-work been inadequate. Educated for the navy in the state school for the purpose, he had at his own desire learned practical seamanship during three years spent in the merchant service. He had been in the thick of the fight when Karl XIII. won his laurels, and had had time to think over his experience, in his long confinement in a Russian prison.

After rising high in the navy, von Platen resigned his position in 1800, being then thirty-four years of age. Peace, and even victory and unfading laurels, were in store for him. Before honored with many important positions, Balzar von Platen became, in 1801, one of the directors for Trollhätten Canal Company. His thoughts turned more and more to the oft-suggested plan of uniting the waters of the North Sea and the Baltic. It was not until 1809 that the Riksdag indorsed the undertaking, and pledged the means for commencing it. Von Platen was the man for the great work he had proposed. He understood not only how to guide and govern waters, but to judge of human capability to assist him in carrying out his plans. He had a sharp-sighted perception of talent and worth.

After seeing the drawings of "little John Ericsson,"



A CANAL LOCK, SÖDERTELJE.

then thirteen years of age, von Platen said to him, "Keep on, my boy, as you have begun, and you will one day do great things!" Platen not only uttered this prophecy for the future, but he immediately lent a hand towards its fulfilment. The young engineer was at once given employment, and soon had the command of six hundred men, although he was so small that he must stand on a chair when he used the theodolite. A child he still was in some ways. Nils Ericsson, John's brother (afterwards the distinguished engineer, Baron Ericsson), was also taken into von Platen's employ. The boys had one day been at some mischievous pranks; Von Platen reproved them sharply, and they answered quite too independently for his ideas of discipline. His wife, who sat at her sewing in an adjoining room, feared an outbreak of her husband's hasty temper, that might make him deal out punishment with a too heavy hand. She instantly knocked over the work-table beside her. The sudden crash brought Platen at once to her side, all tender inquiry as to what had happened to her. His attention had been for the moment diverted, and her purpose was accomplished. He only needed time to think, to make him a just and kind as well as thorough disciplinarian. Platen did not live to see the triumphs of the gifted boy he had befriended. He had long been dead when the white ship lay silently at anchor, like a spirit witness from afar, while Sweden's capital, in solemn mourning, received John Ericsson's honored remains, to be buried in the land that had been so dear to him in all his wanderings.

So much by way of a perhaps permissible digression. "Göta Canal and Motala workshops were the creations of Balzar von Platen. It is difficult to say which of

these great works have been of most advantage to Sweden. Both had a long struggle before they had a certain and assured existence. Platen's was no easy triumph. Difficulties were liberally thrown in his way, and contempt lavished on his undertaking. A member of the Riksdag went so far as to say that the only water that would ever flow in Göta Canal would be from the tears of the stockholders."

Thirty years had passed since Platen had resolved that the vague plans long since suggested for Göta Canal should become realities. No opposition or discouragements had made him swerve from his firm purpose. Of success in the end he was confident. He was now past sixty years of age. His body was failing, but his fire, his energy, and his indomitable will were in full force. Göta Canal was his life-work; it must be completed. Meanwhile, he was slowly sinking. At various times he had expressed his wishes concerning all arrangements that would follow his death. They were like him.

"Let my funeral be as simple as the laws of the Church will allow. Cover me with the flag of my country. Bury me at Motala. Let my monument be a flat stone from the lime quarries of the canal. Let nothing stand there but 'Count B. B. von Platen.' The rest they know."

After but a few days in his sick-room, the great engineer heard a sound like the rushing of waters. He knew it was not the familiar dash of Trollhättan, but the solemn roll of Jordan, and quietly and consciously he "crossed the river."

Again, in this strange world, the crown that had been denied to the living was granted to the dead. After von Platen's death (1830) had been announced to the Riksdag, the long desired appropriation was made for the completion of Göta Canal.

In 1832 the union of the North Sea and the Baltic was effected, and celebrated with suitable festivities; but he who had planned and witnessed their betrothal was not among the wedding guests.

## STOCKHOLM.

In Sweden, one can go to the city, and see nothing at which to be astonished, excepting the exceeding smallness of the city itself. Of the ninety-two cities in Sweden, twelve have less than one thousand inhabitants, and little Falsterbo cannot always boast its three hundred and fifty. Sigtuna, in primitive days the pride of the land, now, in its dwindled old age, begs to be no longer a city. Skara, that could once show its eleven churches, is now small indeed, though it has still its beautiful cathedral, recently restored, Skara has its pride in the past and its honorable antiquity. Whitelock, the English ambassador to Sweden in the days of Cromwell, says in his diary that he was told at Skara that the name was given to the place by a travelling servant of Abraham, who called it after his mistress Sara, eventually corrupted to its present appellation. Every well-drilled schoolboy in Sweden has at his tongue's end the twelve cities of his native land that number more than ten thousand inhabitants, - Stockholm, Göteborg, Malmö, Norrköping, Gefle, Upsala, Jönköping, Karlskrona, Helsingborg, Lund, Orebro, Kalmar.

Stockholm, as becomes the capital, stands at the head of the list, and has, with its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, a population far more than double that of its largest competitor, Göteborg. Like London, Stockholm has its city within a city.

This old nucleus of the metropolis, fortified by wise Birger Jarl, at the close of the thirteenth century, is on an island "between the bridges," where Lake Mälar has its rushing outlets to the salt harbor. Holm means island, and once knowing this bit of Swedish, you easily appreciate that a group of isles once clustered in greenness or raised their bare rocks from the surrounding waters where the present great city now stands. We still have the names Riddar-holm, Kungsholm, Blasie-holm, Kastell-holm, Skepps-holm, of most of which parts of Stockholm the old watery boundaries can be traced, to tell of those islands that Birger Jarl banded together in his far-seeing mind as the seat of the future capital.

The city proper, in the neighborhood of the palace, with its narrow streets and its queer old high buildings, does not need any garrulous guide to proclaim its antiquity. Where the Cunard steamers now have their flaming advertisements, courtiers in "slashed doublet and trunk hose" have clashed their swords in street encounters, and fine ladies have peeped out from gilded carriages so heavy that they well might have needed four horses to draw them, even without the fair passengers.

That was the Stockholm of the past. The Stockholm of the present a traveller may well make a pilgrimage to see. If he has but one day to spend at the Grand Hotel, and is that day an imprisoned invalid, he will go away with a vision of beauty in his mind that cannot well be forgotten. Where Michael Angelo and Raphael stand among the artists, there rank Venice and Edinburgh and Stockholm and Constantinople among the beautiful cities of the world. To appreciate them all, you must see them and com-

pare them, and, doubting, hesitate to which to give the palm. If you have but a short time to stay in Stockholm, you do best to drive at once to the Grand Hotel. There you can have comfort or luxury as your taste or your purse may dictate; you can give your orders and ask your questions in English, and be understood; you can have much that is most interesting and attractive in Stockholm within a few moments' walk, and from the front windows of the hotel you have spread out before you one of the most beautiful panoramas to be seen in Christendom. The charges at the Grand Hotel are not high for the accommodations offered, but for a long stay there are hotels that are most comfortable where the expenses may be somewhat less.

A lady can stay at the Grand Hotel alone, or with a female companion, and traverse Stockholm by daylight, or twilight, or electric light, without danger or difficulty. One American lady, however, had her own little contretemps. Soon after her arrival in Stockholm, while walking out one March morning, she heard a rough man's voice shouting close to her ear. In another moment two strong hands were laid on her shoulder, and she was rushed across the street, through the snow, at a most alarming rate. She had hardly reached the opposite sidewalk when there was a heavy thud, as of a sudden fall. Where she had just been walking lay a huge heap of ice and snow, forced down by the bold men who were now standing on the eaves of one of the high houses. Two watchmen had, as usual, been placed on the pavement, at each end of the building, to warn passers-by of the danger. Finding that the strange lady took no notice of his vociferous shouts, the kindly Swede had hurried her out of the way as best he could.

Ladies walk out alone in Stockholm on summer evenings, because the days are so long, and in winter evenings, because the days are so short. When the winter's night, in cloudy weather, begins shortly after three o'clock, it is not to be supposed that all city ladies lacking an escort are to be housed at that early hour, when the shops are all aglow within, the street lamps are making their own day without, and the policemen are everywhere to see that order is maintained.

And what do those enticing shops contain? Almost anything and everything that you would find in any large city in Europe or America. Woollen goods are cheap in Stockholm, and silks less expensive than in the United States. Furs, of course, one can buy to advantage. At Handarbetets Vänner you can purchase Swedish lace and Swedish embroidery in old Northern patterns (either begun or completed), curious specimens of intricate weaving from the different provinces, and even full suits of peasant costumes, — especially the charming Dalecarlian dress.

If you are to make any lengthened stay in Sweden, of course you will begin at once to study the language of the country. At Fredrika Bremer-Förbundet (Drottninggatan) you will probably be able to get a lady who speaks English, who will be willing to teach you Swedish on moderate terms. If you wish to learn to read Swedish, you must begin at once to guess out what you can in the newspapers. On "Aftonbladet's," first page, upper left hand corner, you will probably see "Förlofvade" as the first heading. Here you have come upon the betrothals, and can rejoice with the young people. Next come the weddings. You will readily understand that the heavy black lines, farther down, enclose the announcements of death. These are often

signed by the names of the nearest relatives, with an expression of sorrow at the bereavement, or perhaps a consoling text, indicated by chapter and verse. You may not soon discover that the usual "died peacefully" is necessary to indicate that the departed did not have a violent death, by suicide or otherwise. Below these black-lined announcements there is often a packed list of the names of the humbler departed, while in the main body of the paper there will be a paragraph devoted to the decease of any person of prominence.

You will soon learn where the trips of the innumerable small steamers are announced, and plan your excursions accordingly; for of course you will never spend a summer evening in Stockholm. Take a boat and go somewhere, no matter where. There will be plenty of Stockholm people going to the same place, and you can come home when they do, before the daylight has faded away. You are sure of a charming sail, and of seeing something beautiful wherever you go. Your guidebook will tell you of the various royal palaces around Stockholm, and they are all worth seeing, if your taste lies in that direction. If you are not inclined for a longer trip, you have always Djurgården (the royal park) close at hand, with its many rural attractions, and the wonders of "Skansen" (see guide-book) to amuse you.

The hills on the islands of the capital have necessitated some unusual means of communication. The tunnel for foot passengers through a ridge that runs across the northern part of the city was a difficult piece of engineering. The elevation was of loose gravel, and thickly built over by large and ponderous structures. It was a success, however, and is much employed by the circulating public, ladies, and laborers, and learned professors, and schoolboys, when in a desperate hurry.

The elevators that lift "a carriage load" of passengers at once to the heights of "the South" do not perhaps add to the beauty of the city, but they add greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants. The trip upwards or downwards is short, and from the long landing "bridge" above there is a most charming view over all Stockholm.



SKANSEN.

Do you want to go to the palace par excellence, the home of the royal family when in Stockholm? To be formally "presented" at court involves formalities before and after the occurrence.

Few Americans are presented unless they have some position in the army or navy, or fill some high office under government, or in some manner especially represent their country. The whole affair of the ceremony itself may not involve more than a half-hour's absence from the Grand Hotel. The King and Queen will say

a few words to each person presented, adapting their remarks, as far as memory will permit, to the previous intelligence they have gained as to the tastes and antecedents of the person addressed. Such a presentation makes a stranger eligible to receive invitations to entertainments given at the palace, or by members of the court circle.

A gentleman, a Swede or a foreigner, who is of any real distinction, may be invited at any time to one of the King's balls or dinners; but his wife secures no invitation unless she has been presented, or an extraordinary exception is made in some particular case.

The King's balls are more properly receptions, where dancing is a part of the entertainment. The ladies who expect to dance, wear white; for the others, the dress must be black. It looks oddly to an American to see on the engraved card that "His Majesty Oscar II. invites" this or that bishop, or it may be the archbishop, or this or that divine of more modest pretensions, to his ball; and the said American is still more astonished to see these clerical gentlemen appear, in due time, at the entertainment, with white necktie, and as many orders as they may have the privilege of wear-These so-called balls, more properly receptions, often afford an opportunity for a pleasant, natural talk with the King, who addresses his guests here and there as suits his fancy, or their supposed claims for royal attentions. The King has a wide-awake interest in all matters concerning his own country and the world at large, and never seems to lack subjects for conversation with stranger or Swede.

The palace is open to all visitors at times specially mentioned in the public prints, and there is always a courteous attendant in readiness to conduct visittors over the premises.

The royal residence in Stockholm gives one more the impression of a home than could be reasonably expected. What remains after visiting it is not so much a vision of meaningless splendor and sumptuous upholstering, but rather the memory of single rooms that have been specially interesting. One thinks of the White Sea, a most spacious and attractive apartment, all white and gold and mirrors, or the porcelain room, where wall and furniture and decorations are all triumphs of the ceramic art. Here in the porcelain room was the spot in the palace chosen some years ago for a dangerous surgical operation performed on the Queen. The character of the room afforded peculiar advantages for antiseptic precautions. geons were most skilful, and Providence was kind, and the patient survived, to the joy of her family and her anxious subjects.

One does not soon forget, after a visit to the palace, the portraits of the crowned heads of Europe, both living and dead; or the personal belongings of the present King and Queen, which seem to draw one near to them, though they are crowned and entitled to sit on a throne. You may happen to have noticed, among the elegant arrangements of the King's writing-desk, a volume of the "Poor Laws of Sweden," apparently laid down by the reader as he left the spot unexpectedly; or a picture of a sumptuously dressed little child who has taken off shoe and stocking, that seems a treasure for the Queen, who is mother and grandmother too.

Perhaps your grave guide has paused before a door, then opened it cautiously, to show, in a dark closet, a great silver chair, shut up like a naughty boy in punishment. It is the throne itself, a present from the magnificent Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, to Queen Christina, in her days of royal pride.

One part of the palace was formerly open, not to curious travellers, but to guests, who were welcomed with almost republican simplicity, but with the grace and refined courtesy that well became a king's daughter. This was long the home of Princess Eugenie, the invalid sister of the present and the late King, who early lost her interest in the pomp of courts, the luxurious externals, and the cold formalities of royal life. Princess Eugenie was beloved by a large circle of Christian friends, with whom she delighted to have free, warm-hearted, natural intercourse. With them she joined heart and hand in all benevolent enterprises. It was delightful to be present at her little social gatherings, where the needle was plied for the Lapps, for African missions, for the home or the church for Swedish seamen in England, or for the institution at Upsala for aspirants for the ministry of the State Church.

The Princess herself sewed, painted, carved, or modelled in clay, pretty and useful things to be sold at bazaars, or through private hands, for some cause that she loved. It was not enough for her to give, - which she did freely and abundantly: she liked, too, to add her labor where she gave her loving interest. There was a grace and charm about Princess Eugenie that made one remember that the Empress Josephine was her great grandmother, and that she was largely French in At the same time the sanctified Christian blood. beamed in her face, and gave her a saintly attraction that a court cannot foster, and had not, in her case, destroyed. This lovely Princess, who died in 1889, is still mourned and most affectionately remembered, not only by her royal relatives and her intimate friends,

but by the whole Swedish people. Her wing in the palace retains always within it the floating picture of her tall, slight figure, bent forward as she came to receive a guest, her dark eyes beaming with gentle courtesy and kindly recognition.

Princess Eugenie's home for invalid and deformed children is considered a model institution of its kind, and is one of the interesting sights of Stockholm.

Under the palace, and entered by a humble doorway in its main front, is the museum where many historical relics are preserved that have an attraction for strangers as well as for Swedes. You may sit there in the state carriage of "Charles XII.," or see the "stuffed horse" that bore "Gustavus Adolphus" on the fatal day at Lützen. You can examine the Swedish weapons of war through all their changes, and know the fashion for the queens' royal dresses right down the line, and the height and proportions of their majesties, too, as the velvets and satins are disposed over frameworks for your special edification. These are objects of curiosity; but if you really want to study the past of Sweden, you must go to the National Museum, the Royal Library, and the State Archives.

At the Royal Library, in Linné-Park (Humlegården), you can see a charming collection of autographs and old manuscripts and relics of the past, that, displayed in glass cases, tell their own story, even if you have no enthusiastic Swede to explain for you what you are seeing. You may linger in the library to study and write, and be as quiet and as unmolested as if you were in your own favorite nook on the other side of the ocean.

At the Royal Archives you are on what the Swedes consider almost holy ground. You are touching the far past, and in intercourse, too, with living men, who are devoting their lives to studying out and preserving and classifying the records of the wise, and the brave, and the good.

From such scholars and such materials for study, it is a step down to the schoolroom; but some of the schools of Stockholm you must see if possible. There may be no schools in session in summer, as several months of vacation are generally allowed; but gymnastic classes you can certainly find. It is encouraging to see the rigorous exercises to which the young girls preparing to be teachers are subjected at "the seminary," and how their pretty dress brings them all into a uniformity that melts the class in motion into a single whole.

Your true Swede honestly believes that a proper course of gymnastics will cure almost everything but a fever or some difficulty that requires a surgical operation. The medical gymnastics, where one is pommelled and punched in just the right place and with just the right force, are said to effect wonderful cures, are worth seeing, if only out of curiosity.

Perhaps you have not heard of the University of Stockholm. It is a child in comparison with Upsala and Lund, but like a vigorous, gifted, promising child. It has many deservedly renowned names among its professors, and probably a bright future before it. As yet it is not even in its own building. It is not now surrounded by classic shades, but in the midst of the stir of the great thoroughfares of the capital. Five rooms and halls are devoted to its purposes. One is astonished to see on the same building where the lectures may be heard from distinguished professors, but round the corner, announcements of "billiards" and a "theatre" within!—an accident probably, but something that cannot fail to strike a stranger. That will all be changed, of course, when the uni-



A VERY OLD STREET IN STOCKHOLM.



versity has its own home. It is easy for an outsider to get a ticket to the admirable courses of lectures at the University of Stockholm, and a great pleasure it is to be allowed to profit by such an opportunity of hearing some of the prominent scholars of Sweden.

On Sunday morning there is always a service at the English church in Stockholm at 11 A. M., while at 8 A. M. there is, during the summer, an administration of the Holy Communion.

Perhaps a Swedish friend may ask you on Sunday morning if you will go to "Hedvig Eleonora" Church, or "Adolf Fredrik," or "Klara," or "the Big Church." You may prefer the Royal Chapel, where you will usually find a crowd; but if you go early, you will be sure of a seat on one of the benches placed at right angles to the main aisle, and there you can always hear sermon and service. If you are not early, you may have to stand in a packed aisle while a little old woman, with a bunch of keys in her hand, now and then pushes her way through the crowd, and unlocks the door of one of the almost empty pews, and cautiously slips in the favored owner of a seat there, or her particular friend, and then click! goes the lock again. The rightful sitter is shut in, and you are shut out. After a certain time these pews are thrown open, and as many worshippers as can, occupy them. The aisle is, however, generally full of people standing until the service is fairly over.

On Sundays, as on other days, there is always much to see in Stockholm,—too much, our American stranger cannot help feeling. The real sight on all days is Stockholm itself, open to all who have willing eyes.

When the chill dark autumn evenings begin, the

view of "the South, where steep, rising on steep," the lines of houses tower one above another, is truly enchanting. From every fireside and every lamp comes a cheerful shining, a glimmering and a glittering, as if there were an illumination for some great holiday, instead of the cheering announcement that now families were gathered in quiet comfort in the cosey homes of thousands of worthy citizens. As the houses of Stockholm have rarely outside shutters (excepting on the lower floors, usually occupied by shops), this sense of being in the midst of homes takes from the feeling of loneliness and danger in being in the streets unprotected late in the evening.

Stockholm is in some respects like a great village: everybody knows about everybody else. The King and the royal family are the staple subjects of gossip. Then the whole city comes bodily to subject itself to criticism and mutual investigation. People who do not visit each other know all about each other, to the minutest particular, not of indoor life, but of their antecedents, social standing, current reputation, reliability on 'Change, and the vicissitudes of fortune or popular favor through which they have passed. There is everywhere a kind of wholesale friendliness and politeness affoat that wells over in greetings and little courtesies to acquaintances, and rejoices at an opportunity to help a puzzled stranger, - a sort of genial atmosphere of general benevolence that surprises one in the life of a country metropolis.

Stockholm is small compared with the great cities of the world, but it is the capital, and as such the centre of life and intelligence and social intercourse for the nation. It is like one great beautiful home, where one can best learn to know the Swedes, and to

love them. Here one must see the failings that spring from their form of government and the structure of their social life; but such failings one no more lays to the charge of an individual than one would the hue of his complexion or the color of his hair.

The hospitable Queen City of the North is becoming more and more the resort of the English-speaking peoples, and in many ways Svea and Columbia and Britannia are feeling the warm throb of relationship, and are giving each other the strong clasp of the hand that befits the ties of blood.



THE TUNNEL.

### SEEING THE KING.

The average American, when he first sets foot on European soil, is eager to see royalty and ruins, — two things which he has not at home, and does not care to have introduced there. Royalty in England is at best but widowed royalty, weary of pomp and state. In Italy, old Rome, the old emperors, and the old masters throw new royalty quite into the background. In Sweden, however, they who wish to see a king can see him in the midst of a loyal people, with his old prestige undiminished. Nor is it a difficult thing to get a sight of Oscar II. The position of the palace, in the midst of the stir of the capital, makes it impossible for his Majesty to step beyond the threshold of his beautiful home without being at once the observed of all observers.

Any day after your arrival in Stockholm you may be passing over *Norrbro* (North-bridge). Your companion may whisper suddenly to you, "There comes the King!" You see a tall, handsome, elderly gentleman approaching. You cannot stare at him, barefacedly. You do not care, certainly, to be more rude towards a King than to any other stranger, and so you give him a passing glance, and almost lose your opportunity of seeing royalty at home. But other such opportunities crowd upon you. You may chance to see his Majesty riding in the royal park of Stockholm (*Djurgården*), at a concert, at the theatre (if you are a theatre-goer),

or at the Royal Chapel in his box-like little room, looking down on church and chancel, and able by an attentive ear to hear prayer and preaching. You may even meet the King in a shop, buying something peculiarly beautiful or magnificent for a birthday gift at the palace, or looking at some unusual importation from foreign parts. Such casual views of royalty without state will not long satisfy you. Having seen the man, you want to see the monarch.

Every swift steamer that crosses the Atlantic carries with it many exquisite small profile portraits of the King of Sweden. Little children in America know his face, engraved in all colors, as it adorns their collection of postage stamps. Neither they nor their elders can quite imagine him as he appears at "the Opening of the Riksdag."

The formal opening of the Riksdag, or Parliament of Sweden, is in the palace, in the Hall of the Kingdom, not at the place of meeting of this important body in its own special building. The honorable members come to the King to be declared in session, and lawfully assembled, and to hear his fatherly counsel on the occasion.

The hall is then lavishly decorated with the blue and yellow flag of Sweden, and with cloth the color of the evening sky, — not sown, though, with stars, but with golden crowns, grouped in threes, like Lyra indefinitely multiplied and grown royal.

In the centre of the dais a large silver chair, the throne, stands cold and empty, under a high, rectangular, crown-spangled canopy. There is a stir about the dais and the doors that lead from the hall to the rest of the palace. Uniforms are everywhere, and swords are as much the order of the day as if the Russians

were at hand. Officials cross the floor as if intent on something particular, and bow to the empty throne as they pass.

There is a sound at the outer door. The "members" are coming in, fresh from a service and a sermon at the old church just at hand. They take their seats



OSCAR II.

in their appointed places. They rise! The princes are coming in due order of age, the youngest first. All have their crowns on, like princes in a story-book. Their blue, ermine-lined mantles would sweep the ground, were they not borne up by official hands, to keep them from such contact.

The King enters last, magnificent in his gold-embroidered red cloak, his ermine cape, and the insignia of the princely order of the Seraphim. His mantle, that

has been so carefully borne up, is thrown over the back of the silver chair, and those of the princes are also disposed behind them.

His Majesty speaks sitting, reading from a paper in his hand. In his rich, strong voice, he begins in the old way: "Good gentlemen, and Swedish men." You forget to use your eyes, and strain your ears to listen and understand. The King touches skilfully matters in relation to the kingdom, and the changes to be desired.

The Prime Minister reads extracts here and there from his own statement of the condition of Svea and her children. The Speaker of the First Chamber responds to the King for his body, and then the Speaker (we must not say of the Lower House, for they claim to be equal) of the Second Chamber makes his response. For these two speeches the Riksdag is not answerable, and they are only entered into its published report by the formally expressed yearly consent of the body.

The Cabinet and chief dignitaries of the kingdom leave the hall before the royal family. The princes then retire in due order, and the King makes his majestic exit.

The whole scene is unique, as a royal, almost theatrical, performance, which carries one far back into the past of the nations.

The King is a friend of education. A large and admirable schoolhouse was to be opened in Stockholm, and the King must be the hero of the day. He arrived on horseback, properly escorted, dismounted, and was at once conducted to the room where the refreshment table was spread for the royal guest. With little ceremony, the teachers of the institution were presented to his Majesty, who tried to say something friendly and

courteous to all. The evening soon came on; then there was music from a band, and a poem for the occasion read from a balcony above to the crowd below. In the open air, standing on the steps of the building, the King made a speech touching on the educational needs of his people. He spoke standing, and without notes. His words flowed freely, his voice was clear and pure, and one felt that there was a natural orator in the hereditary King.

A new market-house was to be festively "opened," and the King, of course, must be there. The admirable cellars below were light with gas illumination, while the clear sunlight streamed into the building above from the spacious glass roof. The "stands" all round the establishment were gay with flowers and bright with happy faces. Moving among the crowd, and dressed like any other gentleman, the King appeared, and was soon eating bread and cheese among (may we say) his fellow-citizens? There was an eagerness for a fair view of the little scene, that made a closely packed wall of lookers-on round the small, open space that was left clear about the King and the princes, who were taking their frugal repast at a "stand." The royal party soon moved on, unceremoniously, to examine the building, and the market-house had been properly opened.

The Oriental Congress in session at Stockholm was holding its last sitting in a fine old building, the House of the Knights (*Riddarhuset*). In this hall of assembly the walls are thickly covered with the crests and escutcheons of the noble families of Sweden.

The King sat on the platform, at the desk of the presiding officer. He wore across his breast the broad light blue ribbon of the Seraphim order, and never

looked better,—as if the intellectual character of the occasion had given him even more than his usual personal dignity and charm. He spoke twice, once in Latin and once in French, and with such a clear enunciation that he was easily understood. Max Müller replied to the Latin address, and was not as intelligible to the listeners,—possibly because he turned his face from the audience to look towards the King.

The members of the Congress were seated on chairs, at right angles with the benches for the listeners, and on each side of the platform. Persians and Hindoos, white-turbaned Arabs, scholars in their national dress from the ends of the earth, were meeting like brothers in the far North. A poem was read in Sanscrit by a veritable Brahmin of the highest caste, — a charming gentleman, as much at home in English literature and the niceties of the English language as perhaps any of Victoria's subjects. The poem, of which the hearers were furnished with a Swedish translation, was read in a kind of musical recitative, peculiar, but pleasing.

When the formal meeting was over, the King went among the delegates, shaking hands with them like a hospitable, friendly host, lingering here and there for a few, and still a few words more. To all he expressed the pleasure he had had in the meeting of the Congress, and the hope that he cherished of seeing its members again in his capital.

The King left the room first. As he passed down the aisle, a distinguished foreign traveller was standing with his handsome wife at his side. The King stopped, as would any other gentleman, to speak a few moments with the strangers, and then passed out. He had made his best appearance. It was not followed by deafening cheers, but there was a general murmur of cordial approval of the Swedish monarch.

Oscar II. is himself an author, and handles the pen well alike in prose and verse. He is a good linguist in many languages, and a man of much general information. He had doubtless himself enjoyed heartily meeting so many men of rare gifts and high culture.



THE KING'S STUDY.

A few months ago the King and the princes appeared in the large hall of the Academy of Music in Stockholm, where "The Tower of Babel" was to be presented for the first time in the capital. The King is a lover of music. The whole was new to him, and he studied his libretto like a good school-boy, now and then exchanging a word or a sympathetic glance with the princes, who were near him. The whole was an extraordinary success. Perhaps, however, the King may

have made, in a modified way, the same criticism that came from a young damsel who had enjoyed the uncommon privilege of being present at a city musical entertainment. The immense choir of lady singers wore dresses of all shades and colors, fashionably made, and presenting an incongruous appearance as they sang together for the races, Semitic, etc. "This took from the effect," the young lady correctly remarked, then naïvely adding, "It would have been much better if they had been dressed in the costume of the period!"

Later, the newspapers reported the King as present at a circus, where the performance was by amateurs, ladies and gentlemen of his own court, before a select and selected assembly. The King entered the royal box leading a little grandson on each side of him, that "the boys" might have their share of the fun. Thus we have seen the King of Sweden, from the monarch royally arrayed, to the grandfather at the circus. Having passed from grave to gay, we pause, and the curtain drops.

But who and what is this King of Sweden whom we have been seeing? He is the King of the Swedish people, but has no Swedish blood in his veins. He is the direct descendant of that young French soldier Bernadotte, who could not, before the Revolution, come to high promotion in the army of his country, because he was of too humble birth for such an honor. He is the crowned great grandson of the Empress Josephine, the wife set aside by the ambitious Napoleon I., who would found a dynasty.

What is this King of Sweden? He is the hereditary, constitutional monarch over five millions of Swedes, and all Norway besides. His dominion,

the Scandinavian peninsula, is larger than any single country of Europe, — Russia excepted, which is eleven times the size of Norway and Sweden united. The territorial extent of Sweden alone exceeds the whole area of the nine little kingdoms, — Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Greece, and Servia, reckoned together; but these have their rich land and mild climate, while a large part of Sweden is in the far North.

The country over which Oscar II. reigns is more sparsely populated, taken as a whole, than any other in Europe, with the exception of Norway and Finland.

In 1883 there were in Sweden 142,000 more women than men. This difference with regard to the sexes is slight among the young, but increases with age, as women in the North are more long-lived than men. The population of Sweden is almost all purely Swedish, though there are 17,000 Finns and about 6,500 Lapps. There were besides, at the last census, 18,587 residents born out of Sweden, chiefly in Denmark, Norway, Finland, and Germany.

In spite of the nature of the land and the climate, agriculture is the chief occupation of the people of Sweden. The other prominent sources of income are the raising of domestic animals, the products of the forests and mines, the manufacture of beet sugar, of cotton goods (from imported cotton), tobacco, woollen goods, beer, and matches.

The constitution of Sweden consists of certain fundamental laws concerning the form of government, the construction and power of the Riksdag, the law of succession to the throne, and for the protection of the freedom of the press.

As to the King, he is of age at 18. He must be of

the Lutheran faith, as expressed in the Augsburg Confession and by the Upsala Conference of 1593.

The responsibility for the acts of the government rests on the ministers.

The King's Majesty shall be honored and held sacred.

It is not affirmed that the King can do no wrong, but there is no tribunal before which he can be lawfully arraigned, and he has no peers in his own land by whom he can be judged.

On his part, the King is pledged to strengthen and forward truth and right in his kingdom. He must not himself destroy, or suffer to be destroyed, any person's life, honor, freedom, or prosperity, unless such person has been lawfully convicted and condemned.

The King must not disturb, or allow any man to be disturbed, in his own house.

He must not force, or allow to be forced, any man's conscience. He must protect every one in the free exercise of his religion, provided the peace of society be not thereby disturbed, or general offence given.

The King has a right to decide in government matters, when the ministers have been heard. When the decision is made, at least three ministers must be present, and all the members of the Council when the question is important.

The King can declare war and make peace, when the ministry has been heard, the Norwegian members being always, in this case, consulted.

The King is commander in chief of the forces by sea and land, and may issue his orders, consulting only the Minister of the Army and Navy.

The King has two voices in the Supreme Court, which issues its decisions in the King's name. In criminal

cases the King has the right of pardon, but must first have the opinion of the Supreme Court and the ministry, in each case.

The King is the head of the State Church (summus episcopus).

The King has the right to appoint to the highest offices in the kingdom, and some of the lower ones. He may not, however, appoint a bishop or an archbishop, or a burgomaster, without the candidate's having been proposed for the office from the legally provided quarters.

In all appointments, the law requires that respect must be had only to the services and skill of the applicant, without consideration of his birth.

The King has the right of veto in opposition to the Riksdag, and the Riksdag has the right of veto in opposition to the King.

The King has no right to tax the people, but no established tax can be done away with without his consent.

The King shall appoint for the Council "skilful, experienced, upright, universally esteemed, native-born Swedes, of pure evangelical faith."

It may be interesting to the reader to compare the above stated powers and privileges of the crowned King of Sweden with those given in the American Republic to their elected President.

The Swedes claim that their King has less power than the President of the United States, though he is not so easily dislodged from the Royal Palace as is the President from the White House.





# THE QUEEN'S MONUMENT.

A WOMAN is not often called upon to lay the corner stone of her own monument, but this peculiar privilege the present Queen of Sweden has enjoyed. Her name stands upon it in letters that all can read, while she is still living, and loving, and being loved.

When her Majesty has passed to the better land, she will long be gratefully remembered in Sweden, through her lasting and most appropriate monument, — her hospital and training-school for nurses for the sick. Sophia-Home (Sophia-hemmet) is especially frequented by persons who are to undergo surgical operations and need all the modern appurtenances and arrangements that make such operations safe and as little painful as possible. Many patients are also received there who in full homes, or as strangers in hotels, could not otherwise have sufficient quiet or the requisite skilful and devoted attendance.

The Queen of Sweden was Sophia of Nassau when, in 1857, she married the then Duke of Ostergötland, now the reigning King. The name "Sophia-hemmet" stands in large letters on the front of the institution, which has been and still is for her an object of the most intense and enthusiastic interest.

The hospital is situated on high ground, facing the beautiful last street of Stockholm in that direction, which is only built up on one side, the broad avenue being quite open between it and the grounds about Sophia-hemmet and the woods of the neighboring park.

The invalids have greenness and fresh air and sweet quiet about them, though within easy access of the efficient medical corps of Stockholm.

There are two departments to the hospital, the training-school for nurses, and the hospital proper. These buildings are united by a covered passage between them. The members of the training-school are called "pupils" (élèves), while the finished nurses are "sisters." The pupil nurses (" probationers") have their work only under superintendence, in the hospital alone, while many of the "sisters" minister by the sick-beds of sufferers in their own homes. These trained nurses are generally persons of education and refinement, and in many cases of noble families; yet they are modest and unassuming in the sick-rooms to which they come, and ready to do all offices for a patient that love could prompt, or a near relative undertake in a similar case. Their ministry is so simple, natural, and efficient, that one forgets what it must have cost them to attain such composure and skill, and such humility and love, as to make such faithful ministry to strangers possible and even easy.

It is hard to describe the restfulness that steals over a weary household where there is a suffering member, or where there are little children exposed to or suffering from contagious diseases, when the sister from Sophia-hemmet arrives in the evening, scrupulously neat in her appearance, warm, and friendly in manner, and every way trustworthy, to take care of the sick for the night. Some of the sisters are detailed to work in other city hospitals. Those who are willing to nurse cholera patients, in case the epidemic should come to Stockholm, register their names.

There is a resident physician in the hospital. The patients may intrust themselves to his care, or have the attendance of any other physician or surgeon they may prefer, with still the privilege of summoning the resident physician in case of the appearance of any suddenly alarming or peculiarly painful symptoms.

The chaplain for Sophia-hemmet, not living in the house, is a prominent clergyman in Stockholm, who has the peculiar position of being a priest belonging to the State organization, and a court preacher, while he is pastor over a church (built after Spurgeon's) sustained by private contribution. This clergyman is a warm and fluent speaker. He is said to be peculiarly acceptable in the sick-room, and to have a special power of ministering at the couch of bitter suffering and by the dying bed.

The Queen retains the right of appointing the presiding officer (a lady), the resident physician, and the chaplain at Sophia-hemmet. All other matters with reference to the institution are decided by a competent board of directors.

A library is accumulating for the benefit of the "sisters" and "pupils," and now and then some friendly ladies give a concert, a stereopticon exhibition, or a familiar "reading," to throw a little brightness into the self-sacrificing lives of the devoted women at Sophia-hemmet.

We give some extracts from the printed papers which the sister must hand at once to one of the heads of the household when she enters a family as a nurse:—

### SOPHIA-HEMMET.

# VALHALLA-VÄGEN, STOCKHOLM.

Nursing in Private Houses.

Date —

The nurse——(nurse's name), is sent to-day to——
(name the head of the family to whom the nurse is sent).

Terms, two crowns twenty-five öre per day.

Kr. 2.25

Signed, —

Superintendent.

Night nursing (reckoned at about 12 hours),	2.00
Day nursing,	1.25
Presence and help during an operation,	3.00
For visit (not more than two hours),	1.00

## INFORMATION AND CONDITIONS.

The directors of Sophia-hemmet claim that a nurse should in all respects be treated as an educated woman in the exercise of a noble calling.

No duties should be exacted from the nurse beyond the care of the patient and the sick-room.

The nurse must not be expected to take her meals with the servants.

The nurse must be allowed an hour a day in the fresh air.

The nurse must be allowed, in all, seven hours (in the twenty-four) out of the sick-room. At least every third day these free hours should be at night.

The nurse may not, without leave of the Superintend-

ent, take the charge of any patient for whom her services have not been engaged.

The nurse must accept no gifts.

The nurse may not stay in any family longer than three months without special permission.

The Superintendent should be informed, if possible, of the proposed return of a nurse to Sophia-hemmet a few days before it takes place.

If there should be dissatisfaction with the nurse, or she should be ill, by application to the Superintendent a substitute will, if possible, be provided.

A copy of rules for the sick-nurse in private families should accompany this paper:—

### SOPHIA-HEMMET.

RULES FOR SICK NURSES IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

The nurse should try to adapt herself, as far as possible, to her surroundings in the patient's home.

It is the duty of the nurse: -

With unceasing patience and loving tenderness to watch over her patient, conscientiously using the knowledge and experience she has acquired.

To keep the sick-room clean and in good order.

To follow implicitly the advice and directions of the attending physician.

To take, herself, no new decided steps in the management of the patient, save when absolutely compelled; and when this occurs, to inform the physician as soon as possible of what has taken place.

Not to take care of a new patient without informing the Superintendent of the fact.

To wear the dress appointed for the nurses of Sophiahemmet.

To remain in the position she has taken until she is called away by the Superintendent, or she is no longer needed by the patient. It is provided that her stay in one family should not be longer than three months without special permission.

The nurse must not be called upon for any duties beyond those for the patient and the care of his room, unless the good of the patient or the fear of infection for other members of the family may make such a course necessary.

The nurse should, at least once a week, come into communication with Sophia-hemmet; especially if she should not be well, or should find herself overtaxed, or have some cause of complaint, must she make known her difficulties to the Superintendent.

The nurse must give a copy of these directions to the head of a household when she enters upon her duties there.

When a nurse is not in the exercise of her duties in a family she is to live in the Home, and must take her part in the work there, as she is directed.

Private nurses are entitled to three weeks' rest during . the year, the special time for this rest being appointed by the Superintendent.

From the laying of the corner stone of Sophia-hemmet, an enthusiastic little boy came home much disappointed. His face in a sorrowful cloud, he exclaimed, "Why, the Queen was an old lady!" The child had expected, doubtless, to see a young and beautiful woman, gorgeously apparelled, and proudly wearing a shining crown. That a queen could be seen in a bonnet and walking-dress, and no longer in the freshness of youth, had never entered into his imagination. The Queen of Sweden was not an old lady then, nor is she now, though she seemed so from the child's point of view, as she waited in the broad light of day for the ceremony to be over.

Queen Sophia was born in 1836. In 1882 the royal pair celebrated their silver wedding. Of course the King, though he was in most festal array, had the usual fate of a bridegroom,—nobody looked at him, handsome as he was. The Queen was beautiful and stately, as the occasion demanded, and her ermine-tipped train was as long as any court etiquette could exact, and three honorable gentlemen bore it up, as court rules required. That was many years ago, and since then her Majesty has seen much suffering.

One of the largest and most efficient benevolent societies of Stockholm is under the special direction and protection of the Queen. She is also much interested in efforts for the spiritual good of her people at large, and of the circle of kindred spirits she gathers about her. If a foreign evangelist of any special gifts appears in Stockholm, one is sure to hear of a private "little meeting" at the palace, where the earnest man or woman has been requested to pray and preach for the benefit of an invited circle of hearers.

Some Stockholm ladies interested in the cause of temperance called upon the Queen to ask her co-operation in this work of reform. They were most courte-ously received, and listened to with evident interest. The Queen was no stranger to the question. She said she had herself visited in London one of the "coffee houses" established as substitutes for the low resorts of the drunkards, and had been favorably impressed by the movement.

It was gratifying to hear, at one time when the Queen was in a foreign country, that a member of her immediate circle had written home to Sweden that it was most profitable to be with her Majesty, as she had gathered such earnest English people about her.

The Queen reads and speaks English freely. Looking over some books she had lent to a lady of the court for summer reading, one found that they were selected on true Church Union principles. One was the life of Baroness Bunsen (the wife of Chevalier Bunsen), who, though forced to live in a court circle, was eager to keep up her own spiritual life; the others were biographies of Moody, the American evangelist, of Miss Fish, the New England missionary to Persia, and of a simple French protestant pastor active in spreading the truth among his own people.

The name "Sophie" was written in the books in a graceful, flowing hand.

The Queen of Sweden is universally respected, and if she is to be judged by the people she likes to have around her, she "loves the company of the saints."

We may not deny to the Queen of Sweden the credit that would be awarded to a cottage mother. Sophia-hemmet may be her monument, but she has written on living tablets — the human hearts of her sons — a record that may be far more lasting than the hospital on which her name so openly stands.

Queen Sophia has no daughters. Her oldest son, the Crown Prince Gustaf, now thirty-five years of age, is little known, as etiquette and good sense require of an heir to the throne that he should not make himself in any way conspicuous. He should not, like Absalom, "prepare himself a chariot and horses, and fifty men to run before him," and rise up early and stand beside the way of the gate, and when any man that has a controversy comes to the King for judgment, call unto him and say, "See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. . . . Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man

that hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!" Nor must he, like Absalom, when any man comes "to him to do him obeisance," put forth his hand, and take him and kiss him. A crown prince may not "steal the hearts" of his father's people. He must be cautious; and cautious the Crown Prince of Sweden certainly is. It is said of him, how-

ever, that when left regent during the absence of the King, he is wise, clear, and decided in the expression of his opinion in the council chamber, and most diligent in examining the papers submitted to him for his signature.

It may interest many American readers to know that the Crown Princess Victoria is the daughter of the good Duchess of Baden,



THE CROWN PRINCESS.

who, while Princess of Prussia, was for many years under the care of the lovely and accomplished Madame Sandoz, the beloved sister of the revered Professor Arnold Guyot of Princeton College.

The Crown Princess came to Sweden a fresh young German girl, full of life and health, who might not have looked amiss in a cottage, but who well became the position to which she was born. She has passed much time in the South of Europe and in Egypt, and her journal of travels in the land of the pyramids has been published with elaborate illustrations.

Next in age to the Crown Prince comes Prince Oscar,

perhaps the most widely famed of the brothers. He has chosen love and a home, rather than a merely princely marriage, and a possible distant chance of coming to the throne through the death of many that are dear to him. In consequence of his marriage with Miss Ebba Munck, a Swedish subject, he has ceased to be among the heirs of royalty. He is now known as Prince Bernadotte, and as Prince Bernadotte is most highly esteemed. It would be pleasant to be able to give his portrait in the midst of the Sunday school, of which he is superintendent, or at one of the informal "teachers' meetings," where the lesson for the next Sabbath is freely discussed and explained. Probably no such picture exists, or ever will exist with the consent of the central figure required.

The boys hunting for blank cartridges, when there has been a mock battle at beautiful Djursholm, know Prince Karl as the handsome officer in a magnificent uniform, who sits his fine horse as if he were a centaur. The poor know him as the Prince who has established a "soup kitchen," where they can buy a substantial meal at the cheapest possible rate, and who comes himself, sometimes, to eat a plate of pea soup with the sons of the people, whom he has helped to good daily food, to be paid for by money honestly earned. Many a hardy workman who sits at one of the simple tables, and many a little child who has come for a kettle of good cheer, thinks the best part of the entertainment the sight of the fine, manly face of "our Prince Karl."

Sometimes through the open window of the royal nook in the chapel at the palace in Stockholm a side face may be seen that tempts the beholder to exclaim, "Is it a ghost?" For it has been whispered that the

palace is haunted. "Has the young soldier Bernadotte appeared on the scene where he reigned as a King?" It is but the youngest of Queen Sophia's sons, Prince Eugene, attending the service in the royal box. He is wonderfully like his great-grandfather, and it is said has a bit of the republican in him by inheritance.

There has been among the Bernadottes in Sweden a decided taste for the fine arts; but Prince Eugene is the first professional artist among them. He has studied in Paris, and won there much praise, and now has his own studio in Stockholm. Prince Eugene is on familiar terms with his brother artists, and may now and then be met, with a lively party of knights of the easel, out in the cars, or by boat, for a summer excursion in the neighborhood of Stockholm.

A gentleman, in search of a person whom he wished to employ, tells of coming upon a white-haired, white-bearded old shoemaker, busy at his trade in his little den of a room in the attic of a poor rickety building in Stockholm. The place and owner spoke of cheerful poverty. "Are not times hard now and then, when work is scarce?" asked the visitor. "Yes! yes!" said the old man; "that may happen sometimes. But sometimes, too, I go to Prince Eugene to be painted, and then I get a good lift, you may be sure!"

There are many who have a different remembrance of the artist Prince, when, about twelve years ago, he was publicly confirmed, the only candidate on the solemn occasion. The service was held in the Royal Chapel, a richly gilded hall, ornamented with angels much in the style of those on Ponto St. Angelo. Richly covered benches were placed at right angles with the chancel, on either side of it. On one tier sat the court ladies in white, and on the other, the uniformed

court gentlemen. In the open space between these observers a little desk and a seat were placed for the Prince, and on his left a chair, facing him, for the bishop who had prepared him for confirmation, and was now to conduct his public examination.

As one came through the sacristy, the Prince and the Archbishop, who was to preach on the occasion, were to be seen flitting about in apparent perturbation. They soon appeared, however, in all due solemnity. Bishop Beckman, the oldest of the twelve bishops (and now eighty years of age), made the opening prayer, and then proceeded to give the Prince such an examination as might have puzzled many a country pastor, not fresh from his studies. The Prince acquitted himself well, though this was evidently an anxious time for him. The Queen, like many another Swedish mother under the same circumstances, had gone carefully over the lessons with her son, during his time of preparation. She sometimes let fall an expression as she "assisted" at the recitation, to the effect that there had been a tough bit of work with the doctrines, that day, for her and the candidate.

The examination over, the Archbishop preached a good sermon, and then the young Prince went forward alone to the chancel. There was no laying on of hands, but the short ceremony was solemn and impressive.

The King, the Queen, and the royal brothers were sitting in front of the uniformed gentlemen, on one side of the open space where the little desk had been placed. To his mother the young Prince went, as soon as he rose from his knees after the confirmation. She kissed him and embraced him tenderly, with evident feeling. The King and the brothers did the same with cordial affection.

The next Sunday the royal family partook of the Holy Communion together.

Much time has rolled away since all this happened, and Prince Eugene, who is now twenty-eight years of age, has seen much of life, in many lands, since he promised, on his confirmation day, to be a true and faithful Christian.

May Sophia-hemmet long stand to remind the Swedes of the future of the royal friend of her people who laid its corner stone, and may her sons be a strong bulwark for all that is good, and right, and just, in the country where their mother is now an honored Queen!

## TWO POETS.

Among the rural homes clustered at lovely Djursholm, there is none more proudly pointed out to Swede and stranger than that of Victor Rydberg, the most famous of Swedish living authors. This home, like a true eagle's nest, is perched high above the walks of men, where the poet can look out on forest and inlet, as he sits in his study and ponders great thoughts.

Even in an aristocratic country a man from the people can be a kind of king, the first among his fellow-citizens, and elected to the highest eminence by the unanimous voice of his countrymen. Such a position is awarded in Sweden to Victor Rydberg.

We had almost said that Victor Rydberg was a self-made man. He is rather a God-made man. Gifted from childhood, left early an orphan, he began alone his struggle with life. He soon found that his head was a better reliance for daily bread than his friend-less, untrained hands. By teaching other boys, and using his skilful pen, he got on as best he could, until his rare gifts compelled admiration, and won for him friends who rejoiced to lovingly smooth the path of the brilliant youth. He is now happy in a home of his own, a professor of the University of Stockholm, famous throughout the civilized world, and almost adored in his own land.

Rydberg is no spoiled, conceited author. His simple, modest nature is too noble to be so tainted. One feels,

in his presence, that he is a great man, but a great man not locked up in himself, but full of loving human sympathies. He is shy and quiet and retiring, until some kindred subject warms him into lively conversation, and brings out his brilliant powers. Rydberg is a true friend and lover of the people, and a strong

reliance for struggling youth and suffering humanity. Rydberg has a refined woman's sensitiveness as to what is true and honest and pure and tender, and a love for little children that draws them about him as they would cluster in the sunlight.

Such is the man. As a poet, one must look up to him as one far raised above the common ranks of his fellows. We think of him as of the Amazon among



VICTOR RYDBERG'S VILLA.

rivers,—that great flood that springs from the solemn, rocky heights of the snow-clad Andes, and makes its way, now through wild tracts that bold explorers are seeking to map out, and now by the haunts of men, to pour at last its volume of waters, itself like a pure ocean, to meet the surging Atlantic.

Translated into many languages, "Roman Days,"
"The Last Athenian," "The Armorer," etc., have established Rydberg's fame as a deep prose writer. As
for his poetry, only a nightingale can sing a nightin-

gale's song, and only Rydberg could properly translate his own poetry; and even then, in another language it could never be so a part of himself as when coming in its natural form from his thoroughly Swedish heart.

America boasts its Mississippi as well as its Amazon, — two royal rivers, without their peers. The Mississippi springs from its northern streams and lakes, leaps down its gay water-falls, takes to itself the turbid Missouri, and, shut in by the embankments of man, rolls along past busy cities and fields white for the harvest of the hot South. It is the highway of traffic for a stirring multitude, the strong, throbbing artery of the mighty West, that flows at last past a seething metropolis, to be welcomed by the warm waters of the waiting Gulf.

Count Carl Snoilsky is the brother poet of Rydberg, the Mississippi beside the Amazon. Born to a noble name, a dweller in cities at home and abroad, for long years a popular and admired poet, a handsome and courteous gentleman, the friend of the King, Snoilsky has now, for his later years of activity, a fixed position as a cultured bibliopolist at the head of the great Royal Library at Stockholm. He has a title almost as long as an Alexandrine, - "Kungligöfverbibliotekarie," and a popularity nearly as comprehensive He has written poems where the man of the world is seen in the graceful verse, and others, more unstudied, which aged scholars and wideawake school-boys read with equal delight. In a different vein Snoilsky shows, as in "The Porcelain Factory" and "The Serving Brother," a warm feeling for "simple folk," and their unselfish work for their prosperous brethren. It is probably, however, Snoilsky's historical poems that have so fully won for him the heart of the Swedish people. They are read in the family circle or in solitude, as one dwells on or listens again and again to a loved, familiar melody. Scenes from these poems are painted on canvas, engraved in elegantly illustrated books, and represented in gay circles in faultless tableaux vivants, and ever and always give to the Swedish mind vivid pictures of the great days of the Swedish past.

Rydberg and Snoilsky stand pre-eminent among the Swedish poets; but there are other sources and founts of poesy by which the literature of Sweden is now beautified and brightened.

Among these writers we will only name Wirsén and Beckman, each for a special reason.

C. D. af Wirsén has written much and well. Many of his poems have a decidedly religious cast, and all are widely read by warm admirers.

Beckman has understood how, like Whittier and Lowell, to pen beautiful and striking verses, while advocating the rights of the people, and urging muchneeded reforms.

Both Wirsén and Beckman have written poems, on various subjects and in various styles, well worthy of enthusiastic admiration.

There are many other poets in Sweden well deserving mention, but the choice in naming them must so wholly depend upon individual taste that one naturally hesitates to make a further selection. The reader must learn the Swedish language, come to Sweden, and choose his favorites for himself.

## "THE UNCLES."

THERE is one place in Sweden from which the King is by law excluded. His Majesty may not set his foot on the premises where the Riksdag, the legislative body chosen by the Swedish people, is in session. Any citizen may be admitted to listen to its public deliberations, but there the King has no free ticket.

From time immemorial there have been popular assemblies in Sweden where matters of public moment have been discussed and decided. In later times the "lords and mighty men" began to take the lead in such consultations. It was not until the time of the patriot Engelbrekt (in 1435) that a formal Riksdag consisting of the four estates was summoned to meet. In this assembly, held at Arboga, the nobles, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants were called on to legislate as one body for the good of their native land.

It has been playfully said that this "four wheeler" was in vogue until 1866, when the present "two-wheeled legal vehicle" was adopted by the Swedes. During the reign of the late King, Karl XV. (the brother of the present sovereign), this change was brought about. The four estates had hitherto held their deliberations in separate session, the nobles meeting in their own "House of Knights" (Riddar-huset).

In 1866 it was decided that the Riksdag should thereafter consist of two Chambers, having equal power and authority, and that they should hold their sessions every year, instead of every third year, as had hitherto been the custom; the members of the First Chamber should be chosen for nine years, and elected by the established bodies for local government; the Second Chamber should be chosen by the people, and for a period of three years. The members of the Second Chamber only are salaried. They each receive twelve hundred crowns (less than \$300) for their session of four months, from the middle of January to the middle of May. If the session is prolonged, this salary must suffice for them: so they have no temptation to unnecessarily protract their sittings. If an extra session be called, the payment for the members is in the same proportion as for the regular meeting (three hundred crowns a month). The King has the right to dismiss at will the Riksdag, and call for a new election.

It is becoming more and more a tacit understanding that if the Cabinet and the Riksdag are directly at variance, the members of the Cabinet shall resign, and a new one be formed.

The Chambers are said to have equal power; but the Second Chamber, having always the most members, has naturally the most power when the vote is taken of the whole assembled Riksdag, as is the case in matters relating to the budget.

To be a member of the First Chamber, a man must be thirty-five years of age, and have a capital amounting to *about* \$20,000, or an income of *about* \$1,000.

To be eligible as a member of the Second Chamber,

a citizen must be twenty-five years of age, and have the full qualifications of a voter in the electoral district by which he is chosen.<sup>1</sup>

Any citizen of any calling, possessing a free citizen's full rights, is eligible to election for either Chamber, if he have the required qualifications with reference to property and age. An ex-Prime Minister (Stalsminister) may even become a member of the Second Chamber.

The greater property qualification and the greater age of the members of the First Chamber make it naturally a more aristocratic and conservative body than the Second, while progressive and democratic tendencies are more marked in the latter.

Bishops and country pastors, nobles and self-made men, poets and iron-masters, editors and manufacturers, workmen and millionnaires, peasants and city nabobs, must and do meet on equal ground in the Riksdag. "Mr." (Herr) is the proper mode of address of the members to each other in the discussions, with the exception that the titles Count and Baron are still used, perhaps as a courteous return for the voluntary abandonment by the House of Knights of their old political privileges. In the newspaper reports, however, these titles usually give way to the simple "Mr." (Herr) in giving the doings of the Riksdag.

The Speakers of both Chambers are appointed by the King, and are entitled to special precedence in the social world, as well as to universal and usually welldeserved respect.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> To be a voter for the member of the Riksdag, a man must be an authorized citizen, and have an income of not less than eight hundred crowns a year (a little more than \$200).

The members of the Riksdag are often spoken of in familiar parlance as "The Uncles." The Uncles are usually invited to a royal entertainment at the palace during the session. The wives, however, of the members of the Second Chamber are not included in the invitation, if they are not of noble birth and have not been presented at court. When a man becomes a Cabinet minister, his wife is entitled to be presented, whatever her antecedents may have been. She is then admitted to the court circle, called in Stockholm "Society" par excellence.

A man may not, when elected to the Riksdag, refuse to act as a member, unless he have before served for three years, or be over sixty years of age, or be prevented by some other lawful hindrance.

In October, 1892, a special meeting of the Riksdag was called to consider the question of a new military organization for Sweden, which was agreed upon by a large majority. The hearty acceptance of this proposal was due in a great measure to the personal influence exerted by General (Baron) Rappe, then, as now in 1894, Minister of War. His dignified, noble, and commanding bearing, his soldierly eloquence, and his evident conviction of the wisdom of the course he advocated, gave to his speech on the occasion a profound effect. He is a man of marked ability, high character, and decided Christian life.

In 1887 the liberal party in Stockholm had succeeded in electing their "ticket" for the twenty-two members for the Riksdag, one for every ten thousand of the inhabitants. The conservatives discovered that one of the newly elected members, a mechanic, had some years before, while a common workman in a distant town, neglected to pay his taxes, amounting to

about \$3.00, and that this sum had never been paid. This fact, being made public, not only involved his disability to be a member of the Riksdag, but (according to an absurd law then existing) that of the whole "liberal ticket" in a body. The twenty-two liberals forfeited their places, and the recipients of the next highest number of votes at the late election (twentytwo conservatives) found themselves unexpectedly members of the Riksdag. So there came to be a change in the majority in the Riksdag, a change in the ministry, and a change in the policy of the government from free trade to a protective tariff. So much for laxity about a citizen's payment of a debt of \$3.00. This circumstance made clear the necessity of a change in the old law. No one member's disability, discovered after an election, can now affect his fellow-members: he only is personally the sufferer.

There is very little of the "spread eagle" style of oratory, or of talking purely for constituents to read, in the Riksdag of Sweden. The speeches are generally plain, sensible, and most closely bearing on the subject in question. There are members who hold the Chambers in perfect silence, but there are others who have always a running accompaniment of buzzing, animated talk among the should-be listeners. There is rarely any discourtesy in the debates, but now and then a hasty tongue must make the amende of openly asking to be excused for unwarrantable utterances. There are several very fiery and eloquent speakers, whom it is deemed a great privilege to hear, though their gifts of oratory do not always influence the vote on the question in agitation.

Not only the clergymen of the State Church, but those of the dissenting bodies, appear in the Riksdag. One of the latter is a frequent speaker in the Second Chamber. He is a well-known and much admired preacher in a large church in Stockholm and carrying out in its work the modern idea of making its worshippers as much as possible like one great family. It has its week-day meetings for religious, musical, benevolent, and social purposes, as well as its Sunday-school and fully attended services on the First Day of the week.

To give some idea of the needs now felt and making themselves known in Sweden, a few of the bills proposed of late years in the Riksdag may be mentioned:—

- "A bill for universal suffrage.
- "A bill for the establishment of a Bureau of Labor, for statistics, etc., in consequence of which it is expected that a Royal Commission will be appointed to investigate the subject and suggest the best means of procuring and using statistics on this important subject.
- "A bill to abolish written translations from Swedish to Latin at the examination of students for admission to the universities.
- "A bill to introduce the 'zontariff' on the State railroads.
- "A bill for dividing the diocese of Hernosand, which comprises the whole northern half of Sweden.
- "A bill to make co-educational the younger classes in certain State schools, as they already are in country common schools.
- "A bill to prevent, under certain conditions, the hawking of beer and ale in wagons through country districts.
- "A bill to extend the protection of a married woman's right of property."

After the last regular session of the time for which they are elected has closed, the Uncles are still members of the Riksdag, and may be summoned to an extra session in any emergency to decide upon matters important for the welfare of Sweden. II.
THE HOMES.

## SHAKING HANDS WITH SVEA.

THE RED COTTAGE.

THE CASTLE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A SWEDISH HOUSEHOLD.

THE SWEDISH LANGUAGE. SUMMER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE DEAN'S REBUKE.

A PAIR OF POORHOUSES.

A SWEDISH WINTER.

JOY AND SORROW.

THE SEVEN AGES.



THE RED COTTAGE.



## THE RED COTTAGE.

WHEN a Swede speaks of "the red cottage," to his mind the expression is like a term of endearment; for it describes for him a humble home truly, but a home of thrift, industry, modest comfort, and cheerful contentment.

There, perhaps, is the loom the lover made with his own hands for his betrothed's bridal present, and there the gay-flowered chest which contains the stores of linen her mother gave her when she left her maidenhood's home. There entered the bride, with the green myrtle crown perched above her flowing white veil, quite satisfied with her black dress, such as her grandmother wore on her own wedding, and such as a peasant bride now should wear.

The bridal pair may have been one among a half-dozen couples who stood together round the altar, and the officiating clergyman must have had his wits about him not to marry Per to Maria, instead of to Anna, to whom he had been, almost from childhood, betrothed.

The cottage was not empty when the young people came to it, so full of joy. There was an infirm old man there, who sat in the big chair just where the sunshine could reach him through the open door. The bridegroom was an only son's only son, and a part of his inheritance was his grandfather to take care of. Long ago the old man had found his strength failing for daily labor, and had given over the cottage and bit

of land to his son in the vigor of life, with the provision that he should always have a right to live under the familiar roof, and his simple needs for food and clothing be supplied. He is eighty years old now, and trembles as he rises to speak to the bride. She drops a little courtesy for him, and her fresh young face looks kindly at the old man; but somehow a tear comes to his eye, instead of the twinkle of an answering smile.

There are only two rooms in the cottage, — the room, and a little chamber beside it, which the old man may call his own as long as he lives. Perhaps, when winter comes, he will creep into his bed, to stay there like the bear, though not sleeping. There he will be warm, and in nobody's way. Anna will take in his food to him, with a friendly word, and when spring comes, his double window will be taken out, and the sparrows will look in at him, and he can see the buds on the apple-tree; and he feels so contented where he is that he does not want to get up, and he never rises again, though he may live long years more, if such an existence can be called living. There is a name for such old fixtures for which the English language has no corresponding expression. He is "the pensioned old man," "the exception," who must be "entertained" on the spot as long as he has breath in his feeble old body. He is peaceful and thankful. It might have been worse. If Per had taken it into his head to go to America, then new people would have taken the cottage, with his reserved right to be there as a provision in the bargain. How had it gone with some old men and women under such circumstances? There are dark stories afloat in that chapter. These old "exceptions" have even become burdensome to their own children or grandchildren!

The owner of an estate in Southern Sweden has made an arrangement that such old people shall not be passed on to new cottagers on the little property, but shall be assured of a support as long as they live, by the proprietor of the whole estate, who will build for them each a little home, if there is not room for them where they have before lived. Such "exceptions" are even



DOMESTIC DUTIES.

to have a little money annually given them, beyond their clothing, food, and lodging. This looks well, and is a step in the right direction; but as human nature is, the existence of these "exceptions" is most undesirable. If a poor old man's own flesh and blood can weary of him, it might happen that his needs would not be particularly inquired into by a steward, if the landowner were absent in a foreign country, or were for a long period in the capital. A cruel or extrava-

gant landlord might find such "exceptions" encumbrances, who should be provided for at the least possible expense, within the limits that would prevent the interference of law in their favor. Indeed, the old of the working classes have nowhere a sure prospect of care but in the love and respect of their children and children's children. How many a Pat or a Bridget in America imports old parents to be tenderly cared for in their declining years!

The red cottage shines cheerfully out in the summer-time, with its doorway and little square windows framed in white, like a flower in the midst of the greenness; but such a cottage must be seen in the midst of the winter snows to be thoroughly appreciated, - snows that may lie on the ground for five or six months of the year. The red used for painting them is a bright shade of crimson. A foreigner, staying at a country house where the barns and outbuildings were as usual red, saw, one autumn morning, a bucket of red mixture apparently, with a brush in it, standing on the steps of one of these buildings which seemed in perfect repair. "Are you going to paint again?" she said in surprise, to the hostess. The answer was a merry laugh, and the explanation that piggie had been killed, and his blood had been stirred and set to cool for black pudding. This gives an idea of the hue of the paint generally used for the cottages: it is a living color.

The long winter, with its short days and abundant darkness, making out-of-door work impossible,—if there were any to do,—has no doubt prompted the Swedish cottagers to the home industry for which they are so famous. A fisher-girl tells us that she had never worn anything, before she was fifteen years old, that was not

made by her mother's own fireside. Even her shoes had been her father's work, and the same skilful hands had sewed the strong clothes for her elder brothers, as well as the sails for his four boats, and had made boats themselves.

Living in the country is rendered easy, in Sweden, by the presence in the neighborhood of all sorts of mechanics, who do their work under their own roof, and come when summoned to help a neighbor, for a most modest recompense. You are always sure to have a skilful cobbler, and perhaps an expert shoemaker, accessible and accommodating. Smith and carpenter, and even tailor, are generally to be found near you, and it may be a man who frames engravings, sets a pane of glass, or does a little painting or varnishing quite in city style.

In the time of Gustaf Adolf, a traveller who had been in Sweden wrote: "Those Swedes ought to be able to excel in any kind of mechanical work; for without instruction they make well, in the country, all that they need in their own homes."

The spinning-wheel and the loom are not yet banished from the red cottage, and on many large estates the wife of the proprietor is proud to show to the stranger, carpets and linen and stout stuff for dresses, woven under her own supervision. The young ladies in such a home are often skilful in weaving beautiful window-curtains and portières in old northern patterns, for which they have not only a preference, but almost a superstitious reverence.

It must not be supposed that all cottages in Sweden are red. Now and then one sees a shabby, unpainted dwelling, where thrift and poverty, or need and drunkenness have had a sore struggle. Some of these

poorer homes lie in tracts full of beauty, and their occupants often seem to enjoy, all the more, the lavish charms of nature outside the cottage, from their contrast with the lack of attractions within.

A love of nature is a marked peculiarity of the Swedes in humble life. When an Irish maid would ask leave to go to see her "cousins," a Swedish one wants permission to "sit a while in the woods with two or three of the girls." Such little parties seem to breathe more freely and joyously when once in the open air, and come home with hands full of wild-flowers, that are as much rejoiced over as if they were specimens of rare exotics.

In a Swedish cottage the brown bread (hung in hard round cakes against the wall); herring, fresh or salted, not smoked; various kinds of porridge, of gruel; a slice of bacon to eat with potatoes, — are the staple articles in the family diet. The fathers and brothers in such homes are sure to wear strong leather aprons, in which they go about all day, to the great saving of the knees of their trousers. Even in Stockholm, one may see mechanics and laborers going to their work with a blue cotton or a leather apron in full sight, or perhaps hanging below a respectable overcoat.

The hat or bonnet has been an unknown article in the red cottage, and even now one may be at a country church where not a hat or bonnet is to be seen save on the head of the foreign observer. Black is the universal church dress for the women of the red cottage. A rich damask black-silk handkerchief for the head is the thing for summer wear; but in winter a three-cornered knit or woven colored woollen tippet may take its place. Now, a maid from the country has not been many weeks in Stockholm, or one of the smaller cities.

before she appears in a hat, and even carries a parasol, if she happens to have a taste for splendor. White handkerchiefs, coquettishly disposed round a fair face, or a pretty colored substitute, are not uncommon on a week day, but they rarely appear on Sunday, excepting for children.

A young girl from a cottage was heard to complain



ANDERS AND BRITA.

mournfully that she had only fifteen aprons. A moderately good stock that seemed to an American to be; but when washing is done rarely, and work is the order for every day, a score or two of aprons might not be superfluous.

The Swedish girls from the red cottages are often very beautiful, fair-faced and fair-haired; and when Nature has rippled in bright waves the abundant locks, they are particularly charming.

To begin in a cottage is not always to end in a cottage. From such humble homes many of the distinguished men of Sweden have come, and have not been ashamed of their origin. Poets and musicians and chemists and engineers have, in a red cottage, fared simply and worked hard in childhood, to have eventually a world-wide fame and an honored and loved place in the hearts of their countrymen.

## THE CASTLE.

THE nobility of Sweden have now no legal privileges different from their fellow-citizens; they have, however, the liberty of meeting, at stated times, in the old House of the Knights, to confer with regard to matters concerning their order, and the families which belong to it. It was lately suggested in one of their meetings that there was, still unrepealed, an old law giving the nobility a privilege which was by them neglected, and possibly utterly forgotten. This privilege the speaker then playfully stated to be the right to administer corporal punishment to the dependants on their estates. This practice was not given up, it seems, at the opening of this century; for Balzar von Platen, who had advocated this method of enforcement of the fulfilment of law on board ship, practised it on his own estate. He was, however, so afraid that his hasty temper would lead him to punishing unjustly or too severely, that he gave the cane he used for the purpose into the hands of his gentle wife, that he might always have time for reflection before he proceeded to personal correction.

Though the important legal privileges of the nobility no longer exist, the order retains its full social prestige, as is proved by the occasional giving of the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Matters that concern minors belonging to the nobility, must be brought before a higher court than that which decides in the affairs of minors of a different station. There are other provisions of trifling moment that hear traces of the old privileges of the nobility.

title of "baron," with no barony annexed, to a person whom the King may wish to distinguish for peculiar merit or ability. Nordenskiöld, after his triumphal progress among the nations, was received in the capital of his country, on his return from his arctic voyage, with magnificent illuminations, and the King made him, then and there, a baron, and presented him with a star set with diamonds, as his badge of the favorite Swedish order of the North Star. Nordenskiöld was by birth of a noble family, but without a title.

The House of Knights was established in the time of Gustaf Adolf, and its code of regulations formulated. It is interesting to see how many of the noble families in Sweden owe this kind of "promotion" to the feats of arms of one of their members during the "thirty years war." Many brave foreigners also, so came to be Swedish nobles, and their descendants are now counted as veritable Swedes. It is convenient in Sweden for a man to have a title when "riches take wings." He simply enters on what work he chooses, and in a most republican way does not lose his social consideration. If he is a helpless do-nothing, his friends often support him, rather than that he should be a disgrace to an old family name,—or send him to America.

For indigent ladies of noble families the case was long different. There were certain forms of pensions and small annuities for them; but often not sufficient for a full, respectable maintenance. To be classed with the "pauvre honteux" was not agreeable, but sometimes a home in such an asylum was the only refuge. There has lately appeared in a Stockholm publication the portrait of a lady, the daughter of a count, who was the first to emancipate herself from inherited

aristocratic prejudices. Finding herself unprovided for, she obtained a position as cashier in a well-known bank. There, for many years, she proved herself exceptionally faithful and competent, and has lately retired universally praised and respected. She had, moreover, set an example that has been followed by degrees by many of her sisters in rank, who are now honorably maintaining themselves as she did, and in many other positions that they are well calculated to fill.

There are now, in many departments of benevolent work, ladies belonging to the nobility, who give freely time, interest, and money to the various causes to which they have devoted themselves. Others, gifted with the pen, employ themselves in literary pursuits with most admirable results.

With many ladies among the nobility, the possession from childhood of social consideration has produced just the result of a true republican education, in frank, natural, cordial, and therefore most attractive manners. When such persons become deeply religiously impressed, they have a wonderful power of influence in their own circles, and carry the glad light of loving interest into many homes of sorrow or want. At their country-seats such women are, of course, of immeasurable value. They diffuse among their dependants the best modern ideas as to health, the management of children, and domestic affairs, the importance of education, and the more precious knowledge of the joy and peace of a true Christian life.

One lady, who has now passed from the beauty and dignity of her earthly tabernacle to, we believe, a better home, did not feel herself competent to minister as she would have wished to her people, but empowered a trusted, experienced Christian servant to take her place in these labors of love. A social gathering was established for the young of both sexes living on the place, where reading aloud and simple, innocent amusements were introduced and superintended. Competent religious teachers were encouraged to frequent the cottages, and hold informal meetings, in a region where the church was at a long distance, and the clergyman inefficient as a pastor. Meanwhile the lady who was the power behind this active work would busy her own hands with preparing Christmas gifts for every child on the premises, sometimes from materials for clothing woven under her own roof, and sometimes by ingenious manufacture of playthings and articles of taste that would become a humble home. When she came up to Stockholm, she had a discharged coachman who had fallen into intemperate habits to look after, or an old woman whose little ornamental treasures for her bureau had been destroyed by a drunken son to make happy by little vases or images that would replace the broken ornaments, or some similar mission of love. Not all can have her charm, but many Swedish noble ladies have the same interests and occupations. Of course pride and folly and selfishness struggle for the mastery, and gain occasionally the upper hand. An established hereditary aristocracy is a dangerous thing for human nature.

The fixed differences of rank in Sweden often put kindly employers on the most free and friendly terms with their servants and dependants, as it was of old in America with the Southerner among the slaves of his household. Where this is the case, of course the attachment is strong and lasting between the employer and the employed.

A certain degree of formality in Swedish gentlemen when talking with ladies makes their real character less easily discernible, but they are often most simple and unaffected, though elegant in manner. On a ceremo-



S. S. CASTLE.

nious public occasion they can put on a reserve and hauteur which is supposed to suit such circumstances.

Many noble families having limited means bring up their families most simply and sensibly. Baron Louis de Gen, an ex-prime-minister of distinction, has lately published, in his old age, his autobiography. He says:

"My mother was the best being I have ever known. She was dressed like a boy until she was fourteen years old, and knew three books of Euclid before she could speak plain. Latin she learned before any other foreign language fan unusual thing in Sweden]. My mother had fourteen children living at one time, - first five sons, then six daughters, then a son, then a daughter, and then a son again. All the sons were taller than the father, and all the daughters taller than the mother. There were established, well understood, but unwritten laws for the children. If we did not break those laws, we had otherwise perfect freedom. Certain bounds were not to be passed without the company of an older companion. To neglect the study hour was never even attempted. A child who came late to a meal had forfeited his share of any dish that had already been passed round the table. In the morning the children generally sat down before the appointed time, milk was poured into the deep plate of each, and hard brown bread was broken into it, after which all sat, with spoon in hand, until the clock struck, and then at the same time the spoons were carried to the mouth. At dinners there were generally three courses, but when times were hard, only two. No one was forced to eat, but what one had taken (Swedish children help themselves from the offered dish) one must consume to the last morsel. The children had no tea or coffee or sugar with their food. and salt only with eggs. Water was not to be tasted at dinner before the dessert was served. One was offered every course twice, unless there was a short allowance. at dessert. Fruit was dealt out by one of the older children, and even the berries were counted. The oldest child might select first from the portions prepared, but the one who had made the division must be the last. Nothing was usually to be eaten out of the dining-room, but a bit of hard bread after the bath. On birthdays a glass of wine was allowed, and ale at Christmas. Windfalls might be always picked up and eaten. Ber-

ries were 'free' on certain bushes for five minutes a day, and sometimes for ten in specially good years. When it proved, under this law, that the berries were picked in baskets, ripe and green together, in hot haste, the time was doubled, but the berries must be eaten on the spot. 'Good-morning' and 'good-night' must be said to the parents, or an excuse must be sent to them for the failure. When undressed, the evening prayer was to be said, after which not a word was to be spoken. To avoid breaking the letter of this law, one stocking was sometimes kept on until some pleasant chat was finished. When the hunting-horn blew, all were to assemble in the courtyard. The boys might fight among themselves as much as they chose, but kicking, biting, scratching, and striking in the face were positively forbidden. The rights of property were sacredly protected. To borrow the belongings of others without leave, was not to be thought of. Valuable presents were kept in a safe place, and called 'Sunday things,' as they were not to be used on any other day. One might give away only what one had found or made. Christmas presents were not to be 'swapped' before midsummer. To one's brothers and sisters one might give a trifle, but one must never receive anything from the dependants, or from a stranger's child, or accept anything from persons out of the family without the direct consent of the parents. On stormy days, books and engravings were lent to the children, but one must not take hold of 'the pictures' with the fingers. On request, one might always get a book, but having asked for it, one must read it through. No one must read more than a hundred pages a day. Chess, backgammon, and cards were allowed, but no game was to be played for money or for any stake. There was a small fixed payment for every tooth pulled out, and about sixpence dispensed to each for a birthday, or to spend at a fair. When one could

write one's name and read distinctly, one received a small silver coin. Anybody might cry quietly, if sorrowful or in pain; but screaming was not permitted, excepting in a certain room, set apart for that purpose. If those premises were already occupied by a screecher, the new culprit was provided with another howling-place. One was not allowed to go abroad before one had cured one's self of crying aloud. The children must never pass through the drawing-room. They might stand at the door if there were 'company' or music, but must not sit down in the room.

"The parlor was really the most elegant room, for in the drawing-room, for the sake of the music, there were no curtains or carpet or pictures not covered by glass. In any room we were forbidden to lean against any person or thing. One must never have one's foot on a chair, and must always rise before grown-up people. In the house one must have clean hands and dry feet; out of doors one could do as one chose in these particulars. The dining-room and the nursery were the only places where one might play, excepting in the corridors on rainy days. Bows and wind instruments were not to be used in the house. In the winter the boys must be in the open air at least one hour a day. When their every-day clothes were worn or torn, they were mended with leather patches. One might never tease for what had been once denied. Whipping was never administered excepting for obstinate disobedience, and then the punishment was promptly given on the spot. The usual penalty was to forfeit the privilege we had abused. If we fell into the water, we were not, for a certain time, to go near the water. To forfeit the dessert was a common chastisement. If one did not know one's lesson, one must study until one did. Praise was given for well-doing, but a caressing never, after earliest childhood. It was a 'high day' when we had been patted by 'mamma.'

In times of sickness certain laws were set aside, but we were never coddled for small ailments. These laws were in force until one was 'big,' and that was accounted to be at fifteen. From that time we were treated in the house as grown-up persons, with the rights and duties to them pertaining. All sacred observances were strictly honored in the family. The catechism was to be learned word for word. Anything deeper, religiously, did not come in question for us, or any of the children of our time."

The sons of the nobility are often, when further advanced in life, accustomed to habits of life most simple and unpretending. At the close of the last century three young officers, pursuing their studies at the naval establishment at Carlskrona, occupied the same room, and were waited upon by a cabin-boy, to whom they gave instruction, in return for his services. He brought their meals to them, two portions being made to suffice for the three. If one of them were invited out to dinner, he was to take no share of the food brought for the little club. These three economical youths all became admirals later in life.

The reader is not to suppose that this is a full and fair picture of either the past or present mode of living of the nobility of Sweden. There are many who "keep up an old estate at a bountiful old rate," with all the splendor and luxury that riches and modern appliances can make possible. In the city and in the country they vie in splendor of dress and all appointments with the millionnaire or the legalized aristocrat in any land.

Many of the most beautiful seats of the nobility of Sweden are in Lödumanland, the province directly south of Stockholm, and in Skane, in the far southern portion of the peninsula, which was long an outlying part of Denmark.

The present owner of Trolleholm, in Skane, has written a book, which he modestly calls "An Attempt to describe an Estate," which enables us to give reliable particulars about a well-known ancestral home, now admirably restored, as far as possible, after the original plan.

Trolleholm dates back to 1530, in the time of Gustaf Vasa, although it at first bore another name. There are eighty rooms in the castle. Eighty seems to be its mystical number, for it stood eighty years unoccupied before the restoration was begun in 1886. Its walls are of red brick, made from clay on the estate. Within, it is made comfortable by every modern convenience, and fitted up with the taste and luxury that befit its imposing exterior. Trolleholm is about fifteen English miles from the nearest town, Landtkrona, and a little farther from Lund. It is three miles from the railroad-station, and six from the church. With the necessaries of life nearly all supplied from the estate, a telephone in the house, Trolleholm is most comfortable and retired, but still in connection with the outside world, though the physician and the druggist are six miles away. The estate is taxed at a valuation of \$1,000,000. There are some 200 farmers or tenants. The buildings on the estate are insured for about \$325,000. are 1.586 insured cattle and 653 insured horses on the property. The milk from the estate finds its market at a neighboring dairy. The cottagers had formerly paid their rent in day's work, men and women being both appointed their number of days. Accustomed to this old way of payment, they

thought it, at first, hard to pay in grain. They soon found, however, that the new method was to their advantage, and was managed, in many cases, to meet their rent with hard cash. In "hard years" the amount of grain required was made less.

The owner was pledged to put up all necessary buildings at his own cost, but the tenants were to help with cartage of materials. The tenant could hire



OLD TROLLEHOLM (SKANE).

for twenty years. A few days' work was to be given at a fair price, about one dollar a day, when specially needed. After a fire neighbors should help each other with five days' carting, without pay. The tenants might arrange their own succession of crops, but the land must lie fallow every seventh or eight year, and only half the area cultivated should bear ripened grain at the same time. The proprietor insured the tenants' houses. The buildings are not generally placed in the old Swedish way, — near or

adjoining each other, around an open square, — but are generally scattered. Destructive fires are therefore now rare at Trolleholm. In 1816 a girl of twenty-one years of age set fire to a house on the estate. On examination, she confessed her guilt. She had put burning turf into a wooden shoe, covered it with straw, and put it on the top of an old-fashioned oven. No one knew what prompted the act. She was sentenced and beheaded.

The oldest farm buildings are of oak. In one case the buildings stand solid around an open square, and stretch across its middle, dividing into halves, which communicate by a wide passage or gateway. When the doors are all closed, the whole has a forbidding, fortified appearance, which reminds one of the necessities of the old troublous times. In case of the death of the present owner of Trolleholm, his successor must assume the contracts made by him with his tenants. The chief crops from the farms are, generally, barley, clover, grass, oats, and winter grain. The products of the forests at Trolleholm are not small, and they are well cared for. In 1891 22,000 beech-trees were planted, and 74,550 pinetrees. The beech-trees are exceedingly profitable through the food the beech-nuts provide for hogs, which are turned out in November, and run in the woods until February. In good weather they do well and grow fat; but if there is much snow and it is crusted over, and the young pigs are without care, many of them die. The reader must remember that this is in southern Sweden, but in the latitude of the middle of Labrador.

As to results from hunting, there were killed on the Trolleholm estate in 1891, 18 deer, 10 foxes, 106 hares, 161 partridges, 3 woodcocks, 8 blackcocks, and 66 wild ducks. The fish in the ponds are chiefly tench, pike, crucian, and eels.

The book to which we have referred contains minute details as to the management and products and crops of each farm on the estate, and gives valuable information as to what can be done agriculturally in the most southern and fruitful part of Sweden.

Trolleholm, like many old castles, has had its romance if not its ghost story. While the renowned Tycho Brahe was pursuing his astronomic researches in his underground observatory on the island of Hven, his sister Sophia was living at Trolleholm. The son of its then proprietor had brought her as his bride to the castle. The young husband died, and left Sophia to live on at Trolleholm, with her four-year-old son. Sophia had the tastes of her brother, colored by her own more fanciful nature. She devoted herself to the study of the dead languages, chemistry, astrology, and alchemy. It was her choicest recreation to visit the retreat of the astronomer at Hven. During a long stay there, she met a young nobleman from Jutland. with tastes kindred to her own. Their mutual studies fostered mutual affection. They sought for gold together in their alchemic researches, but found only love. They were betrothed, with the approval of Tycho Brahe, but not of the rest of Sophia's relatives. Study and his fair one did not long satisfy the scientific lover. After a short period of perfect bliss, Sophia was "left lamenting," while her fellow-student was pursuing his mysterious investigations on the Continent. Sophia waited long and faithfully, writing Latin love verses and hoping for the return of her betrothed. Years and years went by. Sophia was now a middle-aged woman.

Tycho had fallen into disfavor at home and was living at Prague. Her son was "finishing his education" by a foreign sojourn. Sophia, weary of loneliness and waiting, resolved to go to those who were nearest to her by the ties of blood. Tycho died, but she found her beloved imprisoned for debt. He had squandered in his experiments the little gold he could command, and had failed to find the secret of making more. Sophia, of course, enabled him to be set at liberty. Although now forty-six years of age, she was married to the beloved of her youth, and could well dare to promise to love and cherish him "in riches or poverty, in sickness or health." No riches came to either of them. The pawnbroker, rather, became their familiar acquaintance. It is said that some ladies, visiting Sophia, found her wardrobe in such a condition that one of them secretly by night sewed one of her own dress waists to a skirt of Sophia's, that she might find some suitable apparel awaiting her in the morning. It is to be supposed that some form of the "Spencer," or later "Garibaldi," was then in vogue, to make such an arrangement feasible. It may not necessarily have been poverty that had caused Sophia's neglect of matters of the toilet. Other literary women have sometimes been oblivious of such matters, in their deep interest for other things. It is not certainly known if Sophia's husband ever came with her to Trolleholm. He is believed to have died at Prague in great poverty.

Sophia died in 1643, at eighty-seven years of age. The studies that were favorite pursuits of her youth were the joys of her decline. Her son became the proprietor of Trolleholm; and there the silver-haired mother bent over her books and used her skilful pen,

and had her own kind of sunshine, even to the last of her long midsummer day.

As late as 1830, Sophia's grave was opened. Strange to say, the right arm, that had been so busy with book and pen and crucible, was perfectly preserved. It was a small delicate hand that the astonished observers beheld,—the hand that had so fondly clasped that of her betrothed, that had so unselfishly been given to him in marriage, and had written Latin verses that ripe scholars had been forced to praise.

Trolleholm seems to have been a most healthy place for old ladies.

About eighty years after Sophia Brahe's death, a little girl was born of noble parentage, whose name was Vivica Trolle. Left motherless at eleven years of age, the child took the charge of her father's household, and a maternal care over two little ones younger than herself. These early responsibilities did not break either the spirit or the constitution of little Vivica. She was married at nineteen to a man of high standing, thirty-three years older than herself. She so became; in Swedish phrase, Riksrådinnan Trolle Bonde, or the Cabinet Minister's wife, Trolle Bonde, for Bonde was the name of her husband, and she must retain her maiden name in composition with it. Perhaps Vivica felt old in consequence of her premature cares; at any rate, the marriage was a happy It lasted twenty-four years. In 1770 Vivica came, as a widow, to live at Trolleholm, and died there, at eighty-five years of age. She gives us a good example of a lady of high degree in her own castle at the close of the last century.

Although she had three children of her own, Riks-

rådinnan Trolle Bonde had through her life always young relatives about her, to whom she could give the maternal love and care they were at the time needing. She is described in her old age, as going about her estate in a simple little one-seated carriage, while her grandchildren, walking or running beside her, completed the picture. There were pleasant greetings between them and the tenants and laborers, and now and then a visit to a cottage, to the delight of all parties. On more ceremonious occasions the coach and four was called into requisition. Riding and driving in the free old way were to be expected at Trolleholm, and a couple of dozen horses might be found in the stables at once.

Vivica Trolle Bonde not only kept up her library, but she read carefully, noting on a blank page, when she had finished a book, her opinion of its contents, and indicating her favorite passages, always showing both judgment and taste. Her own room was divided by light partitions into three separate parts. Her own bed stood in the central compartment, where there was no window towards the open air, but one into each of the anterooms. In this way the old lady, who was in delicate health, escaped all draughts, and could at the same time, perhaps from her bed, oversee the doings of her maid through the window into the next compartment. We do not wonder at the many "complaints" of the old lady, when we find that her bed curtains were of a green watered woollen and silk material, and that the rest of her furniture was covered with the same. The aged Vivica was much addicted to reading medical books and using home-made medicines. Bleeding was one of her favorite remedies, her feet being submitted by turns to the lancet. She records that once the

wrong foot was presented and bled, but no evil consequences ensued.

All went on most methodically, then, at Trolleholm. "It was a house," says a contemporary, "where order and industry were not despised, and the hands of the rich were busy and accustomed to wise, but quiet benevolence." There was early breakfast, then



TYNNELSÖ.

dinner at eleven. On Sunday mornings the boys were to have a "dram;" what they were to drink is not stated. From the household books of the castle, we learn what was to be found in the cellars at a certain time in Riksrådinnan Vivica's day: "Ale and porter and seltzer water, 18 demijohns French wine (old), 2 Hungarian, 5 spoiled (?) Portuguese wine, 1 bottle wormwood Portuguese wine, 5 bottles with berries in." There was, too, in the cellar a barrel with a lock, in which to keep bread (hard brown bread, of course).

In her last years, Riksrådinnan Vivica was a confirmed invalid. She died in 1806. Her funeral ceremonies were celebrated according to her own written plan, entitled "Order for my Christian funeral and burial."

There is a long and full catalogue of the silver at Trolleholm in Riksrådinnan Trolle Bonde's time. From this voluminous list we select a few items:—

2 ragout spoons (spoons to hold about two table-spoonfuls).

1 cake spade.

21 teaspoons (three had, alas! been lost, in spite of the order of the household).

4 vegetable dishes (heavy).

4 round dishes (heavy).

Soup tureen and cover (heavy).

Bought in 1792.

1 three-tined fork.

In 1788.

1 plate for scorpor (dried biscuit).

After a removal at a certain time, some articles of clothing that belonged to Riksrådinnan Bonde were forwarded to her. From the list we select the following:

1 polonaise, gray ground, with flowers.

4 white pocket-handkerchiefs.

1 black watered silk dress, with white crape sleeves.

1 white silk cosaque.

1 black velvet cloak, lined with ermine.

1 pair high cuffs with laces.

1 little cloak lined with ermine.

1 black crape cloak.

1 white silk cloak, trimmed with black crape.

1 white silk cloak with gray lining.

Among the old lady's possessions we notice: -

1 necklace oriental pearls, 54 large, 34 small.

1 diamond ring, 1 large diamond, 10 smaller, 10 still smaller, set as a star.

Bracelet of 469 real pearls, goes eight times round the arm, silver clasp.

1 gold snuff-box, cost 60 ducats.

Lavender-water bottle, gold, in a case.

Such were a few of the little luxuries of a lady of the olden time at Trolleholm.

It is interesting to find that in honor of the two aged ladies we have described, two of the towers of new Trolleholm are named. We have Sophia Tower, Vivica Tower, and Eva Tower. The last has the name of the wife of the present proprietor, Count Carl Trolle Bonde, to whose interesting book we are indebted for most of the particulars above given.

It is elsewhere stated that the inheritor of Trolleholm may not marry any other than a lady of noble birth, and that the heir must devote a fund provided for the purpose to the liberal education of six deserving but poor children. It has been found that the fund set apart for this purpose gives to twelve children, instead of six, the advantages proposed by the testator.

It is also said that there is at Trolleholm a genealogical register that takes the family back to Ragnar Lodbrok. What more could one ask of an ancestral pedigree?

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

WITH regard to surnames in Sweden, extremes meet. The highest and the lowest have none. Oscar II is simply Oscar II., dropping the Bernadotte. The humblest farm laborer is but Anders or Axel or Per, while his wife is simply Brita or Anna or Maria. There may be an "Old Anders," or a "Little Axel," or a "Lame Per," or the husband in a cottage may be "Anders Eriksson" by name, on important occasions, as he is practically, in fact. So the wife may be "Brita Erics dotter." These laborers may also be called after the cottage or farm where they live, for such homes have usually their special names. In that case the husband may be known as "Anders in Botorp," to distinguish him from some other Anders on the same estate. None of these names are properly surnames; but when adopted in a family for several generations, they become so.

A step up and a step down brings the next kind of names near to each other. The coachman or the waiter or the butler who has attained to a surname, is called by that only. He is probably "Larsson" or "Andersson" or "Petersson," or some other name of the origin already suggested. In the same way, stepping down from the royal family to the next in honor after him, the great scientist or voyager or poet who has become his country's pride in his own day, or for



AFTER THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S VISIT.



centuries afterwards, is simply Linnæus or Berzelius or Nordenskiöld or Rydberg.

When a man in humble life has attained the distinction of a surname, and has passed from domestic service, he may soon have a distinctive title, which identifies him in the community where he lives. He may



BREAKFAST.

be known as "Tailor Larsson," or "Carpenter Eriksson," or "Upholsterer Johansson;" and as such his banns of marriage will be three times published in church, and as such his wedding will probably appear in the newspaper, if it appears there at all. On his tombstone the same title will be placed, if his grave chance to be honored by any such monument. The main aisle of a certain church, not far from Stockholm, is paved with old tombstones, and on one of them not only stands the name of Barber, but comb and brush and shears are

there scrupulously carved, that even the unlearned may not be ignorant concerning the calling of the deceased.

The rules of precedence pervade the humbler orders, as they do the highest. A man who is a mechanic knows where he belongs in his social circle, and his pretensions are not to be lightly overlooked. Of course, the names ending in "son" are most abundant in Sweden. In the directory of the city of Stockholm one twentieth part of the pages is taken up by the Anderssons and Peterssons and Johanssons, under all the variations of which these names are susceptible; and there are many such variations through contractions, and the leaving out or doubling of letters. You may therefore be wellnigh sure that every twentieth Swede you meet in the streets of the capital will bear one of these well-known and oft-repeated names.

The Smiths are "nowhere" in Stockholm, as a true Yankee would say. Smed (Smith) does not occur as a name, and Smedman has not half a page to himself. The colors are poorly represented. There is but one Broun (as the Swedes spell the word for color).

The Whites and the Greens and the Blacks are not at all represented, though Greenleaf, Greenhill, etc. find a place. Messrs. Blue and Orange and Scarlet and Purple, who may be found in America, do not figure in Sweden.

The names taken from trades are hardly to be found in Sweden. There are in the Stockholm Directory almost no names corresponding to the Turners and the Taylors, the Carpenters and the Butchers and Bakers.

"Well, what names are there?" asks the puzzled reader. "Man and Nature supply them," is the answer.

All sorts of syllables, with and apparently without meaning, are put before "man." We have the Swedish equivalents for Timberman, Bridgeman, Heathman, etc. But Nature, after all, is the great provider of names, as is becoming in a country where Dame Nature is so affectionately regarded by all ages and classes in society. There are innumerable names ending or beginning with



A PEASANT CHILD.

the Swedish correspondents to blossom and leaf and branch and twig and sprig; to stem and stock and stump; also to river and stream and spring and fount, mount and hill and meadow and dale; special trees and humble plants and flowers; to bay and sea and forest and grove.

The points of the compass in Sweden, as elsewhere, have their share of honor among the surnames, and

old homesteads have given their names to families that are living near the old spots or in far America.

We turn to the Book of the Nobility,1 "Adelskalendar." What do we find there?" Nature is no longer the lavish godmother, to give names to the children. She has yielded to Mars and Jupiter, The tokens of war and royalty and supremacy now freely supply terminations and first syllables, in all possible variations of order, - the crown, the star, the castle, the shield, the helmet, the sword, and even the hammer now come, in their Swedish form, to swell the list of noble names. Among the flowers the favorites are the lily and the rose; gold and silver among the metals, though iron and steel have a place; and from the animal kingdom, the lion, the tiger, the bear, and the falcon. The home, the castle, the mountain, with the family name preceding or following, of course appear, or a prefix or suffix that tells of a prince or a knight or a noble among the honored ancestry.

Many of the Swedish noble families have names not at all Swedish. Some of these families have belonged to the old aristocracy of other lands, and have changed their residence, and been engrafted into the body of the Swedish House of Knights. They have come from the Swedish Baltic Provinces of old, and from almost every other country of Europe. The Scots are here numerously represented. The Stuart, the Douglas, the Bruce, the Montgomery, the Hamilton, the Sinclair, etc. have their home and their aristocratic legalized honors in Sweden as well as in Britain.

The old Northmen had their fierce way of appearing on the other side of the North Sea to "conquer

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Of course, de or von or av (the Swedish equivalent for of) placed before any name indicates that it has become noble.

and stay," and during the Thirty Years' War there was a return emigration of adventurers, as brave if not as ferocious, who had vindicated their nobility in the



TYCHO BRAHE.

thick of the fight beside the Swedish heroes of the time, and eventually became themselves Swedes.

But, after hearing all this, you come upon certain simpler names, — Brahe, Bonde, Sture, Trolle, Posse, Puhe, Thott, etc. "What are these?" you ask in surprise. "They are the names of some of the old, old, old Swedish noble families," may be the reply.

There is no geological tree so high that it has not its root somewhere in the ground. There is no noble family that did not somewhere spring from honest simplicity which came to honor. These families date as nearly as possible back to the time "when Adam delved and Eve span, and there was then no gentleman."

We have named the titles that prevail in the lower strata of Swedish society. To the titles of a higher grade in familiar conversation, surnames give way, and shrink out of sight The Swedes say that there is a mania for titles in their country, and few men are satisfied to be simply Mr. —, Herr —. A is the Notary, B the Chief of Police, C the Royal Amanuensis, D the Court Chamberlain, E the Member of the Riksdag, F the Governor, G the Cabinet Minister, H the Bishop, I the Dean, J the Pastor, K the Wholesale Merchant, L the Ironmaster, and so on through the alphabet. As a gentleman, unless the friendly "thou" is used, is always addressed in the third person, the repetition of these titles is constant. Woe be unto you, if you have happened not to hear the title as well as the name of a stranger in an introduction! You must use your invention in making general remarks, not a direct address, and so get on as best you can, in a conversation, till at last some one comes to your aid, uses the proper title, and makes all smooth for vou.

A feminine form can be made for almost every title by adding "shan" or "innan," or the like, which must be used in speaking to the wife of the dignitary. There are, however, some very high officers in the state, who must hear their wives called simply Mrs. Fou, unless they happen to be noble ladies, and have a title by birth or through marriage with a noble-

There is a way out of the difficulty of repeating titles by coming into the more friendly relation with strangers that permits you to say "thou" to them or to name them by their Christian names. This springs from the old custom of foster brotherhood, when with special observances two likings became not only sworn friends, but "brothers." Then some drops of the blood of each were shed, and allowed to mingle, and their hearts were supposed to blend forever, to beat in harmony and love and self-sacrifice. This union was often entered into with a devotion that would offer worldly goods, risk danger, and even give the life for the foster brothers. At the present day the custom is quite a different thing. It smooths intercourse in society, but brother does not by any means always love brother in this artificial and conventional relation. If this tie is formed between an older man and a youth, the young man calls his senior "Farboor," and the older gentleman calls the younger by his Christian name, which is one of the privileges of this brotherhood and sisterhood, - as the practice prevails among ladies, but without the use of the word "sister." With ladies in this relation, an older woman is called "Tant;" innumerable aunts one may have, and one must never by any possible slip neglect to say "Tant" when once requested to do so. That would be a shocking breach of the laws of friendliness and politeness.

You must never look askance at a Swede in America because he has changed his name, even two or three times, before he has been fairly satisfied with his selection. There is no shadow with him of an *alias* 

that has left bad deeds behind it in the old country or the new. So the Swede has seen men of respectability do at home, without reproach or rebuke; so many noblemen have done on being ennobled. Linnæus became Carl von Linné, and Swedenborg's father was Bishop Swedborg.

The frequency of the names ending in "son," and the prevalence of some of them, create great confusion in schools and universities, and even in the army and navy among the soldiers and sailors. This difficulty is often done away in the army by the use of the number of the soldier, or by giving him some adjective, as a soubriquet, which fits him appropriately, as "short," "spry," "slow," "big," "proud," "stiff," etc. This epithet really becomes practically the man's name, whatever he may have been called in baptism or whatever name his father may bear. Often a Sordic takes the name and number of his predecessor.

The writer once heard a teacher, presenting himself in a house where he was a stranger, say, "My name is ——. It is my name by accident. I took it in the seminary, where we were too many of the same name, and were told to choose another for ourselves. I liked this one, and I have kept it ever since." This is often done in the universities, and for the same reason, — to avoid confusion among the students. A son may choose a name quite different from his father's or even from his brother's, and bring no more disgrace upon them than if, in America, he had legally changed his name to inherit a fortune, with some honorable cognomen annexed. An "old clerical family" is not an uncommon expression in Sweden; many such family names have the scholarly terminations "us" or "ius."

Other families have modified the name of the place where their ancestors have lived in humble life, to suit their own fancy. One town, with an uncommonly pleasant roll in its name, has given pretty surnames to several families who have originated in its neighborhood.

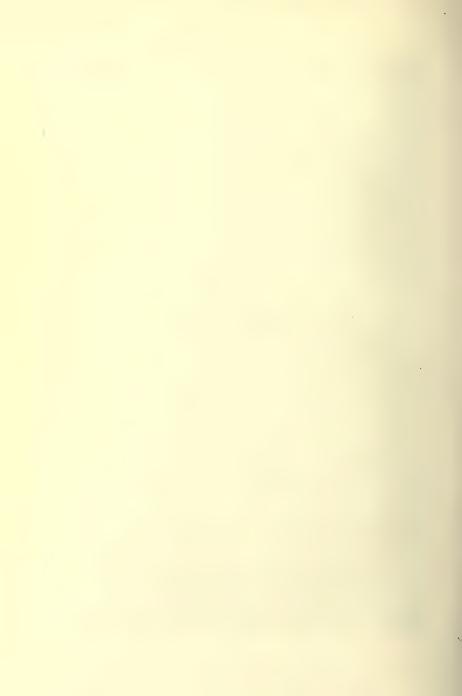
A great name in Sweden may be so disgraced as to make its very mention a pain, and a humble name may be so exalted that it has universal honor; and in Sweden, as in all the world round, "a good name is great riches."

#### A SWEDISH HOUSEHOLD.

A SWEDISH household is in many trifling particulars quite different from an American home. You accompany a Stockholm friend to make a call on one of her relatives, who, you have been privately assured, will be most happy to receive you, but as the stranger you must pay the first visit. Standing on the sidewalk, you press an electric bell, beside a pair of great doors, like the entrance to a stable. The doors open gently, and you pass under an archway where a portress peeps out from a little window, looks at you, and, on inquiry, tells you whether the person you seek is at home. You mount the stone staircase the fire laws require, and in the second or third story, or perhaps the fourth, reach the landing where you are to stop climbing. A maid courtesies, as she politely opens the door, and then assists you to lay aside your cloak and furs. You have perhaps already learned to shuffle off your stiff overshoes without stooping, and she puts them in one of the little pigeon-holes provided for the purpose.

You think there must be many guests in the drawing-room, as through the wide-open doors there comes no sound. It is true there are many outer garments already hanging in the vestibule, but they belong to the family, and are always there when not in use. You enter the drawing-room, and the lady of the house promptly appears, and very possibly speaks

A COTTAGE INTERIOR.



to you in English, but with a sweet foreign accent. The air of the room is soft and warm, but there is no sense of artificial heat, from the great porcelain stove that towers, it may be in a corner, almost to the ceiling. The double windows are in, and the cracks are neatly pasted over with paper strips of the color of the paint. (These strips are to be bought at the shops, prepared on the back like postage-stamps.)

It is plain that "Shut the door after you!" is not a staple command in this family. All the wide double doors are open, and you have a peep into a great, uncarpeted, cheerful dining-room, where plants in groups and hanging baskets have evidently thrived in the sunshine. On the opposite side you look into a pleasant little lady's sitting-room, that has a boudoir expression of beauty and taste.

There is a wonderful stillness about you. You can hardly believe that the busy city crowd are passing below you, and that on the ground floor of that very house buyers and sellers are carrying on their transactions in a fashionable shop. Of course the building is divided laterally, like a jelly-cake; the lowest and the highest layers being, in the case of the house, less attractive and desirable. The small attic apartments of the building may be occupied by a lone struggling seamstress, or a poor widow striving to keep her little family together, with the tiny den of some "Tittlebat Titmouse" adjoining. Your hostess, perhaps, knows as little of the inmates just under the roof as you do. though she has the key to the store-room in the attic that belongs to her suite, and where she keeps her cast-off furniture and her great chests of soiled clothes waiting for the semi-annual "washing."

"What a quiet home, and how charming and peace-

ful!" you say to your friend, as you pass down the stairway after your agreeable visit. The Swede laughs, and says: "You would not say so, if you were to spend the day with my cousin." Then you learn that the graceful, dignified mother has five children in three different schools. The oldest boy must be up before light all winter, to get his breakfast and reach the school-house before eight o'clock. There is a busy time among the maids to get his clothes brushed, his shoes blacked, his books collected, and the little man off, properly wrapped up. The other children breakfast with the family; but though they are in a terrible hurry with their porridge and milk, they do not forget to kiss their parents and thank them for their food, before they start for school in their several directions. The hungry pupils come home at separate times for lunch, and perhaps cannot all appear at the dinner-table, as there may be a music or gymnastic or slöjd (carpentry or other handiwork) lesson to be taken at the dininghour. So the days go by, with alternations of stillness and bustle, to remind one of the sudden whirr at a Swedish country home, where a flock of sparrows fly down all at once, nestle in the loose sand of the walks, quarrel about the little pits they have made, pick up a few crumbs, and then it is whirr! whirr! again, and they are all off, to be soon sitting socially on the edge of the roof, as if to keep watch there were the only business of their lives.

These Swedish households, with all their requisitions, could hardly go on at all, if it were not for their almost perfect servants. These servants are engaged by the year or half year. The wages that would in America pay for one servant of the same capabilities will pay for four in Stockholm, and often in the coun-

try, in Sweden, for five. It is the joy and ambition of Swedish servants to excel in their sphere, and to contribute to the comfort and honor of the family. Here we must distinctly adopt "Susan Nipper's" distinction between "permanencies" and "temporaries." We are speaking, in this wholesale praise, of "permanencies." The floating population "below stairs" is of the most flimsy and unreliable order. The times for receiving new servants are the last of April and the last Then the streets of Stockholm would of October. lead one to suspect that some second-hand furnituresellers, dealing chiefly in bureaus, were moving their establishments. Bureaus, bureaus, are being wheeled and carried in all directions; for the Swedish maid possesses her own bureau, and it is her pride to have it the prettiest she can possibly afford, with a lookingglass, movable or attached, and some porcelain images and photograph frames, to adorn its white cover, that she has made with her own hands. In this bureau her clothing is packed when she changes her place, though, if her wardrobe is ambitious, she must have a supplementary trunk for her dresses.

A "madame," in Sweden, is by no means the presiding goddess of a French salon. She may be a laborer's wife, or a marketwoman, or a person who works by the day or at odd times, and is "generally useful" in a household in times of difficulty. She is then the family's "help madame;" and a "help madame" one must have to get on comfortably at all. It may be that she every morning brushes the clothes and blacks the shoes, comes to do the scouring or anything else that the permanent maids do not find it convenient or desirable to do themselves. She is a valuable outside retainer, who is sure to have her share of the good

things on a holiday or family festival. The charges for her services are marvellously small, as she is generally too old or too much broken down for continuous work, though she can do admirably as a "help madame." <sup>1</sup>

There is, in Sweden, a regular class of old servants on the retired list, worn out, and no longer fit even for occasional labor. Their old employers, of the honorable kind, generally look after them. Two or three families, for whom a servant has faithfully worked, often join to place her, in her old age or in sickness, in some institution where she can be well cared for.

An old and valued cook, who had served for thirty years in one family in Stockholm, was lately borne to her last home. She had had a small annuity left to her by her deceased master, but his family did not let her rely upon that alone during her long and distressing decline. She was placed where she had every care and comfort, and kindly visited and cheered as long as life lasted. Her little savings and income had so accumulated that she had the mixed pleasure of making her will, and leaving some testimony of affection for all her nearest friends and relatives. One almost had about her the strange wish that she could have attended her own funeral, which would have satisfied and gratified her, even to the most minute details. A pastor made a little funeral address at the house; there were flowers in abundance on the coffin, and streaming rich ribbons that bore the initials of mem-

We know one "help madame" who will come to scour, or iron, or make fine underclothing, or sew a cloth outer garment, doing all things equally well, and think herself well paid for thirty cents a day. She and her husband have no children, and are laying up money to their great satisfaction.

bers of the family of which she had so long been a humble member, and such golden words as "In remembrance of many years of faithful service," "With affectionate regret," etc. There were carriages to the grave for all who would use them, and a lunch afterwards for the near friends, in a private room at a restaurant, where hymns were sung and the deceased was affectionately remembered, as well as refreshments partaken of and funeral bonbons (in black papers, adorned with sacred emblems) distributed, to be carried away in memory of the occasion.

It was an honored close to a faithful life; but it would have pleased the departed even more to have known that she was missed in the household that had once been her home, and that the frequent visits to her bedside were a felt loss.

In many families the maids are allowed to sew for themselves all the time that they can get from their positively necessary work on Monday. From Christmas to the 6th or 13th of January, the same privilege is often given to them.

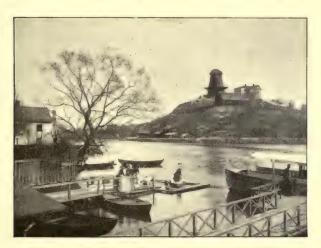
There is no Monday morning in a Swedish household, in the sense "that there is no luck about the house all on a washing-day." Washing is in some homes a half-yearly festival, and in others it occurs once in three months. Washing there seems, for the time, the business and purpose and object and end of the establishment; women from outside and women from inside consort together for the general good, to the general confusion and general discomfort of the otherwise orderly home. This is, of course, in the country; and to the country we will go with our Swedish household, for there they are sure to find themselves en masse by the middle of June. It may be

they have a landed estate, or a hired home for the hot weather, or "go to Grandmamma's," which, of course, the children think is best of all. If summer quarters are hired, a large furnished villa may be obtained for the equivalent of two hundred and fifty dollars, with a row-boat and bath-house possibly included, as well as a steamboat-landing; for, of course, there must, if possible, be water to brighten the scene and heighten the joy. When means are limited, city people will content themselves with the simplest accommodations inside the house, spending their time, and even taking all their meals, in the open air, — unless there is a pouring rain, which seldom occurs, as drought is the worst enemy of the Swedish agriculturist.

If our family are at "Grandmamma's," all will go on in the good old-fashioned way. There will be in one of the long low outlying buildings all proper arrangements for a Swedish laundry, boiler and lye-vat, and a landing by a lake or stream, where the clothes can be rinsed and beaten, then switched backward and forward in the water, then beaten and boxed again, as if attacked by the spirits of vengeance that have abandoned the school-room. It is a charming sight to see the starting for the rinsing-premises at such a country home. A long wagon, with high outwardsloping openwork sides, is filled with monster tubs, full of the victims to be beaten; while women in gay head-kerchiefs are perched among them, peeping out through the gratings like tropical birds in Brobdignag The unwieldy oxen hear some mysterious words, and lunge away slowly, - so slowly that a photographer would have no trouble in taking the pretty picture.

The old-fashioned garden soon bears new fruit. On

each side the long central walk, covered six inches deep with loose gravel, the gooseberry bushes are covered with bright kerchiefs and aprons, of every hue of the rainbow,—the six months' supply of nobody knows how many maids, not to speak of the ladies of the household. In the grove, enough great white banners are flapping to proclaim peace to all the world. One must have a goodly supply of linen, it is plain, to



WASHING.

follow old-fashioned ways in Sweden. Our city family, moved to the country, would hardly be recognized now, at the first moment, by their nearest town associates. Dress, interests, and tone of thought are all changed. The little boy who last month, when asked by politically disposed playmates whether he was a free trader or a tariff man, not understanding the terms, simply answered, "I am not either, I am a count," is now exceedingly noisy when shut into the house on a rainy

day. "Hush, child!" says the father, who is trying to read. "I am not to blame for the noise," says the boy, boldly; "I am fifteen workmen." So much for a few days in the June fields with the laborers. He will eat no cake now. "Workmen do not eat cake, thanks, Countess," is his reply to his mother, when the dainty is offered.

Pea-soup on Thursday, cold sour milk for dessert on any day or every day, or lukewarm small pancakes, eaten wholesale with sugar and preserves, are all favorites with the children. And what picking there is of the abundant wild strawberries, which Swedes will insist are better than their garden-raised big sisters. There are blueberries later, of course, and then come the red bilberries (lingon), not always ripe before the children must be again in the school-room. The garden raspberries are, in their season, fine and abundant, and the raspberry of the far North (Rubus arcticus) has, perhaps, the most delicious taste of all the small fruits. Fruit we say for berries, but Swedes do not. The cook, returning from market, makes the excuse, "I could not get any fruit to-day, and so I bought berries," as she would say another time, "There was no fish to be bought, and so I took fresh herring." Cherries, even the best of them, are reckoned with the berries. The Swedish apples do not compare with the American apples, even the imported ones that are sold in Stockholm, though the Astracan apple, which is translucent in part or wholly, is greatly prized by the Swedes.

Seeing unusually fine fruit-trees about a cottage, we were told that the success was accidental. The thrifty country couple had engaged to sweep the public square of a neighboring little town after a great market-day. They prudently took home the

sweepings to enrich their lot of land, and lo! in those sweepings were the seeds that had sprung up to make their productive and much praised orchard the best in all the region.

In the country one rarely needs a doctor; nature and home remedies generally effect a cure for all indispositions. In the city the doctor for the household is generally engaged by the year; he makes out no bill, but you honestly send him, in a sealed envelope, what you think right, according to your circumstances. — not

always an easy matter to decide, without consulting your friends experienced in similar matters in Sweden. Some one has defined such a family physician as "a person who can tell you to what specialist you should ap-



THE BARNYARD.

ply." To specialists in those days, one often must go. A family of ten may report having employed five specialists during a year for its members, beside the occasional visits required of the family physician. There may be peculiar nervous symptoms,—thus people begin to whisper about, and advise a hypnotist. There may be mysterious causes of weakness and suffering that nobody but Dr. Westerlund can find out; so to Dr. Westerlund at Enköping the patient goes, and, in nine cases out of ten, has his difficulties cleared up, his pains lessened, and often a perfect cure effected. Dr. Westerlund has a large head, a large heart, wide

knowledge, and a large experience, increased daily by seeing scores of patients, who come to him from far and near. There is hardly a man in Sweden who has more grateful affection lavished upon him, or who better deserves it. To poor and rich, high and low, he gives equal attention and interest, and prescribes for all with the same sound judgment and penetrating skill.

There are few families in Stockholm who have what the Americans call "a pastor." The relation between the clergymen and their parishioners is more official and clerical than pastoral. To the large city churches there are always five or six clergymen attached, with different grades of authority and social consideration; but they do not suffice for friendly home intercourse among such an immense number of parishioners as usually falls to their share. A parish may have twenty-five thousand members, and an immense territorial extent. The necessary official functions in church, with the baptisms, weddings, and funerals besides, the certificates of removals from parish to parish, and other purely business papers, keep them very busy, not to speak of preparing sermons, and giving yearly courses of public instruction to the candidates for confirmation. It is hardly to be wondered at that such a thing as a pastor who knows his people and their individual spiritual wants is rarely to be found in the cities of Sweden.

The poor and people in humble life often look up to the parish clergymen as too far above them, officially and socially, to be troubled about the difficulties and temptations or needs of their insignificant individual souls. If some clerical service is absolutely necessary, they sometimes approach him with a defer-

ence that amounts to abject servility. There are, however, warm-hearted, wide-awake city pastors in Sweden, lovers of the poor, and meek disciples of their Master, who are known in the tumble-down houses of the outskirts or the attics of the crowded streets, who visit the sick and suffering, not officially but as fellow-men, with a heart for all who need or who suffer and sin. Such men have a love and a veneration that knows no bounds. No man may call them perhaps bishop or archbishop, but the angels have probably for them some name, higher and nobler, that they may some day be astonished to know.

Even for the households of the comfortable and most prosperous, there may be some clergyman who stands to them in the relation of a true pastor, not because they are locally his parishioners. He may be a long-tried friend or relative. Their children may have been confirmed and led in the better path under his instructions. In some way, perhaps, — they have never thought to consider how or why — there has a deep, true relation grown up between them; and to him they turn in sorrow, and his true prayers they trust they shall hear beside their dying bed. Such a friend, such a clergyman, is the priceless treasure of many a Stockholm household.

### THE SWEDISH LANGUAGE.

THOSE learned gentlemen, Philologus and Grammaticus, will find nothing for them in this chapter. They who with their well-appointed equipages roll along the king's highway, do not care to know how some modest pedestrian may find a humble by-path to their common destination.

In polite Paris, one can well manage with "the French of Stratford Atte Browe." A hash from school days, of Silvio Pellico, Tasso, and Cæsar, with a few readily learned gestures, can make sight-seeing almost at once easy in Italy. For the traveller in Sweden, the case is quite different. In most instances this new northern land lies before him terra incognita, but for a few familiar old geographical landmarks, and the people are speaking an unknown tongue.

The very domestic animals, expressing themselves to each other in the time-honored bark or mew or cackle, soon let the sociable foreigner appreciate that they do not understand a word he is saying. "Whoa" is positively nothing to the horse; it must be "Pr-r-r-roo," before he will slacken his pace at your command.

All this is but a passing stage of discouragement. The stranger soon finds "his open sesame" for the Swedish labyrinth, and can make his way comfortably if not rapidly. He discovers, to his great satisfaction, that there are whole lists of words, relating to the necessities and ordinary circumstances and

surroundings of life, that are almost the same in Swedish as in English. They have simply undergone some changes, as of dress, that at first prevent their being recognized. The traveller will soon be able to say all that he must say, though he will be abrupt instead of courteous, and taciturn, even if he be ordinarily loquacious.

As to pronouncing Swedish correctly and without a foreign accent, that is not even to be dreamed of. The English-speaking stranger knows he will never hit precisely the pleasing sounds of the Swedish vowels, so he simply does the best he can at once, and, being met politely in his modest efforts, he forgets his peculiarities, if his hearers have not always the same good fortune.

Swedish, well spoken by a person of culture, sounds much like "the sweet Tuscan." Indeed the pronunciation of the two languages is so similar that Swedes have no difficulty in making themselves understood in Italian, as soon as they have mastered a smattering of the language. After a few weeks spent in Rome, a Swede will shop and see sights and hear preaching most satisfactorily to himself, and to the astonishment of travellers from the Western world.

To learn to speak Swedish elegantly is a most difficult attainment for a foreigner. The Swedes allow themselves certain irregularities and inaccuracies and short cuts in conversation, that must not at all appear in writing. Just when and where to be slipshod, is a lesson hard to learn. When you think you have been doing the thing admirably, you have been simply inelegant and ungrammatical. When you have tried to be nice and definite in expressing your favorite opinions, you have very probably been pedantic and

bookish. It is as well to throw self overboard once and for all, and enjoy intercourse with your fellows, your far-off cousins in the North, coming as nearly heart to heart with them as they will let you.

Every province of Sweden has its own peculiarities of pronunciation, its local words, and its special privileged inaccuracies. These differences make almost a different language in Dalecarlia, and of course the Lapps have their own tongue. It is contended that in Södermanland the best Swedish is spoken; while Stockholm, lying half in that province and half in Upland, has its own "cockney" shortcomings.

Just now Sweden is in a transition period with regard to spelling. In this respect a revolution is in progress, amounting almost to anarchy. Books are printed in the new way or ways of spelling, to the horror of the conservative. The f is made v in all words where it has the sound of the latter letter; for instance, af meaning of will be av, etc. We will not enter further into these proposed and in some cases nearly established changes. They do not affect the stranger, but are rather to his advantage. When the residents of a country cannot agree to spell in the same manner, the unconscious slips of the foreigner are the more easily passed over.

It is well worth while to learn to read the Swedish language, to enjoy, in the original, its rare treasures of poetry, which lose astonishingly even in the best translation.

The works of Tegner, Runeberg, Rydberg, Snoilsky, and many other writers, should be read as they were written, to be truly appreciated. It is not at all a difficult thing to learn to read Swedish. At its lowest value, this is an innocent amusement for

GOING TO MARKET.



stay-at-home Americans, and gives them a key to much pleasant and profitable reading that would be otherwise inaccessible. A Swedish book can easily be puzzled out, with the help of a dictionary; and the grammar will make itself, in the reader's mind, as he goes on. As to the pronunciation, with the flood of Swedish immigrants constantly pouring into the American ports, there can hardly be even a small town in the country where there is not some Swede who will be glad to give the pleasant sounds of his native tongue to an interested student.

A little, even a very little, knowledge of Swedish is of inestimable value to the traveller in Sweden. He will be glad of every word he has learned at home or on the journey to Scandinavia. To familiarize such possible tourists with the names of Swedish kings and Swedish places, we have given them as they are used in Sweden. The reader who never means to visit Sweden must excuse us for the liberty that seems to have been taken with the well-known "Gustavus Adolphus," "Charles XII.," and many other great men, who here appear under the names by which they are almost idolized in their native land.

The Swedish vocabulary for the world of ideas or the processes of thought is, in general, more like the German than the English. It is like the German, too, in its facilities for the composition of words. What would otherwise be a whole sentence is often expressed in Swedish by a single word, — a long one, to be sure, but, slung out effectively, it has the power of condensed thought. Such a word may be most imposing for persons easily so impressed, when pronounced slowly, as the title of some pompous dignitary. On the other hand, one or two short syllables may express in

Swedish an idea for which most other languages have no single corresponding word. Where an American might say, colloquially, "in the nick of time," "the very thing," "just to the point," "done to a T," "It served him right," "He got what he deserved," "It just fitted," "I had exactly enough," "It was quite satisfactory," etc., the simple Swedish word "lagom" may describe the thing or the act, as meeting all requisitions. 1

There are other words that are not used in the same sense in English as in Swedish, because in the latter language they represent customs peculiar to the North. To nod, nicka, means generally a little bowing of the head with a friendly glance or smile, which seems to say to a friend in social gathering, "There you are!" or "We are having a nice time together," etc. To "pat" a person has in English a little condescension in the act. In Swedish it is an authorized expression of affection or kindly interest. A sister meeting a brother after an absence will kiss him, then lay her head on his shoulder; and then he lays his head on hers, then she pats him on the back, and he returns the caress. A little pat is a caress, and yet is allowable towards a comparative stranger met under circumstances not ceremonious. Natt means not only neat, in our ordinary sense or in praise, as a "neat speech," but trim, tidy, and attractive; or it may be used almost as a diminutive, to intimate that a thing is pretty, but only on a small scale.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> There are words for the old man and the old woman, "gubben" and "gumman," that are used familiarly and affectionately sometimes between married couples, in a matter-of-fact way by uneducated people, and half contemptuously, in referring to the old man or old woman when they or their near relatives are not present. One never asks of a daughter about her father, "How is gubben <sup>2</sup>" A visitor may, though, perhaps say, "I saw only gubben," etc.

It sometimes happens that a word which is in English derived from two Latin words has been by the Swedes composed from two words of their own. "Persecute," for instance, is in Swedish förfölja, from för, for, and följa, to follow.

In Swedish, as in other languages, there are words that have arisen from a wrong conception of a thing, and by their accepted use strengthen and perpetuate that wrong conception. You hear, for instance, a Swede say something about God's service. You naturally think of the whole duty of man towards his Maker. He goes on with what he is saying, and you find that he means the celebration of public worship. You suddenly remember that you have heard the expression "Divine service" from your childhood, and have never before quarrelled with it. The services of the church have meant to you, simply and wholly, public worship, as if the church had no other service to render to the Creator.

For family relationships, the Swedish has most convenient expressions. *Mor* is a most common abbreviation for *moder*, mother; *mormor* is maternal grandmother. *Far* is the abbreviation for *fader*, father; *farmor* is paternal grandmother. So *farfar*, *morfar*, *morbror*, mother's mother, *farbror*, etc.

Swedish words that do not resemble their English corresponding expressions are often like the Scotch, as barn, bairn; kolt, kilt; till, till (for "to"); gang, gang; kyrka, kirk or church. Scott's novels give us many of these words. We find them especially in "The Pirate," as the scene of the book is laid at the stopping-places of the Northmen en route for Iceland.

The Swedish language is rich in proverbs; and here Svea shows again her relationship to Britannia and Columbia. They have many of the same family sayings, indicating their family tendencies, tastes, and principles.

We have quite literally in Swedish, for example: -

The burnt child dreads the fire.

No rose without its thorn.

Better late than never.

Strike while the iron is hot.

You must not look a gift horse in the mouth.

Don't buy a pig in a poke.

You must creep before you walk. Etc.

In other proverbs there are slight variations as they are used by Svea's children, as:—

When the cat is away, the rats dance on the table.

A new broom sweeps well, but an old one is best for the corners.

Little porringers have their ears too.

One bird in hand is better than ten on the roof.

He who comes first to the mill, grinds first.

Like children play best.

Abroad is good, but home is better. Etc.

Sometimes the same idea is conveyed by a Swedish proverb as in an English one, but the image chosen is different:—

The apple does not fall far from the tree.

As the old sing, so the young chirp.

Every cake seeks its match.

Don't shout before you are across the stream.

What comes with wrong, goes with sorrow. Etc.

The following proverbs are more specially Swedish, though their counterparts may be found in other languages:—

The flying bird gets something; the sitting bird nothing.

Self is the best servant.

A lazy man raises poor cabbage.

The child acts in the village as he has learned at home.

Where wine goes in, wit goes out.

It is better to bend, than to bump against the doorway.

Good will draws the load to the village.

He who saves something, has something.

Fine every day, no better on a holiday.

Everybody likes his own water gruel.

When the stomach is satisfied, the food is bitter.

You cross the river to fetch water.

Small wounds and poor parents should not be despised.

The pitcher goes so long to the well that it is broken at last. (Spoken by Gustaf Adolf, of his own career,—a fulfilled prophecy.)

Great in words, little in the world.

Many mouths make an empty dish.

To read and not know, is to plough and not sow.

That which is eaten from the pot never comes to the platter.

A lazy fellow runs, rather than go back twice.

The new bucket is always white; but when it is old, it is like the others.

The Swedish language not only has its own wealth of proverbs; it has its current sayings and choice quotations from other languages.<sup>1</sup> From the Latin:—

The fatherland is where it is good to be.

Epaminondas never took his wife abroad with him.

The greatest right is often the greatest wrong.

When two do the same, it is not always the same. .

A letter blushes not.

Shoemaker stick to your last. Etc.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The quotations are taken from a Swedish book, "Bevingada Ord" (Winged Words), by Arvid Arnfeldt.

When a Latin proverb is used in Sweden by a lady, it is always as translated into the Swedish. Latin is rarely studied by Swedish girls, as it is not the foundation of their own language.

From the Greek: -

Plato is dear to me, but truth is dearer. We do not live to eat, but eat to live. One hand washes the other.
We know the lion by the claw. Etc.

#### From the German: -

The fifth wheel to a wagon.

To come onto the black list.

Knife without blade or handle. Etc.

#### From the French:

Noblesse oblige.

Nous avons changé tout cela.

Tous les gens sont bons, hors les ennuyeux.

Embarras de richesse.

Les extrêmes se touchent. Etc.

## From the English: -

My house is my castle.
Frailty, thy name is woman.
Every inch a king.
Food for powder. Etc.

# From the Spanish: -

To fight with windmills.1

<sup>1</sup> The Swedish language, like all others, is rich in quotations from its own great authors, that have been so incorporated into common speech that one hears them from the laborer in the cottage, as well as from the King on his throne, both perhaps equally unmindful of the source from which they are derived.

The words ending in "sion" and "tion" in Swedish generally have about the same signification as in English or French. One must not, however, conclude that the familiar words have always in Swedish a meaning similar to the English.

You may see in a window "Rum!" Do not suppose that this is an invitation to the drunkard to enter and take his dram. Quite the contrary! It is simply an announcement that within there are rooms to be let. A condition is, in Sweden, a place; a situation is very frequently that of a private tutor. Interesting, intressant, has often the signification which we might give in saying, "A certain damsel tried to make herself look interesting." If you were to remark that a young girl's manner was simple, you would be, perhaps, understood to mean that she was inelegant or positively coarse and vulgar, though it would be quite correct to speak of a simple soldier, as opposed to an officer.

In almost all cases where a similar word would begin with c hard in English, the initial letter in Swedish will be k. There is not a telling text in the old Swedish Bible that begins with c.

The rules for the pronunciation of Swedish the student can most easily form for himself, by noticing the way in which the many French words that are adopted into the Swedish language are spelled by the Swedes, while they sound, when spoken, as in the original language:—

adieu	adjö	actrice	aktrise
bouillon	buljong	soirée	soaré
bureau	byrå	amateur	amatör,
		etc.	etc.

For any reader who may be interested in tracing out the correspondence between the English and the Swedish languages, we append some lists of household words which resemble each other, as they are used by Columbia's and Svea's children.

These examples might be multiplied indefinitely, as the student will soon observe:—

brother	broder	Wednesday	Onsdag
sister	syster	Thursday	Torsdag
mother	moder	Friday	Fredag
father	fader	Saturday	Lördag
son	son		
daughter	dotter	God	Gud
		church	kyrka
summer	sommar	priest	prest
winter	vinter	bishop	biskop
January	Januari	psalmbook	psalmbok
February	Februari	song	sång
March	Mars	door	dörr
April	April	tower	torn
May	Maj	bench	bank
June	Juni	aisle	gång (gang)
July	Juli	epistle	epistel
August	Augusti	bell	klocka (clock)
September	September	collection	kollekt
October	Oktober	bible	bibel
November	November	sexton	klockare (clock)
December	December	catholic	katolik
		catechism	katekes
frost	frost	preacher	predikant
snow	snö	sermon	predikan
ice	is	to preach	predika
rime	rim		
wind	vind	book	bok
cold	köld	paper	papper
to blow	blåsa	ink	black (black)
hot	het	page	sida (side)
rain	regn	pen	penna
mist	dimma (dim)	table	bord (board)
warmth	värme	knife	knif
		fork	gaffel (gaff)
Sunday	Söndag	glass	glas
Monday	Måndag	porcelain	porslin
Tuesday	Tisdag	bread	bröd

butter	smör (smear)	shawl	sjal
beef	ox-kött	veil	flor (Florence)
beafsteak	biffstek	lace	spets
veal	kalfkött	point	spets
chicken	höns (hen)	comb	kam
chicken	kyckling	glove	handske (hand)
rice	ris	linen	linne
oil	olja	parasol	parasoll
pepper	peppar	_	•
potatoes	potatis	bed	bädd
cake	kaka	sofa	soffa
tea	té	chair	stol
coffee	kaffe	table	bord
sugar	socker	carpet	matta (mat)
salt	salt	arm	arm
milk	mjölk	foot	fot
water	vatten	hand	hand
		blood	blod
to run out	rinna	toe	tå
to run	springa	heart	hjärta
to eat	äta	finger	finger
to sew	sy	thumb	tum
to find	finna	liver	lever
to throw	kasta	side	sida
to hate	hata	hair	hår
		nose	näsa (nasal)
hat	hatt	fat	fet
cloak	kappa (cape)		
mantle	mantel	thread	tråd
dress	klädning (clad)	button	knapp (knop)
shoe	sko	needle	nål (nail)

Even through Swedish poems we may trace the resemblances between the Swedish and the English languages.

We give below two poetical extracts, retaining the order of the original in the position of the English words, which are chosen for their similarity to the Swedish rather than for their appropriateness to be used in a proper translation. The first is an extract from a poem delivered by Victor Rydberg at Upsala,

in 1877, at the meeting of the graduates of fifty years before, to receive their honorary (second) Doctor's degree (Jubelfest-promotion):—

# THEOLOGI (THEOLOGY).

Triflar du, att der, i fjerran, väntar ett förlofvadt land?

Doubtest thou that there, afar, waits a promised land?

Smäktar du af törst och dignar hopplös ned i hetan sand?

Faintest thou of thirst and sinkest hopeless down in the hot sand?

Se, då manar Moses-stafven, vatten fram ur klippans

See, then summons Moses' staff, water forth out of the cliffs

rock -

Derför genom öknen framåt, mensklighetens Israel!
Therefore, through the desert forward, humanity's Israel!
Stafven har du än, som öppnar helga källan, der han
The staff hast thou yet, which opens (the) holy fount, where it
slår,

strikes.

Klippan, hvilket himmelskt under! följer dig, hvar än du
The rock, what a heavenly wonder! follows thee wherever thou
går.
goest.

Böj ditt knä vid hennes flöden, känn, hur hennes rena våg Bow thine knee at her floods, feel how her pure wave Svalkar dig med underbara krafter för ditt vandrings tåg! Refreshes thee with wonderful strength for thy wanderer's march.

We give but two verses, out of the twenty-one of a poem, by Carl Snoilsky, which appeared in 1890.

### JOHN ERICSSON.

Han var ett frö, som vinden tog,
He was a seed that the wind took,
Och förde vesterut,
And ferried westward,
I bördig jord, sin rot det slog
In bearing earth its root it struck
Och växte högt till slut.
And waxed high at last.

Med honom, gaf ock du din gärd
With him, gave also thou thine offering
Att bryta slafvens band
To break the slave's bond
Och mura ljusets jättehärd,
And wall in light's giant hearth,
På nya verldens strand.
On the new world's strand.

#### THEOLOGY.1

Doubtest thou that for thee waiting smiles afar a promised land?

Faintest thou with thirst, and sinkest hopeless in the burning sand?

Lo! then summons Moses' staff, from mountain side, a living well—

Forward on thy desert path, humanity's true Israel!

Thou hast still the staff that strikes and bids the holy waters flow.

Miracle! that rock still follows thee wherever thou dost go!

Bow the knee by that pure spring! What power that fountain hath.

Strength and joy to give, for all thy pilgrim path!

#### JOHN ERICSSON.

He was a seed the wind caught up, And westward, westward sped; In fruitful soil it struck its root, And lifted high its head.

And thus, to break the bondsman's chain Thou, Sweden, gav'st thy mite, And helped to build beyond the main The giant home of light!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> These translations are added with the full understanding that they give but a faint idea of the beauty of the originals.

### SUNDAY MORNING.

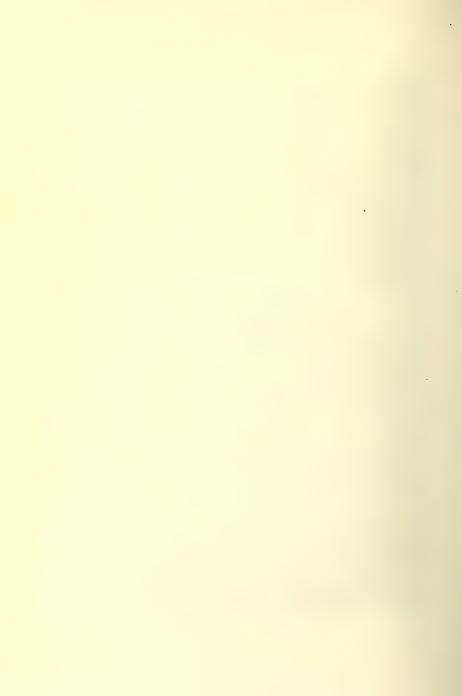
THE question in many a Stockholm family on Sunday morning is, "Where are you, and you, and you, going to church to-day?" The last evening's newspaper is brought to the breakfast-table. Perhaps some one reads aloud from the printed list of services to be held in the city and neighborhood, and of the clergymen who are to officiate. Formerly only the services in the State churches were enumerated; but now those of dissenters of all names — of the English, French, and Catholic churches, and, latterly, even of the Salvation Army — appear in the list.

The Sunday morning service has a special preeminence and solemnity in the eyes of the Swedes. Then the priest at the altar often sings a part of the service; and that he has done this well or ill, in a musical point of view, is a subject of church-door remark among the less thoughtful members of the congregation. That a candidate is a good singer is, in many quarters, an important requisite in the choice of a new pastor.

The young daughters of a Stockholm family very possibly decide on a Sunday morning to go to Ersta, where, in the chapel, the pastor of the institution is to preach. They may have been confirmed there after careful and earnest instruction; and to come there again is almost to them like a pilgrimage to the Holy City. A pilgrimage it is in one way, — prob-



PAYING TITHES IN THE OLDEN TIME.



ably an hour's walk for them up a steep hill, unless they care to use the train, which some devout people dislike on Sunday. The chapel at Ersta is in exquisite taste,—so much so that it is impossible for a stranger not to notice its refined details, even in the midst of the solemn appeals he is hearing. One seems to leave the world outside, on entering the gates at Ersta, and to come into the atmosphere of holiness and Christian love. You know that here the orphan is cared for, the young offender put in the way of reformation, and the Magdalen pointed to the foot of the cross and told there is hope even for her.

In the hospital the deaconesses, white-capped and gentle and experienced, are going from sick-bed to sick-bed; and in one part of the establishment the aged deaconesses have their home, where they may calmly rest and await their call to go "up higher."

The arrangements of the hospital are admirable for people of all conditions in life. A family, by paying to the hospital about ten dollars a year regularly for each of their servants, can have the privilege of sending any one of them who may be ill to Ersta, to be nursed until recovery or death. This is done in many households, and is a perpetual source of income for the hospital. In apartment houses it is often impossible to retain a sick servant under the eye of her employers; and this arrangement at Ersta is therefore a great blessing to all parties. For about the same sum as for a servant, one can send a poor patient to be cared for at Ersta for a month, and be sure that the sufferer will have good nursing and medical attendance.

So much for Ersta. We will let the family scatter in different directions. The father has possibly a

"committee" at twelve o'clock, which will prevent his attending the morning service. "There really was no time in the week," he says, "when we could manage to come together."

In Stockholm, as elsewhere, a gifted, eloquent preacher will always have a crowd to hear him, wherever he preaches, and whatever distinctive name his part of the Church Catholic may bear.

The clergymen of the State Church generally take their text from the "Gospel for the day;" and as there are three yearly services of "Gospels" now provided, there is some variety in the midst of uniformity. A single text is sometimes selected from the same source, but the usual plan is to go through the exposition of the whole passage. We give a slight sketch of some of those sermons that seemed to us particularly striking and profitable.

The first was delivered at the profusely gilded royal chapel, - an evangelical sermon from a High Church Bishop, who is Chief Court Preacher, by title. He is a gifted man, and his sermon was perfect in form and delivery. The Gospel was the parable of the two debtors, and the subject of the sermon forgiveness. God forgives freely, fully, and forever. There is no grudge cherished against the sinner, no bringing up of old offences to humiliate and discourage the penitent; no unpaid farthing is registered against him. Jesus has paid the ransom, cancelled the debt, and we are free, accepted, beloved. Go thou and do likewise towards thine offending brother, thine enemy, thy tormentor. Forgive them all from the bottom of thine heart. Let no bitter drop rankle in thy bosom! Keep no register against him who has wronged thee! Treasure up, ponder over, no harsh

words, no unkind acts, no unworthy deceit, no false slander, no crooked business dealing, by which you have been made to suffer. Love, forgive, as you would be loved and forgiven, as God has loved and has forgiven you.

Another sermon was from a Baron, an officer in the Swedish navy, delivered in a church independent of the Establishment, with free seats, and built by the liberality of one individual. There priests of the State Church, a foreign evangelist with a translator, a devout officer, or even a rapt woman, may be heard. The Baron's subject was Christian union, the universal brotherhood of the followers of our Lord. The manner of the speaker was perfectly simple and natural. He spoke without notes, clearly and distinctly, with apparently no more thought of himself than if he were talking to the dear members of his own family circle.

There was a little movement, almost a murmur of approval, among the congregation as he expressed most effectively the mutual love and forbearance that should exist between Christians of different names, - the feeling of a common cause in the struggle against evil, - the mutual support, the tender wholehearted union that should exist and be deeply felt among the followers of Christ. It was plain, as might be expected in that place of worship, the audience were like-minded with the speaker on that subject. But he did not stop there, and leave them to a contracted indorsement of his expressed opinions. He went on: "If you do belong to this common brotherhood, this true strong union of kindred souls joined to the great soul of the Lord Christ, you must have the unfailing family marks of this great united

household!" Then followed a searching description of the essential signs and tokens of a true inner life, working to outward holiness and humble self-sacrificing labors for the good of the world. There was no murmur of approval among the congregation, but a deep silence, while self-examination and penitential confession and holy prayer for a stronger Christian life and a more full consecration stirred, no doubt, deep down in the hearts of the hearers.

The Salvation Army is no Swedish invention, as the wide world well knows. Its methods are particularly obnoxious to the natural character of the Swedes, and its whole work was long bitterly opposed among all classes in Sweden, save the most degraded, to whom it held out hope of reformation, and a full and free return to the Father's house. Less perhaps for the recognition of the Salvation Army among the true churches has been done by its songs or trumpets, or occasional gifted preachers, than by the humble work of the "slum sisters," living among the desperately wicked, the fallen and the falling, and winning them back, by self-sacrificing love, to be not only good citizens but faithful followers of the Great Master. Now the Army has its own great building for its good purposes, and the soldiers in their pokebonnets or caps with red badges go about unmolested on their errands of mercy.

General Booth is not a Swedish preacher, but he is a preacher who has many times addressed full houses, thronged by attentive Swedes, who patiently wait for his words while the slow process of interpretation goes on. On one occasion he preached in the great audience hall of the Salvation Army building. It was a cold morning, with deep snow on the

ground, but the eager hearers were not to be kept at home by such slight obstacles. There were some reserved seats, but generally an admission fee of about eight cents was paid, at the door of the hall.

The General said nothing that could be objected to doctrinally in any orthodox congregation in Christendom, though his appearance and bearing were most peculiar, and his gesticulation and illustrations erratic. There was no din of instruments, or interruption of the discourse for song or clamor.

The divine life in the soul was announced as the subject of the address. It was something from above, that came from God, a gift to man for the regenerating and purifying of the heart and life. It was not enough to believe Lutheran doctrine or wear Salvation Army clothes; there must be something deeper, something more effective, that would take possession of and uplift the whole being. The illustrations, that seemed at the time most exceptionable and unattractive, have kept their places in the mind as curiously embodied but imperishable truth. "Soul, may I come to dwell with thee in thy house?" says the Saviour. "Welcome, Lord," says the soul; "this beautiful suite of rooms shall be at your service." "But what is the apartment above?" asks the Master. "That is for my entertainments, when I have my friends about me," answers the soul. "And the apartment below?" continues the Lord, searchingly. "There I have my rooms for my business, and my own private apartment for my family." "If I am with you," says the Lord, "I must be in all the house, not merely in rooms set apart for my special use. I must be with you in your family when you have your guests, and in your secret chamber, and in your place of business."

And again, "Will you go with me?" says the Lord to the soul. "Yes, Lord, is the clear answer of the soul." General Booth then took the interpreter by the arm, and they seemed struggling to go in different directions across the platform. The congregation looked on with astonishment. "So it is with the soul!" burst forth the General. "It consents willingly to follow the Lord; but the Lord must walk in the way of its choice, if they are to be companions. The way of the Lord is not the desired way of the soul. The way of the Lord leads by the cross; and the human soul shrinks from that path, even though it lead to Heaven!"

At the close of the address, all who would have the divine life in the soul and follow the Master were called on to stand up. Lutherans and Methodists and Baptists, American Episcopalians, and members of the English Church, stood up together. They could not remain sitting, any more than they could have trampled on the flag of their country. That was a church union demonstration of a most peculiar kind, and most peculiar to have occurred in orthodox, conservative, Lutheran Sweden. It was the true Salvation Army, without red garment or music or banners. They were soldiers who might have their taste offended or their prejudices shocked, but they would not openly deny their Great Captain, or refuse to acknowledge that they wanted to be his "faithful soldiers and servants to their life's end."

# SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The morning service of the Swedish Church is very long; the afternoon service is short, usually very short. It takes place at six o'clock, and bears, as in the English Church, a name that reminds us of "the vesper hour," evensong (Aftonsång). These services are often scantily attended, and usually rather by the worshippers who have been kept at home in the morning than by those who, having had a feast of good things already, yet long for more.

On a summer Sunday afternoon the population of Stockholm stream out from the city as if the Huns were after them. Out, out, somewhere, anywhere! is the general feeling. The foot-passengers take their way in such crowds to the royal park (Djurgården), that the residents there can hear the steady tramp of many feet, as if an army were passing. Whole families (men, women, and children) carrying "wraps" and baskets of provisions, are hurrying by; the children often running in their haste to be fairly in the woods, where there are flowers that may be picked with nobody to chide hand-organ men are not all to be left behind. A few pass at intervals; while from the thronged noisy plain (Slätten) at the entrance of the park, there comes a mingled sound of street music and the murmurs and cries of a multitude. There, on the plain, all sorts of travelling-shows are on exhibition, and the Swedish form of Punch and Judy has its performers popping up and down, with their high-pitched voices, their extravagant gestures, and borrowed wit, to the admiration of the gaping audience. At the well-known restaurant (*Hasselbacken*) close at hand, people with longer purses are taking refreshment in the open air and to the sound of better music.

The woods are soon alive with groups sitting on the grass, making a rural home for the time; the whole family, baby not excepted, being of the party. The hard-handed father has pushed the small wagon, or carried the little one more than an English mile or two, that "mother" might have her outing with her necessary baby accompaniment. Happy if the lunch-basket has not been provided with something that makes the father soon willing to lie down for a long sleep, with his children playing about him; while an anxious look steals over the face of his wife, as she sits near him with her babe smiling on her knee.

At a little distance the lads and the lassies are having a game of "the last pair out." The players stand in two long lines, - one dark with Sunday coats, and the other gay with summer holiday dresses. At the head of the ranks is a youth or a girl alone, - " the widow," or "widower," according to the terms of the game; "the catcher" American children would probably call this active individual. At the cry "The last pair out!" the couple lowest in the rank start for a given point. The catcher tries to get a partner by overtaking one of the pair. If the catcher succeeds, the new pair takes the head of the rank, and the discomfited partner must be "widow" or "widower," and try to catch a mate from "the next pair out;" and so the game can go on the whole evening. The Swedish girls are swift and wonderfully graceful

runners; but the young men, more stiffened by hard work, do not shine in this favorite game.

Perhaps in some quiet nook one may see a family more seriously disposed, — some reading, while others are quietly enjoying the fresh air. Here and there a travelling exhorter has a group about him, while he says a word, in season or out of season, in his own pungent way.

Not hiding away, but where any one may see them, there may be a set of rough fellows drinking and playing cards, for whom the more respectable people leave a wide berth as they pass.

Skansen is of course thronged. This is a comparatively new place of amusement in the royal park, — a museum, a menagerie, and an historical and geographical presentation, where Stockholm dwellers with short purses and time taken up with week-day work like on Sunday evenings to wander about, and go home feeling as wise and full of knowledge of beasts and birds and Swedish peasant costumes as if they had made an extended tour throughout their native land.

It is not only on Sunday that Skansen is visited by Swedes and strangers. There has been lately a grand court-pageant there, where the historical past was presented, with old costumes, old carriages, and old customs, to amuse and instruct a modern crowd, to the apparent delight of king, statesman, working-man, and working-woman too.

On Sunday evening, whole fleets of little steamboats have glided away from Stockholm in all directions. Some passengers have gone out just for the sail, and will not leave the boat at all; others are lost in the greenness of the various resorts; and others are sitting with some friends in the country, smoking and chat-

ting, and drinking something,— certainly not iced water, which is not a favorite drink with the Swedes. Many have always come out from the city, but many more, it always seems, are waiting at the close of the evening to come back. There are sure to be, as each boat starts cityward with perhaps more than its allowed number of passengers on board, disconsolate groups on the landings, who have come too late even for standing-room in the crowded boat. Not that these unfortunates are to pass the night where they are. Some special little steamer will be sent out to pick up the tired pleasure-seekers, to get home, at no-body knows what time, in the small morning hours.

In the winter Sunday afternoon will bear a different face in Stockholm; but do not believe it will be all quiet church-going. It begins to be dark before four o'clock; but the streets are brilliantly lighted, and the lamps are burning above many dinner-tables where people are sitting down to any number of courses, with wines of various flavors and colors to match. Married children are visiting their parents, and the little ones are jubilant in the midst of their weekly visit to "Grandmother."

There may have been, earlier, prize skating on the public pond. Ladies wrapped in furs have been sitting in privileged seats, to watch the swiftness and skill and wonderful manœuvres of the contestants. The king, who has been chatting with court ladies and gentlemen, with now an arm over this gentleman's shoulder and now a playful word for a lady, has given out the prizes at last. A miss of fifteen receives, perhaps, a gold bracelet, and a youth a medal,—the highest he can get in Sweden; so he is off next month to Berlin to win laurels at the international contest, for the Swedes are specially dexterous and graceful skaters.

After dinner the boys and girls will be out with their sleds to throng the hills of the well-lighted city, while older parties have gone to the toboggan slide at Djursholm, gliding far out on the thick ice of the inlet.

In many quiet homes there is music,—the Swedish Wennerberg's beautiful renderings of the First or the Twenty-third Psalm perhaps, a few hymns, a patriotic song, and then some old ballads; they may be Norwegian, to please "papa."

There may be a sacred concert that has drawn many lovers of music for a really edifying evening, or good singing and a variety of well-played instruments at a favorite restaurant.

Where the poor laborer or tired mechanic sometimes spends his Sunday evenings, it is hard to say. Sure it is, that he is often not at his work on Monday morning, or appears much damaged, and far too late to please his employers.

There are many homes whose Sunday evenings have not been described. The daughters have been at the morning service, and after lunch at their Sunday-school. Perhaps one of them was the teacher, whose turn it was for the day to tell some profitable and interesting story to the children; and she doubtless did it well, though she trembled as she rose; the flush in her face deepened as she went on, until she lost herself at last in her loving talk to the little ones.

There was no ceremonious company at dinner in that household; the boys may have with them some companion from a sorrowful or a restricted home, that he too may taste of the free family joy and abundant fare. There may be some old lady, who has seen better days, who is a Sunday guest to be specially honored, and

encouraged to talk about bygone times when she was young, to a circle of kindly listeners. There will be singing of hymns in the evening, in which even she joins as best she can; indeed, all join but the father, who seems lost in reverie as he sits in his great easychair. He starts up suddenly at last. The hymn is Luther's "Our God is our Strong Castle," and he makes one stride to the group at the piano, and his full base voice comes from his true singer's throat, and from his heart, too, now fairly attuned for praise. He has a sweet sympathetic smile from the mother, whose face is full of the light that makes glad the earthly home. The strangers will stay to evening prayer, when all will sit quietly with folded hands, while a few words of exhortation are read, and a prayer read too, probably, and closed by the repetition of a devout hymn, whose petitions are known even to the youngest present. The guests will take leave as ceremoniously as if there had been a formal reception, and neither the old lady nor the little lad will forget to thank the hostess for her kind hospitality; and well they may, for it is a privilege to have even an occasional peep into such a home.

In many a country cottage and many a fisherman's rude summer dwelling on a rocky island, the Sabbath has begun on Saturday evening. The signs of toil have been washed away by a dash in the lake or the sea, and the holiday attire has been donned, and a feeling of rest and sobriety has stolen over the family before the evening prayer; for prayer there may be, though the heads of the family are not specially devout in other respects. There may be a walk of five English miles or so to church the next morning, and the evening spent at the dissenting chapel, where some ex-

horter may speak as to the little ones, to cheer and amuse and edify in his own quaint way.

A letter from a son in America has perhaps been dealt out to the father after the church service, and that must be read over again before they all go to bed, to dream of the strange land far over the sea, where one of their own flesh and blood has his home. Perhaps the words of the simple exhorter may linger in the mind of the father, instead of thoughts of the son. What he has never really taken home to his heart from any priest's sermon seems easier and plainer when told in the simple familiar language of the man who works all the week for himself and in his great Master's vineyard on Sunday.

Dissent in Sweden has generally nothing to do with doctrine. There are a very few clergymen who have gone out from the State Church because its tenets or construction were to them objectionable; but these are the rare exceptions. The people at large have accepted from childhood the opinion instilled into them, that Martin Luther was little less than inspired; and Lutherans in fact they continue to the end of their days, by whatever heretical name they may choose to be called.

The State Church is consistent in her forms for sacred offices and her public worship. She takes it for granted that all her performed rites are effectual, her prayers answered, and her members properly repentant, and so freely and fully forgiven. The children learn from their Catechism that they were made Christians in baptism, and partakers of the blessings thereto appertaining. These Christians are almost all, at about sixteen years of age, after thorough public instruction in doctrine and practice, confirmed by the pastor who has

prepared them for the rite. There may be some members of the class for "The Children of the Lord's Supper" (as they are beautifully called), who are mentally deficient, or cannot easily learn by rote the lessons required of them. A careful pastor gives such children extra instruction, for a certain amount of "head knowledge" they must have before confirmation.

At the Confirmation service, a young girl wears her first long dress, a black one, though often the boy has a white necktie and white gloves, and wears a black suit. Both are now provided with their church attire for the future, especially for communion occasions. After the Confirmation there is often a dinner for the family connection and familiar friends; and the young person just confirmed receives gifts, according to her station and the pecuniary resources of her friends. A watch, bracelets, brooches often fall to the share of a girl; and a watch, books, a bicycle, or a boat may delight a young lad.

The Sunday following the Confirmation, the children "go forward" to the Holy Communion, kneeling together round the chancel as the first recipients. It is a solemn day in many families where religious matters are ordinarily little thought of, and there are few young people who are not, for the time at least, solemnly impressed. The girl is now considered old enough to enter society, and to be looked upon as a young lady. She may hereafter go anywhere with her parents, or a suitable chaperone, to ball, theatre, or merry-making of any respectable kind. She has been confirmed; her school-days are probably over, though she may take supplementary courses of instruction; and her childhood lies behind her.

It sometimes happens that a young man or young

woman so trained and so confirmed in a not particularly religious family, in high life or humble life, chances to go with some friend to a dissenters' meeting, and is reached by the deep truths and experiences that remodel the inner life. A new hope and a new joy have come to the convert, and new purposes for duty and self-government are struggling to life. These converts condemn as dead and worthless all their past instruction and their own so-called religion. The liturgy, they say, was a dead form, the ceremonies were dead, the Church where they were fostered is dead, and they must go out from it all, as if escaping from Sodom. They do not understand that some friend who quietly knelt beside them during the Confirmation service, then and there did really and gladly pledge herself to the holy life in its fulness towards which she from childhood had been secretly striving. These converts do not know that what have been dead prayers to them have been real utterances of the heart for many of the worshippers, and at the Lord's Supper the Master has drawn near to many of these his true children, and they to him. To the dissenters the new converts go. There they have found man's greatest treasure, and there they cast in their lot.

It sometimes happens that a young woman from the country comes to the city alone. At home she knew, at least by sight, every one in the little church of the town or village where she was born. She sits down timidly in one of the great Stockholm churches, perhaps the only girl present, with a black silk handkerchief on her head instead of a hat. The hat soon takes the place of the handkerchief, and the wearer finds her way to some hall or upper room, where in a simple, sociable way humble people are worshipping together, and being taught of better things in words they can understand by some illiterate speaker or some gifted enthusiast. The stranger is at ease at once. Friendliness greets her, love opens her heart, and the truth strikes home. She never enters one of the great city churches again.

It took courage, years ago, even practically to go out from the State Church. There was a kind of social contempt cast upon such a renegade, that was a sort of persecution. Those days are past, and tolerance is ever on the increase. It has been thought an inexcusable impertinence for a dissenting place of worship to be open during the time of the celebration of the morning service in the State churches. Now, on Sunday morning, in any large city, such places have their congregations as regularly gathered as if they were assembled in a time-honored cathedral, and with no more unkindly remark on the circumstance. The dissenting places of worship were first colloquially called "houses of prayer;" but they would perhaps be more correctly called preaching houses, as the sermon is the essential point in the service, though there is much good extemporaneous prayer offered, and many hymns are fervently sung.

There is a productive cause of dissent, which must not be overlooked. Some youth baptized, confirmed, and partaking of the Lord's Supper, at least the prescribed number of times in the year, makes up his mind to choose the clerical profession. Perhaps he has never once questioned himself as to whether he was a Christian at heart as well as in name. He studies theology, and can at last more easily define the heresies with the longest names than he could

say what he honestly, in the depths of his heart, really believes. He enters the priesthood, and performs his clerical functions so often that he knows so well what he ought to say in every rite and ceremony that he can actually think of something else while going on with the service for the moment in question. This is a hardening process. Temptation assails him in spite of his cloth. He goes down, by slow degrees, until the whole parish know that he is an evil liver; yet no one will testify against him. The Swedes have such a respect for the clergy that for a parishioner to testify against his own pastor is to their mind an outrageous disrespect to constituted authority, and almost an attack upon the oracles of God. A bishop cannot depose a priest without proper testimony against him. To depose him for drunkenness, it must be proved that he was intoxicated while performing some official function. To prove that a man was intoxicated on a certain occasion, in or out of the chancel, is often a difficult matter, though the conviction of the observers on the subject may be most decided. There may be sudden bodily illness, or nervousness, or over-fatigue, or a sluggishness of nature, or the opposite excitability, which renders it difficult to be positively certain what ails a man, when his conduct or bearing is exceptional or extraordinary. To take a man's good name is especially dangerous in Sweden. An old woman, a "help madame" in a prominent family, said to a fellow-servant that she had seen a certain man stealing wood. The accused heard the remark, and prosecuted her for slander. She could not prove her assertion to be correct, and was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. Her employer offered to bail

her, as she was over seventy years of age; but this she stoutly refused, and suffered the punishment, which did not so affect her health as to prevent her living to be eighty. When the character is so protected by law, it is specially difficult to convict a clergyman of evil living. One such pastor makes many dissenters. They do not testify against him, but they lose confidence in the church where he continues to minister, and seek another religious body, as their spiritual home. It is sometimes difficult for a young person to get a certificate of discharge under such circumstances. Dissenters must pay their church taxes, while they build their own place of worship and support their own minister. This is a fruitful source of dissatisfaction. Persons who leave the State Church on account of the unworthiness of their pastor are generally of the least bitter among the nonconformists.

Another cause of dissent is the admission of all who have been confirmed to the Holy Communion. It is rare that there is any church discipline exercised in this matter; and on this account many devout persons, and perhaps some harsh or sanctimonious ones, join religious bodies where they think discipline is more stringent and there is a stronger effort to keep the church pure. It is a difficult thing, anywhere, to keep a church made of poor human members up to the proper standard of belief and practice, hypocrisy being possible in the most outwardly seemly and unexceptionable.

### FREDRIKA BREMER.

FREDRIKA BREMER was born in Finland, in 1801. Her father was an ironmaster, descended from an old German noble family, who settled in Sweden during the Thirty Years' War. Early in 1800, he took up his abode in Stockholm.

From the biography of the well-known novelist, written by her beloved sister, we take some particulars with regard to their common childhood:—

"At the time when Fredrika and I were growing up, there was not the same relation between parents and children which now exists. Strict parents are now the exception. They were then generally the rule, and their children regarded them with fear rather than with love and reverence. I remember now how, many times when our parents were coming home, we hurried as soon as we heard their voices, to hide in the room of our French governess or our Finnish nurse, old Lena. This governess, right-thinking, truthful, and God-fearing, laid the foundation of all that was good in us. Through her wise and agreeable way of giving us instruction, she made her pupils not only feel that the more they learned the better, but also to enjoy their studies. The first winter we were in Stockholm our parents were much in society, and we children rarely saw them, excepting at special times in the day. At eight o'clock A. M. we must be dressed and go in to say 'Good-morning' to our mother, who then sat in a little parlor, taking her coffee, and ready to watch us carefully as we walked from the door to her side. If we had borne ourselves unsatisfactorily, we must go back and make a fresh *entrée*, and then go to my mother, drop our courtesy, and kiss her hand. Poor little Fredrika could never walk or stand or sit or courtesy so as to meet my mother's full approval, and had in consequence many hard and trying experiences.

"This ceremony over, we must pay our respects to our father. As we entered his outer room, the footman was generally laying a large square mat in the midde of the floor, in the centre of which a chair was placed, where my father seated himself, enveloped in a great white cloak which covered him down to his feet. His hairdresser in a light gray surtout, a comb behind his ear, and a powder-puff in his hand, himself powdered, came in, making many bows and scrapes to my father and to us children. The footman held the powder-puff while the queue was loosened, then combed and braided. Then the hairdresser, with the air of an amateur, his head on one side, and genially smiling, and now and then stepping back to see the effect, powdered so effectually my father's head and face that he could not even dare to look up until a basin of water had been brought to help him to see his way out of his difficulties. This scene amused us infinitely, and we had leave to stand a few moments and enjoy it. When we had duly courtesied to our father, we had our breakfast and went to Mademoiselle Frumière for our school hours from nine to one.

"My mother had, for the education of her children, three fixed, immutable principles: they were to grow up in ignorance of all evil, they should get as much knowledge as possible, and eat as little as possible. The first of these principles, springing from my mother's natural innocence and blamelessness of character, I am thankful to believe fostered in us purity in thought and tone of mind, though we, when we came to mingle with the world, found ourselves painfully deceived, and saw,

one after another, our illusions vanish. Encouragement to read and study we did not need. We learned long extracts in French from the plays of Madame de Genlis, which we declaimed. Our governess, whom we called 'Bonne Amie,' often exclaimed: 'Fredrika is too tiresome with the long lessons she will learn, which seem to have no end.'

"My mother's third principle, that we should eat as little as possible (which principle, as I have reason to know, was adopted by other families of the same period), she had hit on, partly from the idea that if children eat too much they are stupid, and slow to learn, and partly from her dislike to tall and fat women. My mother read many romances, and I fear that the vision of seeing her daughters like heroines hovered before her fancy. We were really small in height, and not too strong, surely; and with the prescribed diet it could hardly be otherwise. At eight A. M. we had a little deep plate of milk (I have never anywhere else seen such small plates) and a not very large piece of hard bread. If we were ever so hungry, we dare not ask for anything more.

"Dinner was at two in my parents' house, and that was a happy time for us hungry children. Of the four or five dishes, that, according to the custom of the time, were all put on the table at once, we might have our share; and they tasted unspeakably good. After dinner, all assembled in the parlor, to drink coffee; we children, of course, only as lookers on. At four o'clock we went to Bonne Amie's room, to write, cipher, and work. My father, who was indescribably orderly, and particular that everything should happen according to the minute by the clock, kept looking at his watch, and nobody must leave the room before it was precisely four; then he disappeared himself, to take his afternoon nap. When it was six o'clock, the footman knocked at Bonne Amie's door, and informed us that tea was served, and we all

filed through the parlor to the dining-room. We children looked on, or were perhaps allowed a dried biscuit (scorpa), and after that we might play in the nursery. At nine o'clock the family and guests sat down to a warm supper; but we had, at eight, a little glass of milk and a bit of hard bread, after having been to the parlor, to courtesy, kiss the hands of our parents, and say goodnight. We slept, both of us, in Bonne Amie's room, on a corner sofa. Fredrika preferred generally to run round the room and dance with Lena than to submit to being put at once to bed."

As time went on, the gifted child grew more mischievous and full of elfish freaks. She might be found cutting a square piece out of the covering of some stuffed piece of furniture, and a match bit to supply its place from the front of her dress, or asking her companions to shut their eyes for a moment, which they did, while she took the opportunity to eat up some dainties set out for her father's use. She began early to write verses,—the first on "the moon," and soon another on a woman's proper sphere. Poor verses they were truly, but they indicate the interest and enthusiasms of the odd little girl.

Like Miss Burney's, Fredrika Bremer's first book was published without the knowledge of her father, and the secret only told when it had met with approval by the public.

Fredrika Bremer received, in time, the large gold medal of the Swedish Academy, with the inscription, "For Genius and Taste," and was much admired in Stockholm for her talent, her amiable character, and her warm interest in all efforts for the poor and for the reformation of the fallen. Her literary reputation at home was short-lived. Her novels are now

little read in her own country, and have 'hardly a place among the works of standard authors. One often meets with well-educated persons who have never read any of them, and those who have very possibly shrug their shoulders and intimate that they are books hardly worthy of mention. For the English-speaking public, Fredrika Bremer opened a

view into the domestic life of a country almost unknown to them. In William and Mary Howitt, Miss Bremer had skilful and gifted translators, and there are many old people who still thank her for the hours of innocent pleasure they owe to her early sketches of Swedish life.

But Fredrika Bremer was not to be forgotten in her own country. Her



FREDRIKA BREMER.

sister writes in the biography before referred to: --

"Fredrika, in consequence of her own experience in youth and of what she had seen in society, had made it the aim of her life to work for what she considered 'the cause of oppressed woman.' After her return from America, in 1851, it became her darling plan to strive to labor for the full emancipation of the Swedish woman, her liberation from the traditional trammels of her position in life, which Fredrika considered injurious, and conflicting with her natural rights. She wished woman to stand on an equal footing with man, to be allowed to study in the highest schools and academies, and to prepare herself to take positions suitable for

her in the service of the State. That such an opportunity was lacking for women of uncommonly good minds and special gifts, she considered the greatest injustice. She was fully convinced that woman could learn all things as well as man, and should stand on the same level, and be permitted at public institutions of education to prepare herself to be teacher, professor, judge, physician, or officer in the employ of the State. She prophesied that when woman was allowed the opportunity to attain the same proficiency in study and skill in art as was man, and her ability and the need of her work in society was acknowledged, she would be found most able and efficient in callings already existing, or in those still to be opened in a future development of social order. Fredrika claimed that woman ought to have the same right as the man, to serve her country according to the abilities given her."

The sister decidedly disapproved of what she considered "Fredrika's erratic notions," contested them to her face, and in the biography published in 1868 expresses her unwillingness to sanction these progressive ideas.

It is now, as the advocate of woman's full development for usefulness and activity, in all departments of life and labor, that Fredrika Bremer is best known and most honored in her own land. She had wisely said, "It is only the true emancipation that saves from the false one." The progress in the direction she desired has been slow, but full and effectual, in Sweden; in fact, nearly all careers are now open to woman, though public opinion still looks doubtful about her ability to contend in the university and in many public careers with man.

There have been in Sweden no women's-rights

women, so called, who have almost unsexed themselves, storming on platforms in strange garments, for the benefit of their down-trodden sisters, offering their own sweet feminine graces on the cruel battlefield of public discussion, while the more retired laborers for home and children and aged parents had through these efforts ways of support opened for them, and opportunities of using great gifts for the good of their native land.

The change has been accomplished in Sweden slowly, and with little platform declamation. At Upsala, a gifted girl may wear her white student's cap as well as her brother. In the Academy of the Arts of Design and the Academy of Music, she may learn to be as skilful a painter or musician as her capabilities will permit. There are now twelve ladies preparing at Carolina Institute for the medical profession. The gifted Russian lady Sogna Kovaleoski, one of the first mathematicians of our day, was, at the time of her recent death (1892), a professor in the University of Stockholm. In the literary world the Swedish women are winning their own laurels. There are two wise and experienced ladies in the school-board of the city of Stockholm. In the post, railroad, telegraph, and telephone offices, very many efficient women are employed. In almost every department of labor of head or hand, woman in Sweden is taking an honored place. She may preach if she choose (not in the State churches), or deliver a lecture or an address for any benevolent purpose or any public reform, and be listened to by a respectful audience of both sexes. Coeducation in schools is rapidly gaining ground.

Quietly and efficiently many superior women have been working with the pen and by personal influence to bring about these great changes. One of the most important agencies in this work has been the Fredrika Bremer Association, which has its headquarters at Stockholm (54 Drottninggatan). This valuable organization, which perpetuates by its name the honor that is rightly due to Miss Bremer, has this year, in its published English circular, explained its own leading principles and working system. From this circular, prepared by one of the founders of the association, Baroness S. Adlersparre-Leijonhufvud, and dedicated to her compatriots in America, we quote freely:—

The leading principle of the Fredrika Bremer Association is to promote, by the co-operation of men and women, a sound and steady development of reforms in the condition of women, morally and intellectually as well as socially and economically.

It has for object: -

To make known to women of all classes the rights and duties already conferred upon them socially and legally.

To work for educational reforms and for the admission of women to the managing boards of all institutions where girls and young women are concerned.

To induce women to look upon the principle of selfhelp as the only one to depend on in the struggle for existence. This is done by showing them the conditions on which work can be obtained, and the ways to provide for the future.

To enlarge the labor market for women.

To take up any moral and social question concerning women and their welfare, etc.

One of the first cares of the Association was to assist educated women, thrown upon their own resources, to provide for themselves in times of sickness by becoming members of the Sick-Relief-Fund founded by the Association. Lately the regulation has been added that by

paying a larger sum at once, membership for life may be obtained. The advantages offered by this fund have been more and more acknowledged by those for whom it was intended.

The next step taken by the Association was to appoint a *Committee* for collecting money in order to form *scholarships*, intended not only to assist lady-students but also women desiring a technical education in order to earn their living.

The Committee also receives and administers donations, given on certain conditions. Thus, for instance, two considerable scholarships are designed for female medical students and already distributed; another, intended for members of the donor's family, is forming.

During the last few years the lady secretary of the Committee has visited several parts of the country to hold lectures and awake interest for this object of the association, and her efforts have proved very successful.

Another Committee works for the protection of young girls of the laboring classes who immigrate to Denmark, where their morality is often greatly exposed.

A Committee of great importance will undoubtedly be the one, which is just now in organization, and which has for its object to provide the country population with trained nurses, for the sick as well as for persons injured by accidents.

This is most desirable as, on account of our country's great extent and sparse population, medical assistance is often out of reach.

The nurses engaged by the association for this purpose, have to go through a training course of surgery conducted by an able lady-surgeon and to practise a certain time as nurses at a hospital.

Experience having shown that a great many of the story-books for children and youth are by no means fit for them, but often do more harm than good, the association has appointed a Committee to make a selection of such books as can be recommended to parents and teachers as offering good and wholesome reading for their children and pupils.

The Committee, who makes it a point to read all the books in question, publishes catalogues and arranges exhibitions of such as are considered recommendable.

To an editorial Committee, which appoints a lady editor, is intrusted the publishing of "Dagny," a Review for social and literary interests. This publication may be considered as a successor to the "Home Review," which it followed immediately; and like this it is an advocate for all questions belonging to the program of the Fredrika Bremer Association.

It may thus be said to prepare the soil for the seeds planted and nursed by care of the Association.

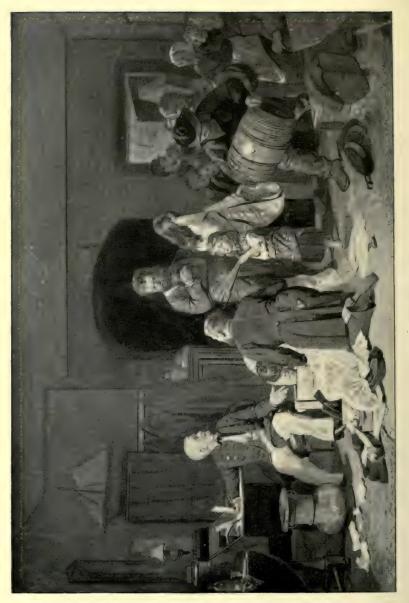
Besides the above mentioned Committees there are some others, such as on *Dress-reform* and on *Home-studies*, whose work is organized on the American plan.

By trying to raise the standard of women the Association hopes to benefit society at large, confirming at the same time the truth of the principle of Fredrika Bremer,—

"It is only true emancipation saves from the false one."

So Fredrika Bremer, — the fearless, self-sacrificing friend of her sex, — though dead, still lives and labors for her sisters in the much loved land of her forefathers.





## THE DEAN'S REBUKE.

Some years since, an earnest, warm-hearted, zealous old dean announced in the Cathedral that on a certain day he would publicly rebuke the national sins of Sweden. A large audience assembled at the appointed time, in a spacious hall, generally used by the dissenters as a place of worship. In the high pulpit stood the white-haired dean, his flashing dark eyes boding no good to evil-doers. He did not parley or mince matters any more than did Nathan of old, but stated at once that the national sins of Sweden were drunkenness, avarice, and profanity. This may be true with regard to drunkenness; but might not the same be said, to their shame, of most civilized countries? In vine-growing Switzerland intemperance is the destruction of the villagers. Perched on some hillside is a cluster of houses, homes of hardworking peasants. Those houses have cellars stored with wine; and when there is nothing to do in the vineyards, the product of last year's yield is by many a poor man consumed with or without his simple food, and to find him sober at evening is often an exceptional occurrence.

In Stockholm the police are so efficient that it is rare to see in the day-time a drunken man or woman in the streets. In the late hours of the night it must be otherwise, as the newspapers sometimes report brutal assaults, and even fights ending in murder,

with almost always the excuse of intoxication for the offenders.

The Swede is generally quiet "in his cups" by day, and goes somewhere to sleep off their effects, if it be but in the shade of a tree or beside a sheltering wall; but if he is roused and made angry while in this condition, a shillalah would not satisfy him, — he must



SKARA CATHEDRAL.

have a knife in his hand, driven home too often with deadly intent.

Of course, ladies rarely see anything of intoxication among so-called gentlemen anywhere. In every large city they who have ample means and a scanty allowance of conscience can herd together, to carouse and "make night hideous;" and there are many men whom great gifts, high station, and a long purse cannot keep back from a drunkard's grave.

Really to see drunkenness in Sweden, a stranger

must be in a small city on a market-day. Yet here the stranger often judges falsely. The laborer, the peasant, the market-woman, the purchaser, throng to town on that day, taking perhaps a free indulgence in something intoxicating, as one of the privileges of the occasion, and not by any means to be repeated until the next market-day comes round. These poor victims are to be seen sleeping in their wagons, while the trusty horses take them safely home.

Everybody must be able to show something bought on a "Great Market-day." The public square is then the centre of attraction for miles around. The picture comes up from the past, of a little countrywoman elated, we trust, only with the joys of the trip, driving rapidly over a long bridge, sitting upright in the midst of her clumsy little wagon, with her purchases heaped about her. A small, sturdy cow, in a primitive harness, was acting as the locomotive power, but was not moving with the slow dignified lounge of the ox, but cantering at full speed, as if her maternal instincts told her that her only child was wailing for her at home. That was doubtless a woman of resources, not to be easily kept at home on Great Market-day; and her return drive was a compressed triumphal procession. ·

Sad sights have been seen on a market-day in a small town,—a party of boys, all intoxicated, and in one case a wretched mother laughing a loud drunkard's laugh, as she saw that her young son was in the same condition as herself.

In Stockholm it sometimes happens that a lad comes to an industrial school plainly showing that he has been drinking, and once a little girl pupil appeared fairly intoxicated. The poor child had been turned out of her miserable home, and had been almost two days without food. Some passer-by had given her a little money, which in her sinking condition she fancied would be better spent for whiskey than for bread.

In Sweden a profuse use of wine, punch, and whiskey prevails on all important social occasions,—at baptisms, weddings, and funerals, at formal dinners and suppers, and even at the family meals in many old-fashioned homes. Before dinner it is not uncommon to find "something strong" at the little table (hors d'œuvre or smörgåsbord) where some specially attractive dainties always appear, as if to show the guest that "appetite comes with the eating" and the drinking. This custom is much like that of the "bitters" that long ago stood on the American sideboard,—but with the addition of food, in the land of the Gottenburg System.

To be a total abstainer is unfashionable and inelegant in Sweden, a fact which perhaps works more against the temperance movement in higher circles than any other cause. To be so discourteous as to decline to drink with the host is more than most Swedes can venture upon. Among the humbler classes the same old prejudices prevail; but there is now a vigorous effort to throw off those fearfully dangerous social bonds, and with ever increasing success. In spheres where "to be vulgar" is not such a bugbear, the step to sign the pledge is more easily taken, and generally most sacredly kept, all honor to the hardy men who can resist their strong bodily temptation and the scoffs or persuasions of not overcourteous companions. There are a few honored and independent men, in the higher circles, who dare to be singular for the good of their fellow-citizens, as well as for a sure protection against their own possible fall, or that of some member of their growing families. Not long since, an eminent Swede entertaining at his table a guest from Finland said, "I cannot offer you anything stronger than ale, for I am now a temperance man." Visiting, later, the same friend in Finland, the Swede, now the guest, was astonished when his host quizzically said, "I cannot offer you even ale, for I have become a total-abstainer. Your example made such an impression upon me that I took the step when I came home."

Stockholm is, to the country-people of the vicinity and the fisherman of the coast and the clustering islands, what Great Market-day is to the rustics of an inland region. One honest fisherman about whom we happen to know, while temperate at home, was sure to go wrong when he went up to the capital to sell his fish and make his usual purchases of household goods. His young daughter, little more than a child, was finally sent with him to keep him out of trouble. He started one morning with her for the long sail. Once arrived, he soon sold his fish, and had his pocket full of loose silver. According to the Gottenburg System, he would find food and drink at the same place, in an upper room he knew well. There he drank more than he ate, and soon, in bravado, dashed down his handfuls of silver on the rude table before him. It rolled away, of course, in all directions; but the anxious daughter picked up every piece, paid the reckoning, and then hurried her father away. On the stone stairway he slipped and fell headlong, struck his head, and lay

senseless and bleeding. "He is dead! He is dead!" screamed the little girl, in desperation. No help came from the room above, but a street crowd soon pressed in through the open door below, -among them a gentleman with a policeman. The latter examined the father, and pronounced him only in a drunken swoon, and talked of taking him at once to the police-station. "For shame!" said the gentleman; "remember the little girl." Turning to the pretty young thing, he said, "Where were you going, child, when this happened?" She answered, simply, that her father had sold their fish, and they were going to start for home in their sloop, that lay not far away. The gentleman called a carriage, had the drunken man and his daughter put in it, and sitting down with them, soon saw them safe aboard their own boat. "Have you anything more to do in town?" he asked hastily. "No," was the answer. "Up sail and off then before your father wakes!" he said authoritatively. He waited to see that she understood how to manage the boat, and then left her without giving his name. She courtesied her thanks, but never knew who had so befriended her. The whole affair made a strong impression on the fisherman. Before his good wife died, two years later, she had the joy of seeing her husband not only a temperance man in principle and practice, but a decided, devout Christian.

The Swedish historians tell us that the "vice of intemperance had taken deep root among the Swedish nation, particularly among the people in the middle of the last century, in consequence of a too great production and consumption of whiskey. Gustaf III. ordained that there should be no private distilling,

as had been heretofore allowed, but that all distilleries should belong to and be under the crown This he did, not merely to advance the cause of temperance, but to increase the royal revenue, but here he had wholly made a mistake. The State was not profited, and the consumption of whiskey increased in the land." The proposed reform produced too universal dissatisfaction.

In 1853-54 the Riksdag took measures "to check the vice of intemperance that was threatening to destroy fundamentally the Swedish people." A higher tax was put upon distilling whiskey, and both its production and consumption were materially reduced. During the present reign a strong temperance movement has sprung from the people themselves, rather than from the throne, the Riksdag, or the higher classes. The great effort now of the friends of temperance is to influence public opinion in the upper ranks of life.

The Swedish government has appointed, at various times during the present reign, royal commissions to advance the cause of temperance. One of these commissions has published valuable pamphlets and books to awaken all classes to the dangers and consequences of intemperance. In one of these issues there are various quotations from Swedish authors, — passages calculated to force home the importance of the temperance work. We quote sparingly from the full selection.

"In a country where the old customs of the people are the foundation of the whole established system of laws, a vice, when it becomes a custom, has a kind of legal power."—F. T. Berg (b. 1779, d. 1848), physician, head of the Statistical Department.

"Alcohol is not nourishment; it is a stimulant which the body tries to throw off by the breath and every other means." — J. J. Berzelius (b. 1779, d. 1848), the great chemist.

"The love of strong drink, always in the beginning imperceptible, and in the end unconquerable," etc.—Major Carl Ekenstam (b. 1798, d. 1879).

"In this struggle for the good of one's native land and all humanity, there is no neutrality. Either one must, by principle and practice, work for the cause, or one must be in some way its opposer and adversary."—C. A. FORSELL (b. 1807, d. 1869), clergyman and teacher.

"If any invention of man may be considered prompted by the powers of evil, it is without doubt that which of grain, that the earth with the blessing of God bears for nourishment, prepares a dangerous drink of such doubtful advantage when used moderately, and which in its misuse does more harm than the greatest public scourge, and not only paves the way to hell, but makes a hell on earth." — Bishop Franzen (b. 1772, d. 1847).

"It has been said of us Swedes that we are civilized Lapps; and if there be anything that can show that the Lapp peeps out in the midst of our civilization, it is the coarse craving for intoxicating burning drinks, which has obtained the sanction of fireside custom chiefly through the example of the educated classes of society." — Major J. H. HAGELEM (b. 1797, d. 1871).

"If I should reckon up all the diseases that physicians have found to have their origin in drunkenness, there would be no end to my speech."—CARL VON LINNÉ (Linnæus, b. 1707, d. 1778).

"I know no price which I should not be ready to pay for the deliverance of the Swedish nation from destruction by intoxicating drinks." — OSCAR I., King of Sweden (b. 1799, d. 1859).

"The powers of our government ordain quarantines and other precautions against the introduction and pro-

pagation of contagious diseases, enforce vaccination to keep smallpox from ravaging and destroying us, provide means to aid the needy in the regions where there are poor harvests and famine, and maintain by land and sea our defences against foreign invasion. Has any pestilence been as destructive or shown as destructive consequences as the misuse of intoxicating drinks? . . . Why are not some thoroughgoing means put in operation to attack and conquer this internal enemy?"—Magnus Huss (b. 1807, d. 1890), general medical director, physician, and philanthropist.

"Before God, these carousers at the overloaded table or with the toddy-glass are most certainly no better than their counterparts in the gutter." — Bishop von Scheele (b. 1838).

"There are many to say that their example makes the world neither better nor worse. That the world is no better because they have used intoxicating drinks we are all convinced. The experiment is still to be tried whether their giving up of this practice can be of use."

— Dean Sondin (b. 1807, d. 1885).

"The poor man arranges his meal according to his conscience and his convictions, but the rich is dependent entirely on the exactions of his guests and his associates. If every course is not washed down with its established kind of wine, the host is considered to have violated hospitality's first and most important fundamental laws."—Bishop Landgren (b. 1810, d. 1888).

"If in these last twenty years youth had been met in the 'better' circles by the opinion that it did not become an honorable man, a good citizen, a sincere friend of mankind, a true Christian, to drink, how many fathers had escaped sinking with sorrow into the grave, how many mothers had been spared a broken heart!"—Dean Peter Wieselgren (b. 1800, d. 1877), Sweden's most prominent champion of temperance.

"We have learned with distress how distinctively in-

temperance has acted upon the extent and character of crime."—KARL XIV. JOHAN, King of Sweden (b. 1764, d. 1844).

"Now the statistics from various lands show that out of one hundred prisoners, from forty to eighty attribute their fall to intoxicating drinks." — SIGFRID WIESELGREN (b. 1843), General Director of the Prison Department.

It will be seen that the advocates of temperance in Sweden have allowed their trumpets to give no uncertain sound.

Another publication of a late Royal Commission for the promotion of temperance has issued a card entitled,—

An Approximate Estimate of the Annual Expense of the Swedish People for the Purposes mentioned below.

Bread 1	60 million o	erowns.
Milk 1	00 · "	44
Alcoholic drinks and ale	80 "	66
Sugar and syrup	45 "	66
Potatoes	40 "	"
Coffee, tea, and chocolate	35 "	66
Tobacco	20 "	66
Woollen goods	80 "	66
Cotton goods	30 "	66
Linen goods	15 "	66
The country's defence	40 "	66
Interest on national debt	10 "	66
Foreign missions	1 "	66

Royal Temperance Commission, 1892.

The card is adorned with a representation of the above statement in broad colored lines, varying in length in proportion to the sums stated, bread being the standard. The Gottenburg System has done much to decrease intemperance in Sweden by compelling food to be sold with intoxicating drinks retailed in small quantities, and by making the sale of intoxicants the business of the public authorities; the profits being spent for the public good, the hired salesmen receiving only their appointed, fixed salaries.

As to the second article of the good dean's indictment against the Swedish people, it must be mentioned that Swedes themselves generally insist that the sin of the nation, especially in the upper classes, is extravagance rather than avarice. In humble life, when intemperance does not destroy the character, the Swedes are generally contented, industrious, economical, and thrifty. This statement may be readily substantiated by referring to the well-known character of the Scandinavian emigrants who have peopled so large a part of the great Northwest.

Profanity does not mean the same thing in Sweden as in America. It is not a light and irreverent use of the name of the Deity, but rather the mention of the Evil One, by his distinctive appellation, or some of the various substitutes or contractions by which he is indicated. This latter practice, in Sweden as elsewhere, is considered to prove a low standard of manners and morals in the speaker, and is what is technically called swearing.

Strange to say, many Swedes, like the French, use the name of the Deity lightly and freely, as an exclamation in common conversation. This is especially true of old-fashioned people, whose life habits were fixed long ago. A respectable elderly lady or gentleman, otherwise irreproachable, may be heard at some

slight disaster coupling together in an exclamation the holy names by which the apostle Thomas acknowledged his belief in his Divine Master. Among the young Christians of the present generation such offences are never committed.

As to the customs of the men of Sweden with regard to swearing, it is impossible to take any ground. Habitual swearers in most countries condemn the practice by showing that they consider it inadmissible in the presence of ladies.

The good dean's catalogue of national sins would apply in a measure to all civilized countries, and was in a way a new form of the old classification of the enemies renounced at baptism, — the sins of the body, the temptations of outward life, and of the evil heart within, — from which enemies may the whole Christian world be collectively and individually delivered!

## A PAIR OF POOR-HOUSES.

NAME-DAYS are celebrated in Sweden as much as birthdays. These festivals stand marked in the almanac; and so there are three hundred and sixty-five extra chances of having a day when one is to be specially fêted.

As Swedes often have three baptismal names, the probability is increased of being honorably mentioned in the almanac. In this catalogue stand not only apostles and martyrs, the saints of old, the Christian Fathers, but Martin Luther, Knut, the Seven Sleepers, and all the present royal family of Sweden.

Oscar Day is on the 1st of December; and it is a favorite joke that it is usually accompanied by a falling of stars, the breasts on which they are to find rest being indicated by the king, and duly published in the official government organ as orders conferred.

One Oscar Day has left for itself a special memory. A loyal bishop, adorned with his official cross and chain and wearing his "stars," held a service in a chapel in celebration of the day. Devout prayers were made for the "king and all in authority," followed by the singing of Luther's psalm, "Our God is our strong fortress," which has for the Swedes much the character of a national hymn.

The patriotic little congregation dispersed with specially friendly greetings and nods and pats in the vestibule. A kindly Swede had ordered an uncommonly good supper to be given to the inmates of the poor-house of the city in honor of the occasion.

The poor-house proved to be like an elastic little red cottage, that had been simply stretched out to an extraordinary length. The sun had set at about three o'clock, and it was quite dark when we arrived on the premises. Entering unannounced with the giver of the feast, we groped our way, as best we could, by the light that came through the small windows from the street without. The corridor extended along the side of the whole building; it was paved with cobble-stones, as if it were a public thoroughfare. We looked into a room. There we saw by the dim candle a man in one bed in the last stages of consumption; in another was a sick child, who dived deep down under the covering at our approach. In a second room were grisly-haired men and women, whose faces bore the record of want and sin. Through the partition wall we heard the sound of exquisite singing, as of some wonderful, supernatural bird. We went in search of the singer. It was a tiny, trim little girl, who seemed to warble as if that were her natural, untaught mode of expression. We were in the land of Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson. In the room where the little singer was wandering about, sat a half-dozen old crones around a table, enjoying the comfortable meal that had been provided for them. One of them had been moved to make a couplet in honor of the giver, which she repeated for us after the requisite amount of persuasion. A young girl stood shyly off at one side, not joining the group at the table. She was a "sinner," who even in that last resort of poverty was not usually allowed to be at the table with the old women, who

considered themselves respectable though poor. One of these withered, broken-down workers looked at the girl a moment, and then suddenly made a place for her on the bench where she herself was sitting, and said impulsively, "Come, sit down with us, child, for it is the king's name-day!" Perhaps in the old woman's mind there ran a vague thought of the mercy of the King of kings towards all his wandering children.

At the hotel, that evening, there was a strong contrast to the scene at the poor-house. There was a grand ball in the king's honor, and music, and the clinking of glasses, until far into the night, when there came a hush, and then the stumbling upstairs of late carousers.

Years passed by, and another visit to the poorhouse of the same little city was proposed and accepted. The poor-house still by name, it stood now far outside the streets of the town, with a wide, well-kept stretch of land around it. There trees were growing, and potatoes and a variety of useful winter supplies had been harvested. Within all was light and cheerful, and most admirably arranged. Neatly dressed, contented-looking old women were sitting by white-curtained windows, with usually a blossoming plant or two on the sill. Each had her own simple but comfortable chair, and a small table, on which some devotional books were carefully piled. They all looked so cheerful and were so glad to see us that the visit was really a pleasure.

It was sadder to look in on some half-witted inmates picking wool, and some young offenders in a carefully closed room. We came into one part of the building where all seemed exceedingly still; but we had hardly entered a large room before a voice called out from one of the beds, "I am ninety years old; I am blind; I am cousin to the dentist in town." The old bed-ridden woman having brought forward her claims for proper attention was duly talked to, and was perhaps cheered by the variety the interview brought into her narrow life, as her zest for conversation seemed by no means diminished by age.

The side of the house occupied by the men was less attractive. They looked restless and dissatisfied. One of them, a blind fiddler, was said to be incorrigible in his perpensity to roam, and was always stealing off, even in winter, for secret expeditions, to be brought back again by the proper authorities, or by cold and hunger, to the comfortable quarters which he had deserted.

The whole establishment was in excellent order. Even the cellars were worth showing. As a part of the stores of fuel, there were heaps of balls made from wet turf, patted with the hand, and thoroughly dried for use. In another vault were stored the Swedish turnips, that look in the autumn fields of Germany, an imaginative traveller might say, like the bleeding heads of massacred babies.

In the dining-room the table was spread; simple fare it was, indeed, but plentiful. A glass of ale was provided for each inmate.

The Swedes are perhaps slow to see the necessity of reform in any department; but when they undertake the work, it is thoroughly done.

Within a few years there has been an immense advance in the zeal, energy, kindliness, and good sense shown in all efforts for the poor. The Charity Organization Society (Associated Charities) is in full force in Stockholm, and doing an admirable work under the direction of most skilful and large-hearted managers. The ladies who would years ago have been simply ornaments of society and the centres of happy home life, are now willing, without neglecting other duties, to give much time to this noble systematizing and making sensible and really lastingly useful efforts for raising the poor to a higher level, instead of merely supplying their immediate and purely bodily needs.

There are many other benevolent associations which are doing much in the same direction, and acting in concert with this general society. Deaconesses have their work in their own institutions, in hospitals, and refuges for the unfortunate and guilty, in crèches for the children of working-women, as well as in the homes of the poor in the parishes of the capital.

One noble lady lives in a lodging-house for the poor, where, under her supervision, small apartments and single rooms are let at a moderate price. The wild, reckless inmates, "uncanny to others, are gentle to her," and show her in some cases a most grateful devotion.

The "slum sisters" of the Salvation Army are doing a similar good work in a slightly different way.

There are free Industrial Schools (Arbetstagor, work cottages, so called, though held in city buildings), where refined ladies, old and young, give their services to teach poor children during the winter evenings all sorts of useful handiwork. A shoemaker shows them how to make and mend shoes, and for carpentry they have a regular mechanic, as well as ladies

trained to teach the finer wood-work. Some of the pupils make pretty and useful articles of bast, or hemp mats, or knit, or mend and make over garments that are sent in by the benevolently disposed. The boys are often very unruly at first, for they are from the lowest of the city populace; but kindness and steady discipline usually make them, at last, thankful and industrious.

Strange stories come to us from these schools of the early depravity of these poor waifs, brought about by professional begging, or peddling by night in the streets and at the doors of places of amusement. The money so easily gained is often thrown away for a momentary and destructive indulgence. Some of these boys have strange freaks, betaking themselves to the woods for weeks in the spring, to live in the trees, anywhere or anyhow, rather than under a roof.

Christian love and Christian work are doing much for these little outcasts; but more organized effort for the rescue of street children is needed in Stockholm, as in the other great cities of the world.



ON THE WAY TO STOCKHOLM.

## A-SWEDISH WINTER.

You wake on a cold winter morning in a Swedish country home; the thermometer is below zero (Fahren-The house gets slowly warm; hot coffee and hot porridge are most welcome. You look out of the window. There has been a fresh fall of snow in the night: the walks inside and outside the enclosure are already cleared; the snow-plough has been at work. It is but a great A, made of solid timber, and drawn by a strong rope at the point by one sturdy man, but it is thoroughly effective. There out in the road is its larger sister; it has two bars across the A instead of one, and a pair of upright posts at the base, against which two men are vigorously pushing, while two more are sitting on the bars to keep the whole affair down, and to be themselves ready to help in any emergency. Four strong oxen, guided by rope reins, are pulling in front; while a free pair are led behind the plough, to be substituted, when necessary, for two of the workers in front. The road will soon be as well cleared as the sidewalks.

The children are before nine o'clock on their way to a new-fashioned co-education school in an old castle. Three boys are shooting along on skidor, free from all encumbrances. Their satchels are fast to the poles of the sparkstötting (foot-pusher) that the elder brother is driving before him, with amazing

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A leap of twenty-five yards was lately made by a Norwegian on skidor (snow-shoes).

rapidity, by a measured back kick, for a while with one foot, and then with the other. A tall girl is on skidor, while her little sister is drawing her long, high, narrow, cushioned sled, while from her arm hangs a pair of skates, that she may be sure of some fun during the lunch recess.

At noon the bay is displaying a panorama in silhouette. The high-road for all the region round is now the middle of the bay on the two-foot-thick ice, and is in excellent order after the fresh fall of snow. Black in the distance, against their white background, horses and sleighs, loads of wood, and foot-passengers are moving along, too far away for one to hear a sound from them, but distinctly outlined in the sharp clear air.

Later in the day there is a sleighing-party out from Stockholm. How festal it looks! The white nets cover the horses, and the tassels seem dancing like little spirits wild with joy. (These nets generally betoken pleasure-riding; they have been used for hundreds of years to protect the faces of the travellers in case the horses should throw back the snow.) The coachmen are generally standing behind the sleighs; but gentlemen jockeys like best to drive themselves, the left foot out of the sleigh, resting firmly on the runner, to give them a firm purchase as they hold in their spirited horses. They all sweep by, and silence again reigns. It is quite dark at five o'clock, and the children are glad, for they know a party of young men on skidor, experts, are to be expected. Here they come, speeding along at a marvellous rate. With a blazing torch on every staff, the mysterious procession glides swiftly on its way, like winter will-o-the-wisps on a nocturnal frolic.

There is a chat round the cheerful wood-fire, now a blaze of coals, in the oven-like opening near the base of the great porcelain stove, — a chat that keeps on while the children are at their studies, until the whole crowd is let loose again, eager for supper, — a hot one and a hearty one, which all are going to venture to eat before going to bed. They eat it standing, but not with "their bread-troughs on their

backs," like the Israelites leaving the Egyptians. It is, though, a kind of family "passover" from the cares of the day to the rest of the night, and is hallowed by a prayer at the beginning and a thanksgiving at the close; and after comes the good-night kiss for the children, and later for the elders all round, and then the sweet sound sleep of a well-ordered country home.



A FOOT-PUSHER.

What marvels await you next morning! The glazed ends of the balcony are full of studies of delicate shrubbery in frost below, and flecked with small shining white stars above. The trees have put on their bridal garments, and stand in festal feathery array indescribably beautiful. Every shrub and twig is coated, not "inch deep with pearl," but daintily with an exquisite glittering white foliage, ethereal enough for a fairy world, but lavished on great oaks as well as on the slightest topmost sprays of the slender birches. The kindly snow has covered the

earth for months. Stains come on the pure garment; then drops a fresh fall, like free forgiveness after prayer, and all is pure again.

You drive out to see the world in its frost drapery, and come suddenly on what seems a fortification in ice going up on a hillside near an old castle. It cannot be the work of the children, like the fort passed a minute ago. The well-hewn blocks are too heavy for young arms to manage. This beautiful structure has a prosaic meaning; it is the store of ice for the neighborhood for the coming short summer. It will be covered over, and possibly made green with bright spruce branches laid over the mine of refreshment below.

You call perhaps on a friend. How warm and cosey it looks within! The great "bay" in which the drawing-room ends is full of plants, a towering palm in the midst. Books peep out from behind rich curtains on the walls; a ceramic procession seems taking its way around the room, on that carved oaken shelf high up on the wall. The piano knows it is always an awkward guest, with all its musical charms, and half hides behind a gay Japanese screen. There is a bright wood-fire in the porcelain stove, really laid in the old-fashioned American way. You have such a cordial welcome, and of course a cup of hot chocolate, and some pleasant chat, and then must be going. In the great vestibule the monstrous fawncolored dog rises from his giant basket and luxurious rug, and stands, as if out of courtesy to the departing guest.

Only the ladies were at home. The master of the house was early off to the city, but not so early that he had not been round among the cottagers to know

how they had fared through the night, which had been exceptionally cold, and there are many little children in those humble homes. What a nice time those children have in their Sunday-school; and when the yearly feast-day comes round, the best part of it is when a certain kind lady who takes a mother's



HOAR FROST.

care over them all, comes with a good and interesting book to read a little aloud to them herself and enjoy seeing them happy together. They remember that they got from her just the garments they really needed, as well as some delicious sweets, at Christmas time, and feel that she knows all about them.

Yes, Christmas-time, — the family festival, the Christian festival, the culminating joy of the Swedish winter! Round the lamp in pleasant home intercourse

the long winter evenings have grown longer and longer, and yet were not half long enough, for there was so much to be said and so much to be done and so much to be read, so many Christmas presents to plan, and Christmas presents to sew and paint and carve and crochet and embroider, that eleven and even twelve o'clock would strike before the busy circle would fairly break up and say good-night at last.

The great Christian festivals - Easter, Whitsunday, and Christmas - must always in Sweden have their beginning and middle and end. The house must be made clean for the feast, as well as the heart. Everything that can be polished or burnished or blackened or scoured must go through the process it individually requires. Every article of stuffed furniture must taste the open air, and be attacked by two strong women, rattan in hand, who beat the supposed dusty offender in turn, keeping time with their sharp raps, so that almost the welkin rings with the sound. In over-neat city houses, this same process may be repeated weekly. An invalid living in an apartment house was heard to say that her neighbor on the floor below had her ten sofas regularly beaten on the landing every Saturday morning. This, it may be hoped, was an exceptional case of domestic cleanliness.

Before Christmas, in a Swedish country home, there is a wild stir in the kitchen, as a variety of specially good things, essentials for the occasion, must be prepared. Bread of all kinds and colors must be baked. There must be very light yellow bread, tinted with saffron; soft chocolate-brown bread, in great round cakes; and thin little

spiced fawn-colored cakes, which you keep on eating, in the vain hope of being sometime satisfied. There must be gingerbread men and pigs and stout little girls, and tarts filled with something that looks like pumpkin custard (we never saw anybody eating it), which well represents a muddy pond, on which little ducks of baked dough are hopelessly trying to swim. There must be a plate arranged for every child and servant of the establishment to be special individual property, for private consumption. These plates are filled with confectionery, nuts, and fresh and dried and candied fruit, and are in themselves enough to produce "after-Christmas symptoms" in anybody not born a Swede.

Locked doors are the order of the day before Christmas. Behind them mysterious workers are making mysterious gifts; and as the festival draws near nobody has time to be agreeable or social or restful for more than a moment half grudgingly given.

There is a great demand for wrapping-paper at last, and the smell of sealing-wax pervades the house; for the Christmas packages are being put up as carefully as if they were state documents or gifts of love to be sent to a distant province. All must be poets, born or made, for the occasion; for at least a couplet must follow every gift, rhyme being considered more than reason, and love more than flowing verse.

The Christmas-tree is a universal and essential element in the keeping of the great feast-day of the year. It towers majestic and high in the castle; and its tiny counterpart, with a few poor candles, shines cheerfully in the low attic room or the humble wayside cottage. The turkey is not a specially honored fowl at Christmas-time, and by no means an

invariable part of the entertainment. Pork, in some form, must appear, — a custom which may date back more than a thousand years, to the time when heathen forefathers celebrated the Feast of Lights and had not yet heard of the Babe of Bethlehem.

There are certain usages and dishes that appear in every comfortable Swedish family at Christmas; but the mode of celebration round the tree varies naturally according to the condition, taste, and principles of individual families. The picture given below is individual, but it is, in general outline, what occurs in thousands of families in Sweden.

The morning of the 24th of December found a certain mother of a happy little circle of children early at work getting off parcels to be sent to various poor families according to their several needs, and with the little additional dainties that were special reminders of the day, - not necessities, but expressions of kindly The father had been out with the boys, and had returned with a towering tree that drooped its splendid branches down to their tips, as if to scatter blessings broadcast. The dining-room carpet was covered with white all about the centre, and in its midst the tree was placed, supported safely by the strong wooden frame or stand into which the trunk was fitted below. Over this stand white folds of linen were cast, like drifted snow. According to proper Swedish usages, the family should have dined in the kitchen; but as they were too many to be so accommodated in the kitchen of a city apartment, another room was forced into the service for the nonce.

A mystery had already crept over the abode of the tree, and soon it was not to be peeped at at all, for it

was putting on its Christmas array. Bristling with candles held upright by weights attached to the tiny holders, sprinkled with bright tinsel threads, sparkling with shining stars and gay little glass balls, and patriotic, too, with small fluttering flags, it was nearly ready at last, just waiting for the light angel, that hung by a thread, to seem flying down from the tiny topmost branch with its glad message. The tree



A WINTER MORNING.

was lighted by many helpers, simultaneously working on all sides; and a reliable watcher with a wet cloth on a long staff was warned not to take her eyes from the tree, under any circumstances, that there need be no danger of fire to make distress in the midst of the joy.

Two great baskets full of packages were stored away under the large table, — for, of course, no presents were on the tree.

The wide double doors were thrown suddenly open,

and the thronging children, looking their prettiest and all unconscious of their festal array, were admitted. They came in with a burst, but stopped almost at once, as if at some celestial unexpected vision. The tree was really so beautiful, it quite awed them into silence. All silently they walked around it, fair curls flowing, and fair faces uplifted, until they were quite satisfied that they had really taken in its wonderful beauty. Then the mother began with a sweet carol, in which the young voices happily joined.

All sat while the father read reverently the story of the Babe in the Manger, and then thanked the dear Heavenly Father, in a few simple and natural words, for the Great Gift to man. There was another short carol, and then the presents were lavishly dealt out. The big jackets were drawn out from their hiding-place, and the father, who presided at the distribution, laid his hand first on a gift for the grandmother (was it an accident?), and sent it by a little golden-haired child, whose sweet loving way doubled the value of the pretty gift. Round and round the bright curly heads were to be seen, now here and now there, — pleasant messengers with a pleasant errand as gift-bearers to each and all.

The servants had more than their full share, where they sat in an orderly row, with the sick-nurse of last year and her little son, to have a part in the gladness as well as the gifts. An old gentleman, a chance guest and a foreigner, to whom the whole scene was new, was heard to struggle with a choking difficulty in his throat; while his eyes shone with an unusual brightness, as the lights from the Christmas-tree were mirrored in the unwonted tears that filled his eyes.

It was several hours before this wholesale giving

of presents was over, and all the recipients had who could tell how many in their own special place of deposit. The servants were seen to take special care of an envelope for each, that had within a pictured paper, with figures on it, —it might be V or X or XX, according to circumstances. There was no end of kissing and thanking and courtesying and shaking hands, before this part of Christmas was over. The supper later, of course, must have a big dish of rice porridge, all criss-crossed with lines of powdered cinnamon, to be pretty, and have the tree flavor for the eve of a feast-day.

Even on Christmas Eve children must go to bed, reluctantly of course,—to be caught by the sand man, or his Swedish counterpart, and made silent and helpless in the midst of their prattle.

What quiet there was, what wonderful quiet, when the children had disappeared! Old thoughts of years gone by came thronging on the elders; and soon, with gratitude for the present blended with pensive remembrances of what had been, they parted with a tender good-night.

To see the Christmas morning service properly, one must be in the country. As one speeds, in the early dimness, over the bright snow, to the sound of the sleigh-bell, lamps, candles, or closely set dips flash out for you from cottage and farm-house and stately mansion. You reach the church portals. A worshipper is going in, and there is a flash from the open doors, and a sound of sweet music, as if one had had a peep into heaven. You enter. Light! light! light! is the expression of joy for the Swedish Christmas, the feast of Him who was the light of the world.

In every place in the church where a candle can be

placed, it is doing its little all for the general illumination. In the choir there is perhaps a tall cross all ablaze with brightness; but the spirit of the short service speaks more of Christian joy than of the suffering by which it was won for man.

Later in the day, you will have a sermon and specially prepared music. Then comes the marvel-lously good dinner, over which we will not linger, nor register the various beverages that will be produced in honor of the occasion, nor the toasts and witty little speeches that will accompany them. There may be lively games in the evening, or a by no means stately dance, in which old and young will merrily join.

Christmas-tide is not over with Christmas Day. There is an after-glow and an aftermath in Annandag-Jul, or Otherday-Yule, which follows on the day after Christmas, as Easter Monday and Whit-Monday do Easter and Whitsunday. On these "Otherdays" one goes to church in the morning, and must not in the remaining hours touch a needle, or any implement of work, excepting for necessary household purposes. "Servile labor" is abandoned on these days, by general consent, but "vain recreation" is not so entirely discountenanced. "Thirteenth Day" (Epiphany) has always a half-holiday character, though there is service in the churches. On Twentieth Day, or Knut's Day, January 13, according to Swedish parlance, Christmas "dances out," and there may chance to be a ball to give or perpetuate a practical meaning to the saying.

Servants, who have often had peculiar privileges and unusual liberty during Christmas-tide, must now soberly settle themselves to their ordinary duties.

The Christmas-tree has in many kindly families been lighted again on New Year's Day, and poor children have been assembled about it to sing carols, dance round it, receive gifts and "goodies," and have their full share of fun and frolic. Epiphany generally banishes the Christmas-tree; but sometimes eager little pleaders manage to have it kept till Knut's Day, though it has grown airy and translucent, and sheds a green shower at the slightest touch. The very individual tree that has been described, had such a protracted time of honor. When a strong man and several women undertook, at last, to carry it out of the corner of the dining-room, where it had lingered, the branches that had been easily bent at their forced entrance, now dried and stiffened, refused to pass through the wide double door. Strong hands coolly snapped the obstinate limbs with a sharp crack, that made the children, before almost ready to weep at parting with the friend of the holidays, now cry out with sudden indignation. So the great Christmas-tree disappeared; and probably that evening some poor little children had a bright, swift passing glow in the twilight fire in which Swedes particularly delight.

Now books will be brought out, lessons studied, and all go its usual round until glad Easter, when Spring will fairly oust Old Winter, even in the far North.

## SUMMER.

A CERTAIN standard dictionary defines summer to be the warmest part of the year; and of this description the Swedish summer is certainly worthy.

Even the Swedish poets have tried to throw a halo around May. Tegnér writes of "May with roses in her hat," but in most places in Sweden she must have picked them in fairyland. "The Swedish summer," some cynical writer has said, "is, after all, but a green winter;" but this is of course an exaggeration. In June one begins to look for warm weather. A few almost hot days come now and then, followed by a chilly time, and another warm "spell;" and so on, between hope and fear, and impatient waiting for the summer, until autumn comes at last instead.

Meanwhile the Swedes are luxuriating in "the warmest part of the year." They are not content with sitting on porches and verandahs; they need no shelter, they want to be wrapped round by the sunshine and the mild air. They like to have the sky above them, with no shadowing roof between them. Many families even take their meals for months on some gravelled terrace or grassy lawn, unless fairly driven indoors by pelting rain; and when a stranger is glad to have a shawl or an overcoat, the natives are delighting in the "lovely summer weather." There is much to be said on the other side of the question. There are no days when one pants for breath, and creeps round

exhausted longing for the evening, when one may have strength and resolution to undertake the simple duties of life. The thunder-showers are short and rare, and usually end in a settled rain. Few houses are supplied with lightning-rods. As to hurricanes, they are exceptional occurrences. It is usually more comfortable during a Swedish summer to sleep with your windows shut than open, and is considered more healthful.

The season of flowers, if not of warmth, usually begins in May, though all the winter the city florists have had their windows full of bloom. Flowers come. in Sweden, to be almost overshadowed with associations of sorrow. The lily of the valley and the white camellia will speak of the early dead. The funereal hearse is open, and the coffin appears covered with wreaths and floral designs; while depending from them long, very wide white ribbons, bearing golden inscriptions, express the sympathy and sorrow of societies. superiors in office, friends and — foes we had almost said, so universal is this custom. The flowers and the ribbons are placed in the grave with the coffin. On the mound that will be raised, there will perhaps for long years be always a fresh bouquet, or a wreath, placed there by constant, loving friends. Flowers are not merely for summer and joy in the North.

The Swedes divide summer as definitely as we do the day, into forenoon and afternoon. The "early summer" lasts only till the 24th of June, while the "late summer" may linger into September. The early summer is the time that the maidens and the poets love, while the late summer is regarded much like worthy, respectable middle age. It has its uses in the community, but there is little poetry about it. The wild-flowers of the early summer are most beautiful and

abundant, and, massed in single colors, charmingly adorn the drawing-rooms of country homes for the whole season, ferns supplying their place when nothing particularly attractive is for the moment accessible. Cottage windows are generally filled all the year round with flowering plants for the pleasure of the inmates, or for the profits derived from their sale.

The summer days go by, and lengthen as they go. Wake out of sleep when you will, you start and think it is morning. You double your window-shades, draw close the curtains, and make your own night inside your room, although it is broad daylight for all nature without. Midsummer Eve comes the 23d of June, a festival of light of a different order from that of Christmas. The sun may be setting, even in the region of Stockholm, at a little after nine o'clock, and claiming the whole evening for its twilight, and then be energetically up and doing at half-past two the next morning, after having its own long preliminaries of early dawn, in spite of its last night's vigils.

What a time of rejoicing the Swedes have at this wonderful festival! The birds are now in the ascendant, as the spruce was at Christmas. The bright bearers are fluttering everywhere, as if quivering with glee. The centre of joy is, of course, the may-pole, as the midsummer emblem of frolic is called. When May is an imposition, and no season for fun, the pole keeps its name, but is raised judiciously in milder June. The dancing round the may-pole is most joyous, beautiful, and picturesque, when the little children have it all to themselves. They have picked the birch leaves and the wild-flowers, and have unskilfully twined them to adorn the family may-pole. Parents look on and smile, as they see the children dance round and

round in wild joy; but soon an older sister or brother, a mamma or papa, a maid here, a farmer's wife there, or even a grandmother or a grandfather, may be found in the merry ring. This we may see at almost any country home on Midsummer Eve.

There is often a great public may-pole at the parade-ground near Stockholm. Through the royal



BIRCHES OF GOTA CANAL.

park (Djutgården) all the latter part of the day parties are taking their way to the scene of the festivities. The wraps and the big luncheon-baskets show plainly they mean to make a night of it, if the long twilight, with sunshine on both sides of it, can be called night at all. Even little children are, it seems, to be spared the pain of going to bed for once in the year. How could the laborer's family otherwise have their part of the fun? A promiscuous crowd is on the paradeground,—soldiers and citizens, honest workmen and

worthless rabble, lookers-on in carriages, boy spectators in all kinds of mischief, men and women and little children, all crowding towards the spot where the may-pole is the centre of attraction. The maypole is making its toilet. Not that it is any pole at all, in the bare sense of the term. It is more like the towering mast of a ship, with its cross-yards, one, two, and three, rising in a diminishing series, and taking on, in all haste, a light drapery of birch leaves. Not that the may-pole is yet upright. It lies stretched on supports some feet from the ground, until its toilet is over, and its summit literally crowned, as the monarch of the summer. comes the raising. Strong men, ropes, and ingenious contrivances are doing their best. It rises, rises slowly, like a skilled gymnast, without making a curve or bending a joint, when there is a sudden crash and a cry of distress. No human being is hurt, but the heavy crown has been too much for the may-pole, and it has snapped, and the top is bowing helplessly over. Republicans need not rejoice at the accident (a serious fact one Midsummer Eve), for there is a prompt bracing and splicing, and soon the stately may-pole stands firm in its place, held fast by the strong stanchions below. A shout, a glad shout, goes up from the multitude, - a hearty loyal shout; the may-pole is all right, and the crown is all right, and the music will soon strike up, and the crowd will be glad, they hardly know why. It grows chilly now, for it is a little after midnight, and more spectators are dropping away. The carriages roll back to the city and to the quiet of the tall clustering houses.

To see Midsummer Eve in its perfection one should be in Dalecarlian, where the peasants in their various gay costumes deck the may-pole and dance around it their own peculiar dances, which have come down to them from the far, far past.

Midsummer Day is a holyday as well as a holiday. You must not sew, and you probably go to church in the morning, and find the service attended by a large congregation. You may hear nothing of stern John the Baptist, and much of field and flower and sunny skies; for the midsummer feeling of the day generally shines out in the services rather than the stern preacher of repentance. In the afternoon it is the thing to be in the open air somewhere, and as cheery and happy as if life were a long Midsummer Day.

Midsummer is over, and the late summer has now begun. The birds have built their nests, and absorbed in their family cares perhaps forget to sing. The time has come for the sickle and the scythe to be at work, "to reap the grass and the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between." The bright golden counterpart of the ox-eyed daisy, the full asters, and many of their beautiful companions are still in store for you; and in thrifty Sweden one must not complain if something less than "an angel visits the earth and takes the flowers away."

The bright orange mushrooms (Kantarella) that even a child can know, and other well-known varieties, will be tempting whole families into the woods, to come home laden with such spoil, gathered in the midst of the gray reindeer-moss under the drooping spruces. What a nice stew they make for supper, with the relish of a merry walk and family enjoyment, to give it a special charm! Supper is a cheery meal once more; for the lamps that have been put away or transformed into vases, come out with the

August evenings, and are again made a centre for the family circle.

The evenings soon begin to be chilly, and the invalid and the old man are pleased with the proposal that there shall be the crackling of a light fire in the open stove, if only to make everything look home-like and cosey once more.

Summer in the North is indeed but a poor imitation of the summer of summer climes; it is really more like a long-drawn May, the May of the poets, which one welcomes and loves and praises,— a fickle enchantress, but an enchantress still.



CHRISTINE NILSSON.





## JOY AND SORROW.

THE wood nymphs are not altogether "dead, forgotten, and out of mind " in Sweden. The spirit of joy still dwells in the birch, and the spirit of sorrow in the evergreen. This might seem a strange assertion to the naughty boy, who has unpleasant associations with the fragrant young twigs of the birch; it is, however, true, though, in Swedish as in English, the birch is the emblem of punishment. The Swedish rod is no single, slender switch, but a bundle of twigs tied firmly together fairly to fill the hand of the chastiser. These instruments of retribution are hardly to be distinguished from the somewhat larger country broom which sweeps the dust from the bare floors instead of childish faults from the walk of the little ones. The leafless birch appears in a somewhat different form at the beginning of Lent.

Before Shrove Tuesday (Fat Tuesday in Swedish, as expressive of good cheer) the women in the market-places have for sale any quantity of birch brooms, with small gay home-dyed feathers, arranged in the form of open lilies, and tied onto the ends of the twigs. These brooms or switches are a source of some income to the rustics who make them, and of much fun to the young buyers. Custom allows the children to range the house early on Shrove Tuesday morning, and whip as soundly as young arms will allow sleepers in bed, and sleepy people

out of bed, to the infinite delight of the litle ones, and the limited enjoyment of all who like a good morning nap. Having finished the work of chastisement, the rods are put into vases or jars filled with water, and in a wonderfully short time the grateful little twigs send out into the warm indoor air their tender green leaves, to charm the eyes of the children, who watch them day by day, to see this ever-repeated wonder of spring. Now the mission of joy has begun for the birch to keep straight on through the season of its beauty.

Is a triumphal arch to be thrown up for a bride to pass under on her way to her wedding, the bright birch boughs must trim it, and the pretty leaves quiver good wishes for her as she passes. Are the children to be confirmed in the church, the windowseats may be filled with light birch branches, the altar may be embowered in the same, and perhaps an arch thrown over the broad aisle at both ends, under which the little ones of the flock are to file in for the solemn ceremony, and afterwards go forward for the Confirmation vows. Is the Midsummer Eve may-pole to be adorned, the birch must be robbed to clothe its bare stem and crossyards. On Midsummer Day it is a poor horse, indeed, who has not a bunch of birch leaves to shake round his ears and tell how glad he is, and a dreary steamboat that is not a bower of birches. The very street cars are so adorned that it puts one in a festal mood merely to look at them, with holiday faces peeping up from among the green leaves. The leaf market is going on in Stockholm, and strangers must see the secular "feast of tabernacles," where all possible things are sold to the gaping, pushing crowd. The birch holds its grand triumph at midsummer, and

its glad mission then reaches its climax. The sentiment cherished towards the birch in Sweden is much like the tender, loving reverence that is called out by pure, fresh, early girlhood.

An invalid might tell how through long months a graceful young birch-tree before his window threw her light branches upward and whispered of joy. Like the faithful "Ritter Toggenburg," she was ever at her post. She changed her dress often, as with a true maidenly desire to please. In the spring, her light drapery was of the tenderest green. In summer, she was in full dress, and waving her leaves coquettishly with every passing wind. She had, too, her humors. Sometimes, in a storm, she seemed to be tossing her arms in wild distress. On hot days she was femininely nervous and quivering, while the dark, solemn oak that stood behind her, like a faithful servitor, was silent and still. In autumn she robed herself in golden yellow, from the treasured sunshine of the bright past. When winter came, she had often the snow for her raiment; but that soon fell away from her slender branches, and then she came out suddenly, some morning, exquisitely arrayed in feathery frost-work, like a saint who had won her white garments, and was fit to be a perpetual image of sacred, endless joy.

This might be an invalid's story, a story founded on fact, and a fact of yearly recurrence, wherever the favored birch is watched in its beautiful progress to the transfiguration of the fairy-like frost of the North.

## THE EVERGREEN.

You are walking in Stockholm some winter morning, when suddenly you find your pathway is clothed in green. Out from under an archway, across the sidewalk, along the street to the next corner, a wide path is strewn with bits of spruce, green and bright on the snow-covered ground. Then you know that death has passed that way, and has left for you and all a whisper of immortality in the leaf which does not fade in sorrow or joy, in winter or summer, in heat or cold. A happy child passes by, picks up a sprig fresh from the woods, and runs home with its treasure. To him it speaks only of sweet country joy; but the grown up people know there is sorrow in hearts near at hand, and give a tender sympathetic look at the house they are There no window-shutters are "bowed" in Swedish cities to tell that sorrowing hearts are behind them, no black crape is tied to the door-bell, no little white ribbon speaks of a baby missed in the household. Only the green path where the hearse has been borne reminds the passer-by that all are mortal. Within the house of mourning, perhaps, the sacred quiet room has been dressed with evergreen garlands, or drooping branches, or green plants, when not a blossom is seen. The evergreen in Sweden is never a token of joy. There is no church-dressing, at Christmas, by happy country congregations, or paid city guardians of the sanctuary. Birnam wood, or any other, never sends its trees in procession to stand around the altar to celebrate the birth of Him who opened the way to the Tree of Life.

You go into a rural cemetery. There is a new-made grave. No turf has had time to grow over it, but careful hands have clothed it in green. The pretty spruce branches have hidden the fresh soil. A wreath of flowers has been laid upon them, and you feel that the lost was loved.

Sorrow and homely ministry are coupled together in

the evergreen, as in life. The evergreen, the sign of mourning, has yet its humble household uses.

You may enter a lowly cottage on a Saturday afternoon. It has been freshly scoured for Sunday, and the white floor has been strewed with tiny sprigs of juniper or spruce, and the air is full of their fresh fragrance. Even in country shops may sometimes be seen this substitute for the more prosaic and more expensive white sand.

Two long lines of little rootless evergreen trees stand knee-deep on the snow, in the wide plains, to show where the road must pass, or hedge in the traveller on the highway, where the ditches are deep, and winter has hidden their borders. On the ice-covered bay there is a file of those sentinels, here and there, to show where the skater dare not venture, or the burdened sleigh would surely sink. Evergreen boughs cover the delicate roses under the snow, and even cast their green mantle over the refuse-heap. A mat of spruce boughs may make your feet clean at the door, and a broom of the same brush away the traces some hasty step has carelessly left in the vestibule. Even the chimney-sweep may pass you in the street with a sooty brush in his hand that has come from the forest to help him in his dusty calling.

So modest and lowly may be the ministry of the type of sorrow through the year, but its time of honor is coming. Sparkling with light, it is the Christmastree; for a spruce, and only a spruce, must the Christmastree be.

The pine-tree is an evergreen much prized for its healing power. To sit among the pines is thought almost as beneficial for the consumptive patient as a winter in Italy, or a summer trip to the heights of

Norway or Jutland. The Swedes like the pinewoods and will not own that they are gloomy, with the tall bare trunks, and the soft deep shadows even at noonday. In the sunset light the tall trunk of some giant pine may be of a glowing red, that is rarely seen in the American forest. Such a strong old tree may then seem like a mighty Viking of the past, bloody and fierce, but grand in his decline.

The Swedish elm is a stranger for one of Columbia's children. It is not the familiar beautiful tree, throwing its branches upward to the sunshine, then letting them droop in long streamers almost to the ground, as if to give to the earth the blessing it had caught from heaven. An old elm, in the latitude of Stockholm, is more like a great old cherry-tree in America; but no little children have climbed its branches for red ripe fruit, and no catbirds have screamed there their delight over a stolen feast.

The Swedish oak is smaller, and has its branches more finely ramified than the same tree in America. The ash, though late in leafing out, and early losing its foliage, is often a magnificent tree. When it is suddenly touched by the first frost, it is beautiful to see the great leaves gently, freely falling, as if to drop were a voluntary and pleasing act. Soon a rich green carpet lies round the tree, thick and soft with the wealth of the verdure, — the accumulated treasure of its short, happy summer.

The linden is a favorite in Sweden, especially for stately avenues. It grows to a great height, and may easily be mistaken for the American elm.

The beech, with its dark shadows, is common in Southern Sweden, and is most highly prized.

Trees are the riches of Sweden, far more than the

mines. The saw-mills of the North are busy in fashioning them into beams and planks; and in whizzing factories and quiet cottage homes all sorts of wooden implements are made for household, farm, or city use, at home and abroad.

The land that will bear no other certain crop can nourish the roots from which rise the tall trunks, to be the masts of great vessels; or the lesser trees that are soon to be the riches of the lumberman or the manufacturer, or to light the cheery evening fires in the castle or the cottage during the long winter of the far North.

#### THE SEVEN AGES.

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail, Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice In fair round belly with good capon lined, With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances: And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slippered pantaloon, With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side, His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

As You Like It, Act II. Scene 6.

THE *infant* in its mother's arms is the same helpless little thing all the world over, but "the clothes question" greatly modifies its appearance. The wee, limp

little creature, in its mass of long flowing drapery, may give rise to the complaint once uttered by a bachelor young clergyman, - "The object was hard to handle. for one could not know where tangibility commenced." This difficulty is often in a measure avoided in Sweden. by giving a kind of stiffness to the as yet unsteady, uncertain limbs. In old-fashioned homes, where daughters do as their mothers have done before them, the little one has a strong bandage passed round and round its body and legs "to keep them straight," and formerly the arms were pinioned close to the side. Instead of skirts, there is a long "mantle" of white piqué, not "buttoned all down before," but tied in front by many little strings. A small short sacque, of the same material, covers the upper part of the body. It wears a cap, of course, as it is supposed to be dangerous to have that possibly bald head so early exposed to the unkindly air. Not that one sees all these particulars at first glance. Probably a little round serious face may be discerned in the midst of a bundle of soft wrappings more or less elegant, according to circumstances.

The Swedish baby often starts out on life's journey at once in its "perambulator," cushioned and adorned according to taste,—its bed on wheels its home day and night. This is not an inconvenient arrangement in apartment houses, as the little one can be moved about, sleeping or waking, and is so more under the eye of the mother than if it were confined to the nursery. It has, too, the benefit of change of air from room to room, if there be any fresh air found on the premises. The double windows, that are so comfortable a protection against the cold of the long winter, are too frequently a hindrance to proper ventilation.

When all is so comfortable within, the Swede hesitates to let in the cold breezes from without, especially when a little baby is a new and honored member of the household. There are, of course, all sorts of sumptuous little beds, swinging at a touch, and draped and gilded, for children of luxury, who, like their elders, have about the same appointments in Sweden as elsewhere.

As soon as the child is born, the question is almost immediately agitated, "When is the baby to be baptized?" The ceremony will, if practicable, be at home, and as early as possible, according to the established Lutheran view on the subject. This is the more easily accomplished as the mother does not have the baby in her own arms during the ceremony, but it is committed to the grandmother or some respected friend or member of the family. Its name should be a profound secret until after the baptism. It may even have three or four names awaiting it, but no one but the parents must know their sound or sequence.

The eccentric and warm-hearted Bishop Swedborg, the father of Emanuel Swedenborg, was a strong advocate for baptisms in church, and had, by pamphlets on the subject and with all publicity, advocated his principles with apparently little success. In the midst of the controversy a little daughter was born to the zealous bishop. Of course she must be baptized in church; but this was no easy matter, as no priest would consent to perform the ceremony and no sponsors could be found to act on the occasion. The bishop stoutly declared he would baptize the baby himself, and sponsors would be forthcoming. In his difficulty he posted to the King, Karl XI., with whom he was on as familiar terms as a subject can be with his sovereign.

The interview was opened by the abrupt question on the part of the bishop, "Will your Majesty have the goodness to say whether I am to follow Stockholm fashions, or the laws of the Church?" Of course there could be but one answer, and it was at once decidedly given. The impulsive bishop opened more fully the case and his difficulties. The King volunteered to be himself the godfather, and would send his proxy to appear in his stead. As for the godmother, an appeal to the dowager-Queen, Hedwig Elenora, was advised. Here, too, Swedborg succeeded; and for the little one the honor was proposed of bearing the godmother's own name. The bishop burst out, "Everybody's daughter nowadays must have two or three names; one is enough for my child, and I shall esteem it an honor to call her Hedwig, after your Majesty."

The little girl was duly baptized in church, but with little effect, as far as the force of the example was concerned. This baptism in church took place about two hundred years ago, but private baptisms are still the rule in the upper classes of society.

A baptism may be under the church roof, and yet not be specially churchly. Ten or a dozen little babies from humble homes may be baptized, as it were "in the bunch," in a sacristy, with a tiny "crockery" bowl for a font, and, altogether, in a most informal and little reverent way. The frequent performance of the ceremony has often lessened, in the clergyman, the sense of its solemn meaning, and in the sacristy there is no worshipping congregation to influence his outward demeanor.

A baptism in a private house is often, in a devout Christian family, a peculiarly beautiful and touching ceremony. The room where the service is to take place is, in such cases, adorned with blossoming plants and cut flowers, and all the accessories of the ceremony are tastefully and reverently arranged. When the mother and the brothers and sisters sing an appropriate hymn, in which all present soon join, and the clergyman is a true pastor, the scene is not soon to be forgotten.

Some children have a dozen or more sponsors, chosen sometimes more for their honorable station or personal relation to the parents than for their peculiar fitness to train the child for the fulfilment of the solemn vows they take in its name. The sponsors are not necessarily present, and do not sometimes know until afterwards that the compliment has been paid them of being included in the list of the special Christian guardians and advisers of the little pilgrim with the new name.

"The whining schoolboy" probably is now in most countries a creature of the past, who died out when Dr. Birch ceased to rule in the class-room. Teaching has become for many who take it for their occupation a life-long profession, prepared for with care and assiduous study, and entered upon with the same motives that would induce the selection of any honorable, permanent career, and often with a higher devotedness that makes it one of the noblest of all callings.

The recitation is not, on the part of the child, a mere repetition of something learned, to be given out like the message of an errand-boy, to be forgotten as soon as delivered. The teacher, too, has made his preparation beforehand, not merely to know what is in the book as well as the scholar does, but to be able to add his own explanations and illustrations to make the lesson both interesting and profitable.

Indeed the teacher in Sweden is generally one day

in advance of the children, and gives them, before they are called on to study a lesson, its contents in a vivid outline, and often admirably explained and illustrated. It is, however, a pedagogical question whether the child would not better gain for himself a thorough skeleton of the matter before it is thus made living for him and charmingly clothed by the teacher.

The classes in the State schools in Stockholm are too large for the teacher to have much individual knowledge of the boys, unless he be an enthusiast in his profession and a skilful reader of character. He probably, in most cases, has a clearer idea of their heads than their hearts, or their predispositions and special temptations. Teachers in a State school in Sweden are sure of their pension for old age, if they continue the proper length of time in the service. The profession is an honored one, in the general feeling of the community, though, when it comes to the laws of social precedence, which are strictly established, it does not take its proper rank.

As for the boys, they are under strong pressure, and must study hard, if they want to be promoted to a more advanced, class at the close of the school year. Their recitations and deportment during the term authorize this promotion, rather than any final examination after a short period of forced work.

Corporal punishment is now rare in the schools, though men in middle life have wonderful stories to tell of being beaten and boxed about by impatient teachers in the days of their mischievous youth.

Private schools for boys are rare in Sweden. There is now an active movement towards enabling girls to avail themselves of the admirable opportunities for a thorough education, provided by the State.

The schools in Sweden belong to one great system, under the care of the State. A good, plain, sensible education is planned and carried out for the boys and girls of the people.

All the schools are carefully graded, and the children are advanced as strictly, according to rule, as they could be in a military academy. There are seven classes that they must go creditably through, in order to enter the university. The first class is the lowest, and the advance is upward to the seventh and last. A boy passes through five classes in five years, but the sixth and seventh classes require two years; so the whole course takes nine years, unless some unusually gifted boy is able to skip one class, and so get on more rapidly. No boy is allowed to enter these schools under nine years of age; but by entering the second class, he can avoid being more than eight years at school. There is no regular weekly or monthly report sent home; but each pupil is provided with a book, in which any striking failures or shortcomings, mentally or morally, may give him a register of disapproval. These books must be brought home on Saturday, and signed by a parent or guardian, to indicate that they have been shown to these authorities, as the rules of the school require. It is the pride of a boy to have this book blank, term after term, save for these requisite signatures. One scholar of our acquaintance got no mark of disapproval through his whole schooldays, excepting one for losing the precious book of disapprobation, and so requiring a new one. The parents are encouraged to visit the schools often, listen to the recitations, and find out whether their children are giving satisfaction.

At the close of each term a printed certificate is

sent to the parents, showing the average standard of a pupil, according to the report of all the teachers of his class. If he has not done moderately well, he must stay in the same class one year more, — which is considered a painful disgrace, and has its own opprobrious names among the boys.

To keep a good standing requires constant hard study for most boys, and many have what is called an "informator," a private tutor, who prepares them at home for the lessons they are to recite at school. Sometimes a parent or a brother or sister undertakes the same duty, and does it faithfully and efficiently. A boy of eleven years of age may be learning to read and write four languages (German, French, English, and Latin), beside his own (Latin is required only if he is preparing for the learned professions), geometry, botany, physiology, ancient history, and the history of his own country, to which great attention is paid. Arithmetic is, of course, at no time neglected, but algebra is taken up later.

The difference between a school-boy and a student is strongly marked. When the youth has once donned his white velvet student cap, adorned in front with its little rosette in the Swedish colors, blue and yellow, he feels he has left his childhood almost as fully behind him as if his head were white with age. The wisdom, however, of riper years is hardly to be expected yet, as his sure portion.

"The lover, sighing like furnace," should exist in Sweden, if anywhere; for it is often long before he gives any other sign of his inward woes, even to the chosen of his heart. As to whether he writes any "woful ballad" on the subject, his private commonplace-book could probably give the best testimony.

Real affection, founded on a thorough acquaintance has little chance to grow up between the young of the higher classes, where the sexes see so little of each other in a friendly and natural way. Hardly any cavalier would be so presuming as to call in the evening at a house where he had been previously invited. To join a young lady in the street is not allowable, unless the two are engaged, and to offer her his arm would be almost a proposal of marriage. The late family supper may be one reason that evening calls from old or young are so rare. To pay a visit in the evening means, in most cases, simply to invite oneself to supper.

At evening entertainments, the married ladies and elderly spinsters are generally to be found in one room, the highest in rank occupying the sofas. In another, the older gentlemen are freely chatting. In a third, the young girls are clustered, simply dressed, often looking very pretty, and saying very little. The young gentlemen range restlessly about, trying to be satisfied with listening to their elders, but helplessly drawn, from time to time, about the door of the cage, where the sweet birds are fluttering with beating maidenly hearts, though they do maintain such modest composure.

So a sentimental admiration for this or that fair charmer may grow up and ripen into a purpose and a hope for future life; but it often has no foundation in knowledge of her fitness to make a happy home for the secretly sighing lover.

In dancing-parties the case is quite different. A perfect stranger, in Sweden as elsewhere, may be introduced to a young lady, invite her to waltz, and whirl her away without further hesitation, and chat with her, as he best can, in the few moments before the next dance begins.

It happens, in this way, that the young people of the marriageable age in Sweden often know little of each other satisfactorily before the proposal is made, and they are betrothed. Their names stand together in the newspaper and on betrothal cards for their friends. They are fêted and congratulated, when they can have very little idea whether they have done a wise or a rash thing, in forming the new connection. Cousins, of course, are on free, natural terms, and often marry each other, especially among the noble families. Sometimes the sisters marry the brothers' companions, or the brothers the sisters', known perhaps from childhood, so that they have together the life-long pleasure of "Don't you remember?" as they talk over the days of their youth.

It may happen that a young man of twenty-two, or younger, has a little girl for a pet. He watches over her, waits for her, in fact, though no one knows it, and comes early with his proposal, and wins the day, and likes to tell how he has loved his wife from her very childhood.

However all this may be, betrothals take place, the time of waiting goes by, be it long or short, and the "first publishing day" comes at last. Then the bridal presents pour in, — tokens of love, or conventional gifts, in Sweden, as in other lands.

The bride's green myrtle crown (much like a little upturned basket) is twined, it often happens, from a little plant of her own, nurtured under her care.

The wedding takes place,—it may be at a hotel, if the apartment of the parents is not so large as the circle of their friends may require; and the weddingdinner may also be at a hotel, and cost any amount of money, but no loss of social prestige because all has not taken place under the parental roof. During the engagement the lovers have been, if not like the birds, little by little building their nest, planning and buying, and even arranging together their pretty new home, of which they take possession at once, or after a journey.

There are vacancies at two firesides, where mothers are striving unselfishly to make love for two, or consolation for the daily loss of one, who has so long nestled in the parental heart. In time the gladness in the new home brings its bright reflection to the old.

Every Swede is now, in a certain sense, a soldier, though, we may hope, not "full of strange oaths," and during the long peace that has prevailed in the North, not prompted to seek "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." A military drill is a part of the instruction of boys, in some of the schools; and an entrance-room may be seen adorned with their small equipments, like a miniature armory.

When a young man is twenty-one years old, he must spend ninety days in camp under epauletted superiors, going through the regular exercises of a soldier, and living possibly on a simple soldier's fare.

Young officers in the Swedish army have always availed themselves of foreign wars, as a school in which to learn their "dreadful trade." During the Franco-German struggle two friends, Swedish lieutenants, were engaged on opposite sides in the contending armies. They met in the smoke and din of the thickest of the fight, each bravely leading his division. There was a moment of recognition, a step forward, a warm clasp of the hand, and then both turned to the awful business of the hour. One of those young men is now the Swedish minister of war, ready

at any time to use his experience in the council-room or in the field for his beloved native land.

The old soldiers of the Swedish army are provided with a cottage and bit of land, as their pension; and by many a lonely fireside worn veterans have "fought their battles over," for groups of humble listeners to their tales of woe.

Runeberg's stirring, touching poems on the great

Finnish struggle (Fänrik Ståls Sägner) forcibly bring out the power of such old tales to stir the heart.

That the Swedes are good material for soldiers, and can make most skilful military leaders, is sufficiently proved by the well-known history of their glorious past.

Prosperity and good dinners are apt to write their story on the outward man, whether the



DESOLATE.

conqueror in the struggle of life has won his laurels, as a *justice* of local honor, or has attained a higher celebrity in a wider field. The tall, gaunt men of distinction are rare in Sweden. They generally need a uniform of capacious dimensions; and a uniform Svea generally manages to give them, that they may appear properly on State occasions. As to the "wise saws and modern instances," he will probably leave proverbs to his fellow-citizens in humble life, and elegantly confine

himself to such "modern instances" as can adorn and illustrate his somewhat studied conversation, and will, on the whole, be most unlike the awe-inspiring justice of peaching of "Will Shakespeare's" memory.

Svea, having so many departments of life and labor under her own control, must naturally appoint many officers serving the State in most varied capacities. A place is made for the crowds of young aspirants to favor, by the systematic retiring of the old on a more or less satisfactory pension for declining years. Bishops and other clerical dignitaries and laborers are not retired; they are supposed to have enlisted for life, and to teach perhaps by a rounded Christian example when a more active career becomes by degrees impossible for them. A University professor can retire on a pension at sixty-five. A governor is expected to resign soon after he is seventy, and his place will probably be taken by an ex-cabinet minister, for whom some honorable position is generally provided. Formerly an old or disabled officer was sometimes made a postmaster, though persons under him practically performed all the duties appertaining to the position. This mode of pensioning is now abandoned.

The decline of life is perhaps more thorny for a man in old Sweden than in young America. "The lean and slippered pantaloon" is more dreaded when power and prominence are more highly prized, through the organization of society. There are in the upper circles splendid specimens of old men, in full possession of their faculties, who have the wisdom and the strength and the exalted character that command respect for the hoary head, and even enthusiastic admiration.

In humble life, one may have a different picture, but almost as attractive. The striking figure comes to mind of "Old Johannes," a laboring-man who had lived at a bishop's seat while three right-reverends came and passed away. Old Johannes had the same right to be a fixture on the premises as the great lindens that had grown and flourished on the soil. and now towered in a green old age. His one room in a long low building was his castle, and there he suffered no foot but his own to enter; there he slept and cooked and read, as pleased him best. When he lunged away to church on a Sunday, the threemile walk was nothing for his stalwart figure and his strong limbs. He worked, when he pleased, in the garden, and brought his bill in the shape of a stick, where his days of labor were marked by notches, with Sunday blanks between. So Johannes kept his reckoning; but he was a reader, nevertheless. He might be seen at the noonday rest, sitting on a bench in a green plot beside the raspberry bushes, lost in the book he held in his hand. It was a queer little pamphlet, bound in wall paper by his own hands. And what was this favorite old companion, restored with fresh covers, but yellow within? "The Imitation of Christ" stood on the titlepage in Swedish. So Johannes, the stout Lutheran, was strengthened and comforted in his old age by the devout words of the Catholic Thomas à Kempis.

The period of "sans everything" seems to come rarely to the modern Swede. To be "sans teeth" is exceptional everywhere, in these days of dental triumphs. Second sight comes to the octogenarian to bid him lay by his spectacles, and tender care often conceals and supplements a really broken old man's

deficiencies, or shuts him up to a circle where, wreck as he is, he is still precious.

It is only the exceptionally strong constitution which enables the old to survive to great age in the severe northern climate. In time, such an old person, in any station of life, becomes the boast of the neighborhood, and has a cheerful and honored sunset after the labors of long life. When death claims him at last, there will be a little special paragraph in which his death is announced, with a few kindly words about the departed, which will be read with interest by the many who remember the hoary head, and especially by those who have followed it with a feeling of tender regret to its last quiet resting-place in the peaceful churchyard.

# III.

WHAT SVEA DOES FOR HER CHILDREN.

# SHAKING HANDS WITH SVEA.

MATERNAL CARE.
UPSALA.
Emigration.





IN MOURNING.

# MATERNAL CARE.

SVEA is a busy mother. Of course she governs her children. As to how she arranges this part of her duties, some inkling has been given. There are a hundred other matters, however, that claim her maternal attention. Sometimes Svea's children almost ungratefully complain of her too assiduous care, and maintain that they have too much done for them, and that there are many things they should like to try to manage for themselves.

Svea is a stanch adherent of Luther. On the great Reformer's rules for doctrine and practice she bases her religious instruction; and religious instruction is one of her strong points, of which she is proud. She builds cathedrals and churches, small and great, for her children, and sets over them clergymen of all grades, to administer the sacred offices and conduct public worship. She gives them a book, "Psalmbok," containing five hundred authoritatively issued hymns (many of them most admirable), as well as a full, devout, and beautiful liturgy, not unlike the "Book of Common Prayer" so much beloved by many Americans. Svea teaches her children to say "We believe" in the Apostles' Creed, and "I, poor sinful child of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Church Convention, composed of the bishops and many clerical and lay members, meets every three years at Stockholm. At the meeting in 1893 it was decided that no child should be confirmed before thirteen years of age, and all young people should be reported for Confirmation before seventeen years of age.

man," in the opening of her confession of sins. The litany she uses only on special days and occasions. (She does not like to think of that old-time Frenchman's additional petition, "From the ravages of the Northmen, Good Lord, deliver us!")

The Swedish service is a little too long to be followed throughout devotionally. Nearly the whole service is often gone through with by the congregation sitting. Kneeling in prayer is uncommon. Svea provides her clergy with priestly garments, according to their station and functions. At the altar they may appear in a velvet cope, with a huge silver or gold cross, with accessories embroidered on the back, or they may officiate in a simple sleeveless gown, falling behind from a yoke, with an effect somewhat like that of a Watteau dress. These folds may be thrown over the arm, after a private ceremony in a family. A bishop need not be officially dressed, or have mitre or crosier in ordinary services; but at the consecration of a church all these marks of dignity are obligatory.

Sweden needs more churches and smaller parishes. Some of the latter are so large in extent that they number tens of thousands of parishioners,— too many for pastoral care, though there may be six clergymen attached to a city church. The people themselves are, however, setting this matter right. They are building or hiring simple places of worship, and supporting their own clergymen, while they are still bound to pay their taxes for the maintenance of the State Church. In their own chapels they have extempore prayer, and sing what hymns they choose; they are very fond of the so-called "Sankey's Hymns," of which there are several translations, of various degrees of imperfection. In these places of worship preach or-

dained priests, authorized exhorters, colporteurs, laymen of all callings, and even "devout women, not a few." Svea has not liked this very well, but she is growing tender towards these wandering sheep, and may sometimes be heard murmuring, "If the dears get good pasture there, and are kept safe from the wolves, why should I care? That is really what I want, with all my arrangements they complain so much about."

Education Svea ranks next to godliness, and a drilling in the right direction as to religious doctrine and practice she counts a fundamental part of education. The Catechism, Bible History, and Church History are essential factors in the instruction she provides for her children. The heresies are so particularly described and defined, and must be learned with such accuracy, that the Augsburg Confession has hard work to keep its ground in the young mind.

After this so-called "Instruction in Christianity," the studies considered of the next importance are the History and Geography of Sweden. There were never more admirable text-books than those prepared for Swedish children to teach them the history of their own country. They are not dry outlines, mere skeletons. They are more like the lithe slender figure of a stripling, to be afterwards filled out to true muscular manly vigor and graceful stately proportions. Swedish children love the history of their country. They revel in its details and talk about its great men as if they had the honor of their personal acquaintance. Perhaps those heroes do not exactly remind them that they may "make their lives sublime," but they prompt them to try to be upright, brave, honorable, and useful Swedes in their own day, worthy of the past of the country of which they are so proud.

The geography of Sweden is difficult to master in its The numerous rivers of the North run full details. down to the coast with so provokingly similar slope, and with so little individuality, that it makes the head of many a tired scholar ache as he tries to keep these monotonous rivers in right order, and give their names out glibly in proper sequence at the word of command. Then there are twenty-four provinces, - not hard to outline and keep in memory, for they have all some peculiar characteristics and associations for the Swedish mind; but, the provinces once mastered, the twentyfour län, or districts for local government, are to be fixed in the mind; and as their boundaries do not always correspond with those of the provinces, this is not an easy matter for the child. Each län has its own governor, appointed for life, who generally has his home provided for him, called residenset, meaning the same as "the gubernatorial mansion" in old New England phrase.

In addition to the provinces and the *län*, the child must learn the location and extent of the dioceses of the twelve bishops. All this is easily crammed into the mind for the day's recitation, but to have it "stay put" is quite another matter. The largest cities, the university towns, the route of the railroads, canals, and even the principal railroad stations are required, as well as a full outline of the physical geography of Sweden. As to the railroad stations, some new and extraordinary mode of locomotion may be in vogue before the child has had sufficient use for this bit of knowledge acquired so conscientiously, who knows?

In mental arithmetic, Swedes are not so prompt and expert as the Americans, but they have far more facility in learning foreign languages, and much is expected of them in this latter particular. At eleven years of age a Swedish boy may be studying three languages besides his own, at Mother Svea's expense.

Svea has good schools for her working-classes, where they can have a plain, sensible education. The attendance of the children is compulsory until they are twelve years of age, unless the parents can show some stringent reason for keeping them at home. These schools are under the charge of inspectors, who must travel about and acquaint themselves with the capacity, discipline, and character of the teachers.

Graded schools of another outline of studies are provided by Svea, where her boys are prepared for the University at a trifling expense, a mere fee for contingent expenses. The requisites for examination for the universities are the same all over Sweden. For these higher schools there are special examiners and censors provided. The examinations for the University generally take place at the school where the pupil has been studying. This examination creditably passed, he receives his white student's cap at once, is rejoiced over by his friends and relations, and is perhaps tossed in the air by his jubilant comrades. In his home the new student is sure of a loving welcome, followed by festivities as joyous and hospitable as the condition of the family will permit.

He wears his white cap henceforward, he has been confirmed, and Svea pronounces him a Christian youth, responsible for his own actions. He may now go to the University, and is expected to bear himself there studiously, respectably, and honorably, — expectations that are often abundantly fulfilled, but there may be a dark, dark side to this picture.

Svea does not neglect the education and training

of the blind and the deaf and dumb. The blind in Sweden, as elsewhere, read by means of raised letters, and make all sorts of pretty things, that have a double value because their beauty has never been seen by those who made them.

The deaf do not hear, but the dumb speak. One may see a gentleman with a well-formed mouth sitting before a large semicircle of pupils. Every eye is fixed upon him. He is perhaps hearing a lesson in Bible Question after question is asked by the teacher, exactly as if his attentive class could hear They have read what he was saying on his flexible mouth, and answer in voices of various quality and in various degrees of development. Some have a guttural sound, some are clear and natural and even agreeable, while others have the high pitch and staccato deliverance of the old-time country school in America. All goes on so smoothly that the observer soon forgets that he is surrounded by the deaf and dumb, and must summon his wits about him to be properly filled with wonder and admiration at this modern miracle of instruction.

There are thirty deaf, dumb, and blind unfortunates in Sweden, according to the last statistical report. A number of them are under regular instruction at Vennersborg, under the care of a most warm-hearted, gifted, and ingenious teacher, Mrs. Elizabeth Nordin. It is in a measure owing to the Queen of Sweden that these afflicted children have found help in their time of need. Mrs. Nordin, who was already a skilful teacher of the deaf and dumb, received her first blind deaf mute at the request of her Majesty, who had found the child in a humble home, treated by its parents more like a domestic animal than a human being. Aided

almost alone by her own ingenuity, Mrs. Nordin began the instruction of this new pupil. The child was ungoverned in every way, and resisted valiantly, in the beginning, all efforts at control. When we first saw her, she was seated in a corner of the school-room, surrounded by a fence of chairs, that she might be reminded of the limits within which she was to remain. She received, that day, her first lesson in the meaning of a reward. Her hand was helped to put some blocks into a small box on the table, at first one by one, and then two at a time. She was then allowed to taste a highly flavored bonbon for a moment, after which her hand holding two blocks was moved rapidly towards the box again and again, and then came another taste of the sweet bonbon. After this had been repeated several times, she understood that she was to gain something by diligence and obedience. In a few moments she had hurried all the remaining blocks into the box, and highly enjoyed the little feast that followed. This girl is now almost grown up. She is not intellectually disposed, but has acquired the elements of a plain education. She is exceedingly skilful in many kinds of handiwork, and has had great pleasure in presenting a gay woollen blanket of her own making to the Queen, her benefactress.

One of Mrs. Nordin's pupils, Johan (John) Nilsson, is a very remarkable boy, and deserves to be classed with Laura Bridgman and the other new American wonders among the deaf, dumb, and blind. John has a sunny, affectionate disposition, and a most agreeable personal appearance. There is nothing about him to indicate to a stranger that his senses were in any way deficient. He is as fond of play as of study, and has a most merry, musical, mirth-provoking laugh. It was

interesting to see him, when visiting a family where there were many children, giving a pretended lesson in gymnastics. He ranged the boys and girls in order, and then made the motion he desired to have imitated. feeling rapidly along the line of pupils to see if he were obeyed, and was not slow to administer correction if his scholars were poor imitators or wilfully refractory. John understood early, it seems, the meaning of discipline. Shortly after he came under Mrs. Nordin's care, before he had learned any system of communication, he had a little china doll, with its bed and bedstead, given to him. He accidentally broke the doll's arm; at once laid it in its bed, matched the arm to the place of fracture, and then spread the little covering over bed and dolly and broken arm. He had thought himself alone, but his teacher had been carefully watching him from a distant part of the room. She immediately went to him, made his hand uncover the doll and feel the broken arm; then on his own arm she gave him some sharp slaps. Years afterwards, while teaching him the nature of a lie, she asked him if he had ever deceived before he could communicate by words. He immediately told this story, which had never since been alluded to between them, and said that he then understood perfectly why he had been punished.

We say said, and he himself makes use of the same word, meaning "communicated," as he does of saw for "took cognizance of." John can now say what he wishes with his vocal organs, as well as with his fingers and by signs. He can put together long sentences, and utter them so that they can be understood, having learned to do so through the explanations of his teacher as to how to use his own organs, and by placing his hand on her throat, to observe its movements while she was speaking.

Svea's Ecclesiastical Department does more than look after the church and the clergy. It has its subdivisions with special heads, not only for matters connected with education, but for the supervision of the medical faculty, and providing that the sons of Esculapius shall be found in remote districts, at watering-places, and mountain resorts. Every town must have its examined and authorized accoucheuse, who must not demand more than a crown for her services. Svea does not allow her children to be poisoned or drugged or unintentionally murdered by extempore or stupid druggists. The apothecary must go through his regular, though limited, course of study, and be pronounced fit for his responsible position by the lawfully constituted authorities. The prisons must have their General Director to see that they are properly managed and the criminals are not tormented or made more depraved, instead of better, by their discipline, and to study all the foreign and modern improvements in the treatment of the offenders against society.

The poor-houses, too, come under the Ecclesiastical Department. In Sweden, as elsewhere, there must be constant watchfulness that this last resort of the indigent does not become a place of corruption or of oppression and suffering, where hungry "Olivers" are vainly asking for "more."

There are more than five hundred newspapers in Sweden. About one twentieth of them are dailies. Svea keeps a sharp eye on them all. The laws provide that nothing shall creep into them that may be detrimental to religion, morality, private character, or the sacred majesty of the King. On the other hand, the liberty of the press is strictly guarded.

Svea attends to her travelling public, owning most of

the important railroads, with a crown on each car, and every official wearing his appropriate bright buttons, with perhaps a "locomotive" stamped on every one of them. The General Director is a kind of Swedish railroad king, and may wear his fine uniform and sit down with princes — when he is invited to do so. The State roads are admirably managed, and accidents are marvellously rare. The private railroad companies must look well after their doings, or they will be called to account and severely dealt with. Svea telegraphs and telephones and takes charge of the postal affairs, with scrupulous care. The old post-horn is her token and sign; and when that is seen on a flag, one knows that the vessel that bears it is a mail steamer. Svea has her post-office savings-books too, that are the delight of the little children; and her packet post, to the satisfaction of their mammas.

Svea thinks her children must be amused as well as educated and generally cared for. Of course she provides parks for them to take recreation in, but not of the dimensions of the Yellowstone wonder. She does more. She takes from the public purse, raised by taxation, such sums as the Riksdag allows her for the maintenance of the Royal Theatre. She has schools where children are trained for the "boards" and the ballet, and seems to think that she is thus showing mercy to the "little ones."

The newspapers keep a sharp lookout over this part of Mother Svea's proceedings, and there is sure to be somebody to denounce the presentation of anything injurious, though Mother Svea does not always take advice and shut up the play-house for the season, or shut out the criticised programme.

Though Mother Svea's children sometimes com-

plain that she is fussy and old-fashioned in her way of caring for them, after all, in their hearts, they are not sure that if they were to throw her overboard or break away from her apron-strings, they would not have the fate always ready for disobedient, naughty children, and come to a bad end. They really love the old mother at the bottom, and would be willing to offer their lives for her, if things came to the worst.

## UPSALA.

THE lover of what is really old and well worthy of veneration must go to Upsala. There are the old mounds of the old kings; there is the sacred old Codex, there the remains of the old Saint Erik; there is the old cathedral, there the old University, and there the gifted and devout old dean.

Long before what we now call Sweden was one united country, there were "Upsala kings." "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"—not low, narrow hillocks, but high, towering hills, as if there were "giants in those days," with "mound-builders" to inter them. To see the Codex Argenteus, the treasure of Christendom, the manuscript where the story of the Cross, as told by the Evangelist, appears in the lost Gothic language, scholars and modern saints are willing to make a pilgrimage to the North. Beaming with gold and silver, this relic of the past flashes before the eyes of the reverent beholder, as when it was translated into the Gothic by Bishop Ulpias, who died in 388.

The beautiful old cathedral at Upsala is the mausoleum where rest, in their silver casket, the bones of Sweden's patron saint, and where lies Gustaf Vasa, the deliverer of his country, and the royal founder of a right royal line.

As to the old University, it is one of Svea's best gifts to her children. Here her boys — and her girls

too, if they choose — may have a liberal education, and be prepared for the learned professions, at her expense, with but a small outlay on their own part for their instruction. This is Svea's choice garden ground, her nursery for the strong human saplings to be her future pride. At Sünd, the more modern



UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

university, Svea dispenses her intellectual training as liberally as at Upsala.

The old song makes the Massachusetts man exclaim, when visiting the capital of his State, after long absence, "On Beacon Hill, I ask, where 's Boston?" It is with something of the same astonishment that the stranger looks about him on arriving at Upsala. "Where is the university town?" The stately cathedral points its twin spires heavenward, and the old castle sits above its grassy slopes and cherishes its historical memories; but where is the University?

An American, who has seen the rapid growth of magnificent edifices, springing up as by magic when a new college has been magnificently endowed; an Englishman, accustomed to the countless grand old buildings, and the bewildering beauty of the still, green, classic shades of Oxford, looks about him in vain for anything that indicates the existence of the Upsala of his imagination. If he should risk speaking out to a Swede the questionings that are thronging his mind, he might receive the proudly spoken answer, in words familiar to him, but having a new ring, "We do not raise buildings, we raise men!"

Many of the men of whom Upsala is deservedly proud, have their names now standing forth in the daylight, wreathing round the imposing edifice that was built for university purposes, and opened with imposing ceremonies in 1887. The vestibule is particularly striking, spacious, and beautiful, and the "aula," the galleried hall of assembly, is very fine, and well adapted to the purposes for which it is used. After the opening public exercises of the "New University Building," there was an elegant reception at the castle, the home of the Governor, where the King was one of the guests, mingling freely with his subjects, - now passing his arm round the neck of one gentleman for a close conversation, and now clapping another on the shoulder, to arrest his attention and attract him for a little important talk in the privacy of a crowd.

The buildings at Upsala are really neither very numerous, striking, nor beautiful, but it would be almost sacrilege to say so to a Swede, to whom every one of them is precious, and haloed round by a gloria of associations, from the revered past, or from the sunny days of his own youth at the University.

Unfortunately, most strangers visit Upsala in summer, which is much like looking into "the children's play-room" in a country home when the little ones were all out in the sunshine among the birds and flowers; or, perhaps, more like a frozen northern ocean, instead of the wild tossing waves of a summer sea. The thronging "white caps" of Upsala are necessary items for a full appreciation even of the exterior of the old university town.

Young heads must have a puzzling time of severe study and close examination before the white cap can be lawfully put on. The subjects for Swedish composition are not given out until the very day of trial, and the moment when the young candidates are seated in the hall with their blank sheets of paper before them; then and there the work of authorship must be effected.

The subjects given out in May, 1893, were as follows (each youth being allowed to choose from the list presented):—

- I. The Roman Catholic doctrine of indulgences.
- II. The victories of Marathon and Salamis compared with Breitenfeld and Leutzen.
- III. The Revolution of July, its causes and immediate consequences.
- IV. The import of the Reformation to Sweden, politically considered.
- V. Speech at the unveiling of Stenbock's monument at Helsingborg.
  - VI. George Stjernhjelm, the father of Swedish poetry.
- VII. The nature, resources, and future of Norrland (meaning the northern part of Sweden).
- VIII. A little hummock often upsets a whole load (proverb).

Competent judges say that the proficiency or advancement in study required for entrance to the Swedish universities is about the same as for admission to the junior class of most American colleges. Without a university degree a Swede cannot be a judge, a physician, or a clergyman; and it is a requisite for many public positions in the gift of the State. Such a degree once in a young man's possession, it is more important for his future than that his name should stand among the noblest families in the "Book of the Peerage;" and this valuable paper the man of humblest birth may have, if his ability and his pecuniary resources will enable him to attain it. The course is long for either of the learned professions, and the expenses of "lying at Upsala," as the Swedes put it, often bring the poor students into most painful difficulties. It is not very hard to get a loan to relieve present embarrassments; and these debts contracted at the university often long encumber a graduate, and sometimes even are unpaid all his life. Self-support is not so common for indigent students as in America. The expenses of living are small at Upsala, in comparison with those in university towns in the United States. There have, of later years, been established several good boarding-houses, or clubhouses, and one on strict temperance principles. There are no large dormitories for students; each young man lives in his own quarters, to suit his taste and purse. Students sometimes do some private teaching during the term, or even may have what are called "food days" in different houses, taking their dinner perhaps at one family table, and breakfast and supper at another; or the dinners are distributed between several homes, and for the other meals, the

young man "shirks for himself." Sometimes a scholarship or other helps enable a struggling student to get on, with his own exertions as a private teacher during the long summer vacations, when nearly all the schools are closed.

If an Upsala student is denied his degree after the final examination, he may demand to be publicly



MOUNDS OF THE KINGS.

tested. Many years ago such a case occurred to a young man who had gone through his examination as a jurist; he believed himself to have been unjustly treated, and claimed the lawful privilege in such cases. Of course the hall was crowded by eager listeners, and messengers rushed to the homes of friends interested, to tell, from time to time, how all was going on. The young man was brilliantly triumphant before the whole assembly, and at the close of his protracted examination his jubilant companions bore him round the town, with glad shouts and songs

of victory. That rejected jurist has since filled the highest positions in the State awarded to any Swede not born for the throne.

The students are divided into "nations," according to the province from which they come. These nations have objects somewhat like those of the Young Men's Christian Associations. The members give one another brotherly friendly aid in all difficulties, care for strangers, and promote general social kindliness.

The nations have their individual internal government and laws, their savings-bank in a private way, and their fund for indigent students, and even their fixed scholarships. There are only thirteen nations, as in some cases students from two or more provinces form one nation. Each nation has its "house" for its own purposes, with a small yard or court attached. There is no animosity between the nations, and consequently no hereditary feuds are kept up between them. Each nation has its own banner, usually of silk, often richly embroidered, and the gift of the fair.

There is no charge for instruction at Upsala, unless for private lessons or the use of the library. There is no supervision of the deportment of the students by the professors, unless there is some open outrage.

The faculty form themselves a court, before which a student may be summoned for a breach of public law and order, examined, doomed, "suspended" or dismissed, and his scholarship taken from him. Total abstinence is not popular, but the number who dare to show the blue ribbon instead of the white feather is on the increase.

On the 1st of May there is a procession of masqueraders, when cleverness and ingenuity are often displayed, as well as a desire for the grotesque and the ridiculous, at the expense of good taste. On that day one nation makes a call, in a body, at the house of another nation, is received, and perhaps regaled in the little garden. Soon the nation visited joins the troop of visitors, until the round is made, each nation managing to be at home some time in the day, to act the host. On these occasions all the nations are sure to keep "open house" until the small hours of the night.

There is little social intercourse between the professors and students, but there are marked exceptions in this particular. Such hospitality is much enjoyed at the time, and is long remembered. Some of the professors, being single men and deep students, are not socially inclined. The professors of theology are said to entertain the young men more than others, — a very Christian peculiarity.

The presiding officer of the University, Rector Magnificus, is chosen every year from the professors, but may accept the office for many years in succession. On important occasions he wears about his neck a long, heavy gold chain, with appropriate insignia attached to it, and all the stars and orders he is entitled to bear. The professors are most able men, and the instruction at Upsala is considered admirable.

There are usually about eighteen hundred students at Upsala; and with the sixty professors and their assistants, there is about one instructor for every fourteen pupils.

The student arrives at Upsala with his white cap on, as the token of his right to be there, not to speak of his examination certificate in his pocket. He is probably somewhere between sixteen and nineteen years of age, but may be even older, if his early education has been neglected or interrupted. He looks about him, secures his quarters, pays his trifling entrance-fee (perhaps about three dollars), puts down his name, and becomes a member of his proper nation, - for he must belong to a nation, to be a student at He does not need to inform any of the professors of his presence, his intentions as to his course of study, or his purposes as to law, order, or propriety. The fees paid to the nations at the beginning of each of the terms of the year form the fund for running expenses; but the scholarships in their gift are provided for by the interest on donations that have been given for that purpose. There are scholarships not limited to the nations, but belonging to the whole University, according to the provisions of the testators. The incomes from these scholarships range from five hundred to one thousand dollars a year. Some of these scholarships can be given only to an individual of a certain family. There are some that are dispensed by the "House of Knights," a condition being that the recipient be the son of a noble-The present King of Sweden has founded a scholarship.

It is important to the student taking up his abode at Upsala to be pleased with the academic shades, for he will probably pass there more than a tenth of the life that lies before him, if he is to enter any of the learned professions. The time of his stay will depend, of course, somewhat on his industry and his ability. If he is to be a theologian or a jurist, he must allow himself at least six years; and if medicine is his choice, it will be eight or ten before he will be authorized to "kill or cure." He may

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take a course in pedagogics and prepare for a teacher's calling in less time, and with more special outline of studies. The new student attends lectures as he finds them profitable; he studies alone, on his own premises, or has private instruction, according to his own arrangement, or hears lectures by tutors, by paying from five to eight dollars a term; these latter courses may be for only six weeks or for the whole session.

He is at last, he thinks, fit to be examined to become a so-called (we shall suppose) philosophical candidate. He may be examined alone, or with several companions, or a still larger number of students, each professor examining in his own department. There are certain branches that are compulsory for all in this examination, and others that are elective. He passes creditably this examination, and receives a certificate which pronounces him a philosophical candidate of such or such a grade of scholarship; he is thereafter entitled to be addressed personally or by letter as Candidate B—, etc. He now begins the course of study that will enable him to be a Philosophical Licentiate; he is perhaps more devoted to his books than before, more scrupulous in his attendance upon lectures, and probably writes a theme on some subject connected with his studies, which is subjected to criticism, and perhaps discussion, in the presence of his fellows and his professor. When he considers himself prepared for another examination, he takes it, and if he succeeds, becomes a Philosophical Licentiate. He now aims at being a Doctor of Philosophy.

The goal is at last in sight. Our Upsala man prepares a little printed book,—the size is not prescribed, it may even be three hundred pages long,—

on some subject appropriate to his line of study. The writer is called the "respondent." Three "opponents" are chosen to attack his opinions, and his defence of them in his little book. The professors choose one; the respondent may choose two. One of the opponents chosen by the respondent is supposed to be, not a kind of court fool, but an academic maker of clever nonsense, who is to make witticisms, pertinent and impertinent, trivial or grandiloquent, as suits his fancy, to the general diversion of the assembly. The attack has rather the form of a conversation than a solemn speech; but each opponent generally closes his criticism by a harangue, in which he praises, on the whole, the work of the respondent, in a bombastic or most flowery style.

The respondent receives a special certificate for his defence of his little book, which may have been on "Kant's Philosophy," on "The Old Laws of Sweden," or Mazzaim, or Themistocles, or a translation from Horace, with notes and criticisms.

The great day — Promotion Day — when the doctors are to receive their degrees, arrives at last, generally at the close of May. Then all are "promoted" who have "disputed" during the year, and have given in their names for promotion.

The promotion ceremony formerly took place in the cathedral, but it is now in the grand hall of the New University Building. At 8 A.M. the cathedral bells solemnly ring, to indicate the importance of the coming hours. At mid-day the whole corps of instructors enter the hall, the Doctors of Law, Divinity, and Philosophy, with little laurel wreaths pinned fast to the breast of their coats. At the head of the procession go two beadles, with great staffs, and wearing

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old-fashioned costumes. When these elders have entered, the students follow, the candidates in advance, with great laurel crowns on their breasts. The students wear their white caps.

One professor does duty as "promoter." He gives first a substantial lecture on some subject from his own department of instruction, treated in a popular and intelligible manner. Of course there is a crowded house; the ladies all looking their prettiest, and the marshals, with their long blue and yellow sashes, keeping order.

When the speech of the day is over, the promoter makes an address to the candidates, — it may be in Latin. The promoter puts a laurel crown on his own perhaps silvery head; the candidates are called forward singly, by name, with a high-sounding Latin termination. A marshal takes the crown from the breast of the aspirant, gives it to the promoter, who waves it on high, then places it on the head of the candidate, and puts on his wedding-finger a ring, on which a laurel wreath is to be seen engraved. There is a burst of music, and the roar of cannon, as the wreath goes on; and hearts beat, and eyes flash, and mothers shed loving tears.

The candidate is promoted, and is ever afterwards a doctor. He may be so addressed in conversation and in writing, and his betrothed knows that she may be called doctorinnan some day, if it should suit her fancy. The doctor is no longer a student, but one of the Alumni of Upsala University. The candidates are so promoted in order. There was formerly a grand ball on the evening of Promotion Day, but that is a thing of the past.

Declamation is not much practised in Sweden; and

in this art boys and young men receive little instruction, though in social life short complimentary speeches are to be made on innumerable occasions.

On Promotion Day there are no speeches from the young men; there is no valedictory delivered on leaving Upsala. The professors are not thanked, in long involved Latin sentences, for their care and instruction. No bouquets are thrown to youthful speakers, as in young, enthusiastic America.

The exercises of Promotion Day are solemn, and to the mind of the Swede just what they ought to be, at the great University of Upsala, in the shadow of her old cathedral, and with the responsibility of making the future worthy to succeed the honored past.

Every third year there is a promotion of jubilee doctors, fifty years after their first promotion, whether they are able or not to be present on the occasion. When appearing in person, they receive their crowns before the young aspirants come forward.

It is not easy to obtain a doctor's degree without going regularly through a university; but the King can give the titles of professor and doctor; so there is in Sweden a royal road to a learned title, if not a royal road to learning.

## EMIGRATION.

MOTHER SVEA and Columbia are just now pulling caps about many hardy sons, whom they both claim as their own. There is no danger of an appeal to bloodshed in this case, as was proposed to decide the maternal dispute in the days of Solomon. It settles itself, not quite to the satisfaction of either claimant.

It is a difficult and doubtful undertaking to adopt children while their real parents are living. This Columbia is finding to her cost; she is in danger of becoming the matron of a great orphan asylum, instead of the mother of a devoted family of her own. Her foster children perhaps give her gratitude, and a certain amount of consideration, but not the strong, filial love of true sons. She is doing bravely her noble mission for the world at large, and must accept its present painful accompaniments. These foster children of hers, with their hearts over the water, will be parents to native-born Americans, to grow up, we trust, under the stars and stripes, and do honor to the country that is really their own.

Svea's word about emigration is more negative than positive. Svea says to her boy, "Stay at home, my dear; you are better off in Sweden than anywhere in the world. Above all things, don't think of emigrating to America; it is a wild country, and any-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The emigration from Sweden to America was one third less in 1892 than in 1882.

thing bad may happen to you there, body and soul. They have no State Church, and not much religion at all, I am afraid. As to their climate, they must creep to bed in the dark, or with a candle, at nine o'clock on Midsummer Eve, and hardly know what day the morrow will be. They must have thick clothes for winter and thin clothes for summer, and that costs not a little but much money; and they don't have any öre, - there you must spend what would be almost four öre here, if you are to buy a morsel to eat, or even a tablespoonful of milk. There the thunder can roar all night, and you can't sleep for the lightning flashing in your eyes every moment. You are likely any day to be bitten by a rattlesnake, or swallowed up by an earthquake, or frozen to death in a blizzard, or blown as good as to the moon by a hurricane. No, my boy! Stay where you were born, and be an honor to your country. Don't turn your back on old Sweden!" and Mother Svea begins to feel a choking in her throat, and her handkerchief goes to her eyes.

"What you say, mother dear, is quite true," answers the boy, agitated by conflicting feelings. He soothes poor Svea as best he can, but makes no promises. He is in treaty with an agent, and knows already how much it will cost for the voyage, and where he is to borrow the money for the trip. He has been for weeks laying together the things he will need on the journey, without fairly saying to himself that he is really to be off in the spring.

When Svea sees at last that the separation is inevitable, she takes it as composedly as she can, and gives her parting kiss in her usual affectionate demonstrative way. "Be always a Swede wherever you are, and do not dishonor your native land," are the parting

words. So they separate, with, perhaps, as many misgivings on the part of the stolid-looking emigrant as in Mother Svea's own maternal bosom.

The emigrant has not been long in America before the struggle begins for him between allegiance to his native land, which he is sure is an honorable feeling. and the strange "at homeness" and self-respect and dawning prosperity that are making him an American before he knows it. He is ashamed to own the change that is coming over him, and sends home to Sweden more and more money for the dear ones left behind, as he finds his heart-roots striking deep down in the rich soil of the land to which he has come as a stranger, and where he has cast in his lot. He is soon ready to send for his "little Karin," who, after all, has been at the bottom of this mischief; for it was to make a home for her that he started on this far pilgrimage. She comes, nothing loath, by the next steamer; for of course he sent her a ticket, like a man, and said all sorts of sweet things in his letter, which she knew were the true utterances of his faithful Northern heart. They were married, in all simplicity, at the Swedish Emigrant Home, where she was at once kindly sheltered and cared for, and prayer and praise and good wishes on the occasion were not lacking for the hopeful pair. They soon had a home of their own, with a garden bit behind it, where they both worked early and late, before and after the real labors of the day. By and by a little American was born in that home, and then the young couple kissed each other and said, "How happy we are!" They did not love Svea the less in their joy. They thanked God for their blessings, and perhaps did not once think of Columbia. and whether they had any duty to her.

If it be more blessed to give than to receive, Columbia has that blessing a thousand fold. May the children of her adopted sons give her the true, grateful affection she so richly merits!

What tells the swallow when it is time to wing his way southward? What teaches the wild goose to form his line of march through the skies? We say instinct, perhaps, and are satisfied with the answer. The wholesale emigration of the Swedes seems to have almost the same mysterious origin. Large districts are suddenly pervaded with the desire to go to America; why, no one can rationally say. Many of the rustics who are to start on this strange pilgrimage have never been many miles away from their cottage home. They have little idea of the land to which they are going, or of the dangers and discomforts of the way, or of the loneliness that awaits them where people and customs and language will be equally strange and at first incomprehensible. The old viking spirit awakes in the young men. They must have adventures and see far countries, or learn what is not to be learned at home. Sometimes the hard-handed laborers, the housemaids, and the inmates of whole cottages simply desert their native land to be like their neighbors. There is a mass movement westward, with no Moses to guide the multitude, and no divine command for the pilgrimage; but there is doubtless a providential hand that is leading the sons of toil to the country where they may have one of earth's best blessings, a home of their own in a free and fruitful land.

Individuals who have made up their minds to emigrate have often strong private reasons for the change. One man, a skilful mechanic, who took "only ale," he said, gained flesh and color very fast, and lost work and general confidence as rapidly. A winter without employment sent him to America alone in the spring, resolved not even to take "ale" in the new country, where he would be free from his old boon companions. He kept his resolution, worked as a saddler till he could find a place as an upholsterer



A SWEDISH PILOT.

(his trade in Sweden), sent for his wife and little ones, and they are all now happy in an American home. One model coachman, gray-haired, stalwart, and skilful, maintained that he heard his master talking about having a carriage moved by machinery and kerosene. He was satisfied with his situation, but would not manage such a thing as that, and no horses in the stable. It could not be thought of! He did not want to "change his place;" so he would go to America.

There was another reason for going there; for had he not seven children to care for, and his wife's sisters, who had been such a help, had emigrated before him. In the New World he could rely on them, at a pinch; and so there were nine passages taken, and nine Swedes turned their backs on Mother Svea.

Love takes many a Swedish lassie over the water. Her betrothed has gone before her. What if he should find a new lover in the New World? That is an agitating, tormenting thought. She can get, she has heard, four times as high wages in America as in Sweden. She will try the experiment, and so watch over her "John Anderson, my Joe," and be laying up for the future at the same time. They had exchanged plain gold rings when they were betrothed, of course; and in due time she has, like any Swedish wife at home, two such rings on her wedding-finger, though that may not be the custom in America.

Not unfrequently the "ne'er do weel" of a family, high or low, is gotten off to America, as a last resort for his reformation; and strange to say, this experiment seems to succeed, in nine cases out of ten. The new leaf is turned over, and the scapegrace begins to send home money to pay for his passage and his outfit. and perhaps imports in time a mother, or a sister, or a "nearer and a dearer," to keep him company and share his better fortune.

The Swedes are good emigrants. They are contented and thrifty, and accustomed to a simple way of life. With their small requisites, in the way of necessities, with American wages they soon lay up money. The substantial proofs they send home of the prosperity of the humbler classes in the New World are, perhaps, the underlying cause for the mania for emigra-

tion that so reduces the population of Sweden. Mother Svea may by and by be puzzled herself to decide on which side o the water the true Sweden lies, — whether where the old homestead is, or where she has most of her children and children's children; a hard question for an old mother, truly!

It was interesting to read, not long since, in a New York newspaper, that among the emigrants landing at a certain time in New York, the proportion who could not read or write was, among the Italians, eighty to a hundred, and but one per cent among the Swedes. So much for compulsory education. These same Swedish emigrants may long continue to read their own language without difficulty, but they decline very rapidly in writing it. Their letters to friends at home are most amusing in that respect. English words are introduced bodily, apparently quite unconsciously; and finally the letters become almost unintelligible to the "simple folk" in the cottage to which they come.

The change in tone of feeling and sense of importance in the social world is quite as marked and fully as rapid. There is an amusing imaginary letter in rhyme, that has gone the round of the Swedo-American papers. In it a certain emigrant tells his adored fair who would not respond to his sighs, that whereas he was only at home a "tailor's apprentice," he is now "Mr. Johansson," and that if she had accompanied him, she would now be wearing "hat" and handskar (gloves), like a fine Amerikanska (American lady). He however, notwithstanding his outward prosperity, is drinking "sorrow's bitterest bottle," while he "wishes her well, and hopes that the Erik she took will be able to support her."

One can hardly talk with any family in humble life, in Sweden, who has not some relative in America. Too often there is the sad story that they have lost sight of the absent son or sister or brother. This is not wonderful, knowing the facility with which the Swedes change their names, as an innocent and quite allowable proceeding. This they do, perhaps, when they land at Castle Garden, - a circumstance they may forget to mention upon writing home, at first, when there is so much to tell. It may be that the new address is not properly given, or sufficiently correctly spelt to be recognized on the envelope of the answer to the letter. So, in the various chances and changes of the emigrant's life, he is lost sight of. He thinks he is neglected and forgotten at home, and in that home he is named with a shrug or a hot tear.

These lost members of Swedish families often die in comfortable circumstances, without heirs in America. Then a thorough investigation is made into all their changes and antecedents generally, and their original names are, if possible, ascertained. The truth fairly established, an advertisement appears in the Swedish papers, desiring the names of the relatives of a certain—who emigrated to America at such a time from such a place. So families in Sweden, who have struggled on in poverty often come into what is riches for them, through the relative long accounted forgetful of home or among the early dead. This has been so often the case that to have "an uncle in America" is, in Sweden, a proverbial expression for a possibility of some unknown source of wealth for the future.

Engineers and inventors have been particularly successful in the New World. Many a young engineer, accustomed to comfort and consideration in Sweden, finding that there were too many brothers and sisters for the divided inheritance, has emigrated to seek his fortune. Once in America he has been contented to put on at first the paper cap, and work in a machineshop, until, his skill and mathematical training being discovered, he has been placed in a position on one of the great railroads (where promotion is sure for the able and industrious), advanced rapidly, and has found in the end a prosperity in the New World of which he never dreamed in the Old.

Among the successful engineers and inventors who landed as strangers in America, John Ericsson has the most honored name. It is pleasant to know that this gifted Swede never forgot his family friends in Sweden, or lost his love for his native country. He was always ready to help any of his relatives who needed aid, but was careful not to place them beyond the necessity for personal exertion. Work was, for him, a never forgotten or neglected item in life. When invited out, he would often ask, "Can I be of any use there?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the invitation was sure to be accepted.

Many Swedes do not come home, like John Ericsson, borne lifeless across the seas, to be buried in their own land. Many return in full vigor, to enjoy in their native country the ample means they have acquired in the New World. Some conservative, old-fashioned Swedes cannot be contented in America. It is all too strange and queer for them,— no king, no archbishop, no nobility, no hard brown-bread, and almost, they think, no politeness. They quietly come back to Stockholm, work their way along slowly, and perhaps, at fifty years of age, see their way clear to marry and have a home of their own. In that home

they settle, with the strong conviction that a late marriage in Sweden is better than an early one in too republican America. These are the rare cases; but they exist, and to them Svea gladly appeals when she gets into a hot contest with her boys whom she finds cherishing a wish to abscond and take what she considers a rash cold plunge, involving almost the moral guilt of the deserter or the suicide.

Many of the causes of emigration may be shortly explained as the things which Svea does not do for her children, and which Columbia, with her wide domains and her great prosperity, can fairly promise them. If there were land for the laboring-people to buy for homes of their own, higher wages, less marked social distinctions, and a more friendly hand stretched out to dissenters, and less taxation for the support of the State Church, the home-loving Swedes would never desert Mother Svea.

## IV. ROUNDABOUT AND NORTHWARD.

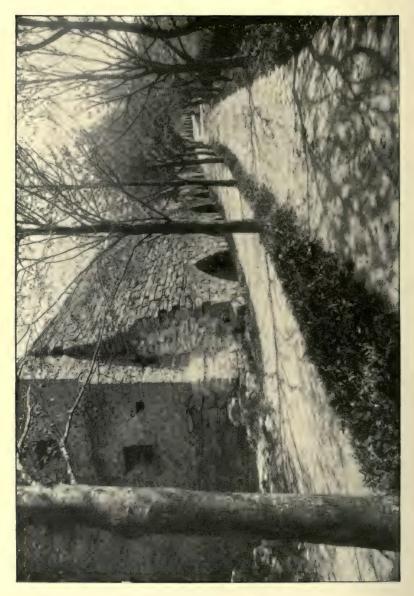
## SHAKING HANDS WITH SVEA.

THE SWEDISH ISLANDS.

DALECARLIA.

THE FINNS.
THE LAPPS.





### THE SWEDISH ISLANDS.

THE Swedish islands are Svea's boast. They are sown broadcast in her bays and lakes, scattered along her coast, and anchored fast in the seas that wash her shores. Indeed scientists maintain that all Southern Sweden was once an island; and it is now if one chooses to call it so, with lakes and streams and Göta Canal to cut it off from the mainland of the peninsula. The very capital is a cluster of islands, and what is the whole Scandinavian peninsula but an almost island in very name?

Gotland stands foremost among these Northern isles for size and beauty and charm and historic associations. Gotland has no shrivelled, neglected old age. The fair island sits like a silver-haired dowager-queen, beautiful in her decline, and revered and honored and sought as a link between the "living present" and the "dead past."

Where quiet now reigns in quaint old Visby, throngs of merchants from the far East came of yore with their costly wares to trade with the sons of the North, and the busy peoples all round the Baltic. There, where in the Middle Ages Arabian, Byzantine, and Roman coins were ringing in the pouches of buyer and seller, the ground is still stored with hidden treasures, that become the wonder of the traveller and the delight of the antiquarian.

The ruins of Visby are beautiful even to eyes famil-

iar with the old English castles and abbeys, or even with the grand historic monuments of majestic Rome. Once in Stockholm, a sail on the Baltic, perhaps a restless night and a glad morning, and you are in Visby.

The mild climate of Gotland gives the fair island a beautiful and varied flora, quite different from that of the Scandinavian peninsula. Trees grow there that would rather seem at home in the far South, and grapes ripen in the open air.

Gotland changed hands of old, much like a piece of money, now belonging to one power and now to another, then coming back to Sweden for a while, to fall again in troublous days into the possession of a new royal owner. She was often a kind of makeweight, thrown into the bargain, when a puzzling treaty was to be agreed upon, or Sweden must make peace on any terms. Now Svea thinks she has this fair garden of the North as safely among her treasures as if it were a choice trinket fast to her girdle by a golden chain.

If antiquity were the chief claim to precedence, Öland should, perhaps, be mentioned before her sister island, for Öland has prehistoric pretensions. Öland is a long narrow limestone mountain which rises in two terraces from the sea. At the base of these terraces a road girdles the island along the sandy beach. At one point in Öland Nature is full of smiles, tropical verdure, and the sweet song of the nightingale; a short ride and you are in a region dreary and desert-like. In Öland the archæologist finds most interesting traces of the unchronicled past. There are many old fortifications from heathen days, and boat-shaped arrangements of stones with cross lines to indicate the benches of the rowers.

To the student of Swedish history, the old castle of Borgholm, now a ruin, has its strong interest, while the lover of the beautiful finds there as charming a view as he can see in the North, with the woods of Småland across the Sound, and the city of Kalmar white in the distance.



UNDER THE BIRCHES.

The "west coast" of Sweden, with its many sunny islands, is a favorite summer resort. There was a time when Marstrand, now only such a haven of rest for tired dwellers in cities, had two burgomasters, a syndic, and ten members of its city council. They do not, any or all of them, seem to have been able to maintain law and order; for the place fell into disrepute for evil doing, and had its own subsequent decline. Now it is

not the buzz of traffic that is heard in Marstrand, but the laughter of merry bathers or the sea-talk of old salts, and its imitation by young would-be experts in all that concerns the briny sea.

The islands that stud the water and circle the promontories of the eastern coast are of a sterner nature, yet they too are suddenly peopled when the warm weather begins. A cottage on an almost bare rock among the reefy islands (skärgården) is a treasure to the city lover of fishing, or to the student who wants to have Nature and quiet and pure air, without being "bothered" by his fellows.

Dalarö is perhaps the most frequented of this whole archipelago, where salt air, salt food, and "old salts" join their attractions to charm the Stockholmers weary of the constraints of city life.

Svea's home can hardly be fully appreciated without some knowledge of its beautiful islands,—"Sweden's babies," as a little child once poetically called them, as he discovered them for the first time on the map of his dear native land.

#### DALECARLIA.

SVEA has a favorite though not a spoiled child. English-speaking people call her Dalecarlia. The brothers and sisters do their share in the petting, so they cannot complain of the result. Dalecarlia has a sort of pre-eminence among the provinces, as the darling of all. However the brothers and sisters may dispute among themselves about their claims for superiority in this or that direction, the very mention of Dalecarlia seems to put them all in a good humor. They love Dalecarlia not alone for the part she has played in their history. The Dalecarlian of the present is loved almost as well as the Dalecarlian of the past. He represents to his countrymen the patriot, the cheerful agriculturist, the free man, free in thought and action; the practical, sensible citizen, with something of the Alpine mountaineer in his independence and manly simplicity. He has the good old idea of the king, as a loving, wise father for his people. To see the King on a special errand, two sturdy Dalecarlians came some years since to Stockholm. They betook themselves at once to their member of the Second Chamber. a resident of the capital, and were as much at ease in his city home as if they were "to the manner born." He promptly arranged for them an audience at the palace, and in their "shorts" and white leather jackets, bordered with sheep's wool, for their court dress, they were shown into the presence of majesty. They were stalwart, middle-aged men, brown and weather-worn, looking much like a pair of New England farmers, but with a free swing in their movements, and a quiet twinkle in the corners of the eyes, that perhaps might not have been found in the sons of the Puritans.

The strangers had a cordial reception, and promptly stated their business. They had come, they said, to beg that they might have a temperate man and a true Christian for their parish priest.

"That is the least you can ask," was the royal answer. "It is the greatest, too, your Majesty," was the prompt reply. The pastorate in question was in the gift of the King; and the person proposed for the place, and likely to get it, was an evil liver, while a less-favored candidate had the true and proper claims for the position. This the Dalecarlians had not been able to stand; they would appeal to the King, and they were not refused their lawful petition. The royal promise was given that they should have the man they desired for their "spiritual pastor and master."

The hardy Dalecarlians expressed their gratitude, lingered a moment, hesitated, and then one of them said, much moved: "Up our way, we were all very sorry when the Queen was so ill, and many prayers were made for her in Dalecarlia. We are glad her Majesty is better."

This was evidently no court compliment, but the expression of real feeling; and the tears filled the eyes of the King. "Perhaps," he said, "you would like to see your Queen; she is just at hand." The faces of the Dalecarlians flushed with pleasure, and they were soon in the presence of the Queen, paying their respects, and expressing their congratulations in person. They were all aglow with satisfaction, when they came back

from the palace, and full of talk at the dinner-table, where, in their free mountaineer way, they were as easy as if they were in their own simple homes.

There is a sort of "out and outness" and frankness about the Dalecarlians that is particularly charming. The young women are often very shy; but when they



HOME INDUSTRY.

do speak, they say simply what they really mean and think. Many of them are very pleasing, with their round pleasant faces and blond hair. They are often as strong and efficient, as gardeners, as an ordinary laborer. A girl of nineteen will work all day with spade or rake, and then go round with her wateringpot in the evening as cheerily as if she were a dilettante as a lover of flowers.

It is one of the pleasant tokens of spring, in the neighborhood of Stockholm, to see these Dalecarlian women appearing in their red caps and gay dresses, to take the charge of the gardens, where they seem so exactly in place. All through the season others may be seen going about selling their home-woven gay bands for belts and apron-strings, or their hair-work, in which they are particularly skilful; but gardening is their favorite occupation. Such a Dalecarlian gardener can be obtained for about thirty cents a day. She is provided with a bed, but as to board she prepares her own food, excepting on Sundays or holidays, when she takes her meals with the servants of the family by whom she is employed. They are generally industrious, respectable girls, favorites for their good behavior and attractive appearance, and perhaps too, for their bright red caps and gay little shawls, brightening the scene even before the garden flowers have appeared. It is useless to say that the "outer man" is of no consequence, and especially the "outer woman." Let a Dalecarlian girl have some toilet difficulty, and appear some day without her usual costume, an American almost starts with a disagreeable feeling at the sight of "that woman working in the garden," when it is simply the favorite Dalecarlian in the dress of an ordinary servant.

To see the Dalecarlians in their home is a favorite summer pleasure with the Swedes as well as with strangers. The "Sunday boat" 1— a row-boat, filled with glad faces and bright dresses, crossing Lake Siljan to the parish church, with its peasant worship-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The "church-boats" are very large, and often carry thirty people. These boats are owned by the villages, and are used as public conveyances. They are sometimes rowed many miles to take the eager worshippers to their beloved church.

pers — is a beautiful scene to have in memory. It is a fair picture in a fair frame. The sweet bells sound over the water, and the rowers strike their sure strokes in the midst of the Sabbath stillness. Little children are often among the church-goers. They have their caps too, and dresses down to their feet, which they lift daintily with their small hands, as they go sturdily up hill; or baby faces peep out from bundles in their mothers' arms.



GOING TO CHURCH.

It is this that the stranger most wishes to see; but the Swede can almost bow down before the restored cottage of Ornäs, where Gustaf Vasa was let down from the window by a long towel, to escape his Danish pursuers. Every token of the presence of the valiant Gustaf is cherished, and every place which has been the scene of his romantic adventures is reverently visited.

The copper-mines at Falun are to some travelling specialists an attraction to Dalecarlia. An old writ-

ing that was to be seen in Falun a century ago, claimed to be taken from runic inscriptions and "reliable history," and stoutly maintained that the Swedes had learned mining from one of Noah's sons, seventeen hundred and forty-five years after the creation of the world! It is also claimed, in this redoubtable manuscript, that the copper vessels of Solomon's temple were made from copper brought from Falun, in return for which the Swedes received enough gold to cover the heathen temple at Upsala, and silver, too, that sufficed to make new city gates for old Sigtuna. In fact, the real working of these mines cannot be traced farther back than 1347.

Some of the Swedish kings have forwarded as far as possible the mining interests of these people, showing themselves personally among the laborers. Gustavus Adolphus is said to have exclaimed, while in one of the chambers at Falun, where the bright copper shone on the walls, "What other monarch has such a palace as that in which I now stand?" These mines are now comparatively little worked, but they have their attractions for strangers who are interested in the mineral resources of the North.

The driving in Dalecarlia is in the Jehu style. Last year some travellers were about to land at Leksand from a steamboat, when, looking up at a road that led down to the drawbridge they had just passed through, they saw a little cart come rattling down at a wild rate, the peasant who was driving evidently not noticing that the drawbridge was still open. On he came recklessly. The ladies turned away their faces, but heard the horrible plunge, as the whole establishment went down into the deep water. There was an awful moment of suspense, and then two legs in white

stockings appeared high in the air, sticking out from the water. The man, the horse, and the wagon were drawn out; the wagon's load, a barrel of mischievous whiskey, was never recovered.

The dressing and raising of the may-pole on Midsummer Eve in Dalecarlia is a specially beautiful sight. The various peasant costumes of the region make the picture particularly gay, and the peculiar dances that have come down from the far past are dexterously, if not always gracefully, danced by the peasants.

Many of the younger men among the Dalecarlians are now unwilling to wear their national dress. They say that they find it expensive, and that it marks them as peculiar when they go from home. They have no reason for dreading that kind of peculiarity; for all Svea's children have a friendly glance for true Dalecarlian lads and lassies, and the stranger's not always courteous stare is sure to be promptly replaced by a smile of approval.

# THE FINNS.

ALTHOUGH Sweden has ceased to own Finland, or any portion of it, the Finns own a part of Sweden, for the Finnish immigrants have definitely bounded regions in the North where they are the authorized settlers. There they speak their own language, keep up their own customs, think the top of the mass of the masonry that forms their store the best sleeping-place; and in the ashes, if they fancy such a pet, they may have a harmless snake, as a member of the family, and rejoice to see him come out for his saucer of milk every morning. Tobacco smoke and smoke from the fire may freely mingle, and paint the rafters so black that they shine like ebony when carefully scoured on. occasion. The Finnish settler is generally, notwithstanding his weekly bath in his steam-house, no model of neatness in his appearance, with his floating dark hair and his yellowish gray face. He likes his smoky cottage best, though he has sometimes, for grand occasions, "a Swedish cottage," where he must have his company manners and the irksome bonds of unwonted elegance.

There was long an animosity between the Swedes and the Finnish settlers; but that is passing away, and with the more friendly feeling many of the younger Finns have adopted Swedish customs, and even in some districts have ceased to speak their own language, though their Swedish is by no means free from eccentricities of expression and action.

There are about seventeen thousand Finns in Sweden, yet they never seem to be considered, like the Lapps, whom they so much resemble, to form an integral part of the population.

One must not judge of the Finns as a nation from these settlers in Sweden, humble, uneducated people as they are. The Finns whom one meets in Stockholm are among the most agreeable and accomplished gentlemen, and the Finnish ladies are often exceptionally beautiful, with bright, vivid faces, sparkling with expression that changes with every thought and feeling. Such Finns are, however, usually of Swedish descent, in part if not wholly, and belong to families originally Swedish, long established in Finland, and have retained there the use of their language. A Finnish lady married to a Swede is herself made a Swede by the marriage ceremony, as is every other foreign bride who has a Swedish bridegroom. The law accepts her as a Swede, without any expression of her own wishes on the subject. The law cannot, however, govern that unruly member, the tongue, that generally remains Finnish with a Finn while life lasts, and has its own peculiar accent and its own theories of modulation in utterance.

Swedish is still one of the languages of Finland proper. There are three languages — Russian, Finnish, and Swedish — that are requisite for a position in bank, mercantile establishment, or law office, in many parts of Finland. The Finnish and the Swedish literature are common property in both countries. It is often hard to remember that the distinguished writers of our own day — Runeberg, Topelius, etc. — have handled their gifted pens on the Russian side of the Baltic.

## THE LAPPS.

THE Lapps, so different in their appearance, language, and habits from the ordinary Swede, have always been acknowledged as foster-members of the Swedish family, though they are evidently of a far different race. These Lapps have roamed their fields of ice and snow and moss as far back as history goes. Their origin is lost in the mists of remote antiquity.

There are about two thirds as many Lapps as Finns in Sweden. "The census man" must have a difficulty in numbering and locating this floating population, who ask no parish priest for a certificate of dismission; when they are on the move, they have no time for such formalities. There is no letting of houses and no fixed "moving day" in the Lapps region. There can be no family discussion as to when "a change" will be good for some member of the family, for the Lapp's most useful servant is his master in this respect.

The riches of the Lapps have not wings, but each treasure is supplied with four active feet, that go where instinct guides them. Twelve thousand such little feet may be in motion, some morning, and the Lapp knows he must strike his tent, make ready his sledges, and be off with his babies and his limited possessions in the direction his treasures are pleased to lead him. He can in a measure order their march, with the dogs to drive in the "strays;" but their des-







A GROUP OF LAPPS.



tination they choose for themselves, and when they think best to stop, the Lapp may be sure that there will be food for them. If at a halting-place the reindeer only browse from the bushes and low branches of the trees, the Lapp knows that there is here no supply of their favorite food at hand. If, on the contrary, the wise little animals begin to paw diligently in the snow, their owner knows that the ground below is gray with the moss in which they delight, and he forthwith pitches his tent. When the crust over the snow is thick and hard, the reindeer may suffer and even starve, though below there may be rich stores of moss. When the herd is in motion, the stamping of so many small feet, and a peculiar cracking sound that comes from the legs of the reindeer when rapidly walking, announce from afar that the Lapp and his train are en route. In winter the valuables of the Lapps are packed on sledges for transportation, but in summer they are laid on the backs of the reindeer, while to the side of one of them the tent-poles are lashed, to drag along behind him.

In summer the reindeer are persistently bound for the heights, not only to feast on the moss that there covers the rocky ground, but where they hope to be free from the torments of the mosquitoes, and are free in a measure. The Lapp can sit in his smoky tent and defy these buzzing little enemies; but the reindeer is defenceless in the midst of the venomous swarms, that gather like a cloud around him. They fill his ears and nostrils, and even make the blood drop from the imperfectly developed parts of his horns. As for bushes, the reindeer shuns them in summer. He knows them as the haunts of the mosquito.

The Lapp must follow the reindeer. His herd is

to him what the butcher's stall and the village shop are to the rustic. The reindeer wears the Lapp's clothes first, and the master must use them second hand. The animal must give not only his clothes, at last, but his life, if his owner is to have his store of food for the future; and the little reindeer must share their mother's milk with the little Lapps, his playmates. But for these childish companions, the reindeer would be hard to tame; but he is accustomed to the human voice and human arrogance almost from his birth. Smoked reindeer is quite a dainty dish, more tender than smoked beef, and with somewhat the flavor of venison. As for reindeer skin high-shoes, any country boy in Sweden is glad to draw them on over his every-day pair, when off for a tramp through the snow.

There are six Lapp districts in Sweden, which taken together form, it is said, one fourth of the whole extent of the country. One of them, which is as large as the kingdom of Würtemberg, is divided into but two parishes. Five of these districts are in the far North. They have their lawful, well-fixed boundaries; but the reindeer do not understand imaginary lines or the niceties of surveyors, and are sad trespassers on the cultivated lands of the settlers. The settlers, in vengeance as well as for private profit, shoot into the midst of the herds, and gather up their spoil, with no man to hinder them, in the wild waste places of the North. Both settlers and Lapps make complaints to the Government, and cry out pitifully for protection and redress. In such difficulties it is almost impossible to find, even with the best intentions, who is the chief aggressor, and where the punishment should fall. Svea has her own trouble with these outskirts of her dominions when her children there are in the midst of their fierce quarrels. When the Lapps are suffering with hunger, then Svea sends them supplies, that prove her good motherly heart; but when they are in the midst of a feud with the settlers, she, as it were, boxes ears all round, as many another mother has done when she could not get to the bottom of a general fight among the little ones.

The Lapp looks much like a very small American Indian with a little mulatto blood in his veins, and vet his narrow eyes speak of the Mongolian race. He seems a queer compound, made up from the scraps of the other peoples cast out to form the dwarfed bodies of the nation of wanderers who live among the snows. A Lapp generally has thin stiff hair, and very little beard. He thinks himself a tall man if he is more than five feet high, and is content with a wife very much smaller than himself. His tent - called as if written "kota" - has a name said to be akin to the English "cot." It is built on the plan of the American child's beanpole hut; but the Lapp has slender birch trunks for his framework, and every pole is firmly fastened in the ground, before the reindeer skins or the sail-cloth covering is dexterously thrown over them. Before the fire is made, a man of moderate size could stand under the opening for the smoke to escape, but he must creep round the outer edge of the tent, if he ever wishes to move there at all. A sledge sometimes serves for the door of the tent or hut, though it is usually only a drop curtain. The floor, which may be the bare ground, or the snow is covered first with birch or spruce branches, over which reindeer skins are carefully spread. A flat stone in the middle serves for a hearth; the one cooking-utensil, a great kettle, hangs from a bar across the opening at the top of the tent. A dense cloud of smoke makes almost a twilight in the strange home; even the Lapps must sometimes shed forced tears, and strangers are always redeyed and weeping, when inside such a tent. The dogs often have their own little door with its curtain, where they go out and in, as it pleases them. The Lapps are very hospitable, and politely give the stranger a place on the great chest where the family valuables are kept, generally the only seat in the hut. The rules of etiquette and precedence are as strict in a Lapp tent as at court, the right of the door being the honorable side of the premises. A reindeer skin serves both for table and cloth, and there the wooden dish is placed, surrounded by the group of grown Lapps, little children, and dogs. The reindeer meat is eaten smoked, boiled, or roasted, and often without bread or salt.

When the female reindeer is to be milked, she is caught round the neck by a kind of lasso, and the rope is then tied to a tree. The reindeer feeds at night, and he is driven out to find his own food whatever the weather may be. In the morning he is forced into an enclosure surrounded by a rude fence, made of boughs and branches tangled together, from tree to tree.

In the winter the reindeer are killed, for they are then the fattest. No Lapp starves while he has a reindeer to kill or to sell; and purchasers are not hard to find, for there are always shrewd traders in the neighborhood of a Lapp and his herd. A traveller among the Lapps generally has three sledges in his service, — one for himself, one for his guide, and one for his effects.

The Lapp wears no linen. His clothes are all for

warmth; but he is fond of ornament, and likes to wear a silver collar and belt on festal occasions. Whole herds of reindeer with their masters have disappeared



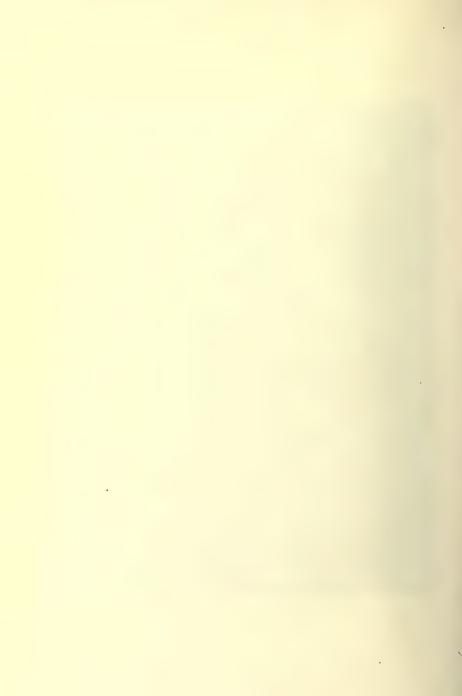
A LAPP'S SILVER COLLAR.

in the awful crevasses of Sulitelma, which is said to be the largest glacier in Europe. There, in the moving masses of ice, the stones are heard grating together, and now and then some huge frozen pyramid topples over with a horrible crash. It may be wondered whether the Lapp, like the Swede, has an eye for the beauties of Nature. Nature has her smiles even in Lapland. When the short summer comes, flowers of bright color spring into blossom, in rich masses of red, yellow, and white, and even butterflies may be seen in the far North. These flowering plants grow low, with their branches close pressed to the ground, thus escaping the cold and the harsh drying winds. Their leaves are evergreen, and often last several years, so that when the warm breath of summer comes, they have but to throw up their buds and blossoms, and make bright the earth with their clusters of bloom.

To turn to the prosaic, the father of a Lapp family is not only the provider and butcher for the family, he is also the cook, but will confide the care of the kettle to some one else, if he has a guest whom he wishes to honor. The mother is the shoemaker, tailor, and tanner for the family, as well as the guardian of the little ones. The father makes all the tools that he needs, and as he is a jack-of-all-trades, he needs many. The sledges, of his own work, are often beautifully fashioned. It is he who goes to the coast to do the family shopping. He sells the reindeer meat and skins, and comes back, well pleased, with his supplies, which are chiefly coffee and tobacco. The Lapps are fond of smoking, — the women as well as the men.

When the wolves are very troublesome, the Lapp betakes himself to the neighborhood of the nearest church, where there are always some settlers to be found. This is no light journey, as there may be sixty English miles between him and the strange little building which he calls a church. Here he sets up his





tent, with somewhat more care than usual, and starts to the surrounding forests for food for his herd. At the best the tent of a Lapp is not a charming place of abode. After midsummer, he drives his herd near to the dwelling, and the making of cheese is then the Lapp's occupation. If so unfortunate as to lose his herd, he sometimes becomes a regular settler, with only a goat to rely upon for milk; or worse, he wanders as a beggar, and is known as that much despised creature, "a poor Lapp."

The Lapps hold the modern ideas as to dress, for they make very little difference in that for a man or a woman. Both generally wear in summer a short gray homespun shirt, with trousers tied round the ankles by a gaudy yellow band. The sleeves are usually turned up with red. The shoes are high, broad-soled, and with pointed toes. They wear no stockings, but have a kind of braided grass wound round the foot. The belt, adorned with silver or tin ornaments, is their especial pride. The pointed cap is of course an essential part of their dress. The mountain Lapps wear the gayest colors. The forest Lapp has the same gaudy taste. The fisher Lapp, if at all prosperous, soon dresses like any other Swede. The Lapps are spoken of in various classes, and bear different names according to their occupations. It is, however, the wandering families with their herds of reindeer who are meant when the general name Lapp is used.

A traveller tells of a visit to a Lapp family whom he accompanied to their place of encampment. The tent was soon set up, and the fire made. The kettle was hung at once, and filled with — snow! This novel provision was laded in with a great wooden spoon,

which was left sticking in the midst of the white mass. The Lapps took off their wet coats and hung them up to dry, and the reindeer meat was laid near the fire, to thaw sufficiently to be chopped in pieces. If the chopper failed to cut off a junk at every blow, his failure was followed by a general laugh of derision, which he heard with perfect composure Sparks from the fire began to fly into the eyes of the Lapp, and there was another laugh at the sufferer's expense, unless he were the stranger, and then no one even smiled, until the victim set the example, when there was a regular roar.

As soon as the snow was melted, some of the water was eagerly drank by the thirsty group around the fire. When the soup was at last made, the Lapps clasped their hands for a "grace," and the same was done after the meal. The man who had officiated as cook was then courteously thanked for his trouble. He replied with, "May God add his blessing!" or "May it do you good!"

Soon all said the usual Lapp "good-night," as ceremoniously as if each were to take his candle and retire to his own quiet bedroom. As it was, the stranger wrapped himself in his reindeer skin, and taking his bear-skin cap for a pillow, lay down. His hip was a pillow for his next neighbor, and his for the next until all the circle had wreathed the fire around, the Lapps soon falling into a deep sleep. Strangers find having the face to the fire and the back to the cold not always sleep-promoting, but even they grow drowsy at last.

Even as early as the days of Queen Margareta, who died in 1412, a missionary was sent to the heathen Lapps who bore the Queen's own name. Such efforts

were renewed from time to time, with little success. Good impressions are easily worn away in the Lapp's wandering life, cut off as he is for long periods from church services or any reminder of the first day of the week. Gradually, however, an impression for good has been made on these wandering people. Many of them



A DEAD LAPP.

are eager for the outward ministration of the pastors now appointed over the various large parishes of the North. Babies a few days old are carried long distances over the snow for baptism, and the little pilgrims heavenward have been known to die during this first stage of their earthly journey In the winter the bodies of the dead are often buried deep down in the snow, to be borne in the late spring, in a long funeral procession, to the church, where they can have Christian burial and be laid in consecrated ground. An arrangement has been made so that the young people among the Lapps can be received in families (farther south than their parents' feeding-grounds for the reindeer), where for a time in settled homes they can receive instruction before their Confirmation. This excellent charity has had an encouraging amount of success. Colporteurs, with the Bible and other good books in the Lapp language, go about in the North, and are kindly welcomed and listened to in the homes of the people.

The iron mountain in Lapland, Gellivara, which is supposed to be the largest ore-field in the world, has another attraction to the traveller in Sweden, as there it is possible, from June 5th to July 10th, to see the midnight sun. One hears even of parties of ladies without escort, who undertake this trip and have no special difficulties in accomplishing it. At Gellivara on a mountain incorrectly called "Dundret," the Tourists' Association have a pavilion, where the traveller can sit at his ease and watch the never setting sun At the office of the same association in Stockholm strangers can secure, in English, directions as to how this journey may be managed.

A certain Swedish schoolmaster of long ago liked specially to descant vividly on the wonderful charms of Rome. He was not seldom interrupted by mischievous boys, with the question, "Have you been there, Magister?" "Yes! yes! yes! but not personally, child!" was his invariable answer. Many travellers returning from Sweden have availed themselves of a similar response when asked if they had seen the midnight sun; others, in increasing numbers, are tempted

to no such subterfuge, for they have indeed looked upon this great wonder.

Avasaxa, just over the border line between Finland and Sweden, was, until recently, the place of resort for seeing the great wonder of the North. In the time of the father of Karl XII., it was actually attempted by the King himself.

Avasaxa is about twenty-four English miles north of Torneå, which lies by the coast, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Torneå River, which flows through a fruitful valley, is the guide through the whole trip upward from the sea. The Finns, who live on both sides of the river, are generally a simple, comfortable people. They are supported by their plentiful harvests, their dairies, and their salmon fisheries, the best in the far North.

A traveller describes the midnight sun at Avasaxa as follows: "The rays of the sun seemed to have blended with its disk, so that they together formed a great red moon, which hung just above the horizon, and seemed gently swinging, crossed by black bands of cloud. Nature wore an almost frightful aspect in this unnatural light. Towards the north, on each side of the sun, rose an immeasurable perspective of giant pillars, every one a mountain larger and more irregularly formed than Avasaxa. When hardly a half hour had passed, the sun seemed to lift itself afresh, and suddenly cast forth its flaming beams. The weird time had passed, and songs filled the air from a simple choir, improvised for the purpose. Finnish and Swedish melodies succeeded each other, far into the morning. The mountain was slowly deserted. The Swedes climbed down the western side, and the Finns disappeared towards the east."

From the Americans at home, who have been thus far our companions, we part for a moment here at Avasaxa, before we begin to explore with them the past of Sweden, as we have enjoyed with them thoughts of its present.

# V. SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PAST.

# SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PAST.

UNDERGROUND HISTORY. THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. AN UNCROWNED KING. A VIKING AT HOME. AN OLD ROVER. SWEDEN'S FIRST MISSION- MARGARETA'S UNION. ARY.

THE ROYAL SAINT. MAGNUS LOCK-THE-BARN. SANTA BIRGITTA.





VALDEMAR ATTERDAG AT THE RANSOM OF VISBY.

### UNDERGROUND HISTORY.1

A MODERN writer has said, "Tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is." The Swede is fed on the history of his country. Even while he is dandled on the knee he hears plans for the courtship of little Queen Margareta, while he is trotted to the jingle of "Rida, rida ranka." The small scholars of the village school are as well acquainted with the doings of the vikings as if they were their next-door neighbors. Through life, the heroes of Swedish history are the familiar friends of the Swedes; it is therefore not strange that the character of Svea's children of the present mirrors that of the children of the past, save that the sword has been turned into the ploughshare, and the former red battlefields are now waving with the golden grain.

The study of the history of Sweden begins with underground researches. Not that we are personally to handle the pickaxe and the shovel. That has been done for us. We need but step into the basement rooms of the Swedish National Museum and look about us. Happy if we have the Royal Antiquarian or the learned and agreeable Professor Montelius to explain and expound for us! Before us, in orderly rows, are

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This is no solid and scholarly bit of Swedish history, nor is it even a hasty outline of its most important events. It is rather as if one were with an American friend in a Swedish picture-gallery, and pausing now and then before a striking portrait, should tell in an informal and familiar way the story of the original.

glass cases, where we may see what was seen and used by those old Swedes of some thousands of years ago.

Of course we begin at the STONE AGE, when the tools and household implements were skilfully wrought from the living rock. We examine the spear-heads and the arrow-heads, the daggers and the axes of the warriors of that remote day, and even the scrapers that assisted them in thorough-going though savage toilet. We can know the fashion of the bone fishhook of the sportsman and of the grindstones of the fireside. We may even examine a plan or a model of the rude burial chambers, where many of these treasures were found.

In the succeeding Bronze Age, we come upon more skilful and delicate workmanship. We have now not only necessary tools and warlike instruments, but beautifully finished articles for household use. We have, too, rich golden ornaments for finger and wrist and neck and head, fashioned with exquisite skill. We see, if not the comb which a mermaid has used for her yellow hair, yet the honored instrument that arranged the tresses of a to us little less mysterious lady. We may see her needles, her stiletto, her pincers, and her own dress, or that of her maid, — full woollen skirt with a braided cord, tasselled at the end, as a belt, a short sacque, and a close-fitting cap with strings.

Rock carvings in the style of children's "playing on the slate," give us a notion of the boats and chariots of the far Bronze Age, and even of the fights by land and sea among its mystical peoples.

In the Iron Age, we find signs of intercourse with distant Rome, in Roman coins and traces of Roman art. Iron has come into use and been adapted to its appropriate purposes. From various finds we can get a fair idea of the ordinary dress of a warrior of about



A NORTHERN WARRIOR.

three hundred years after the Christian era, and see a bit of the chain armor he wore.

In the runes or secrets of the Iron Age, we have inscriptions on stone and gold, over which antiquarians have studied until they have found the key to their meaning.

We may even know, in the later Iron Age, that Charon was not expected to ferry the old heathen to the shore beyond the waters of death, but that he was sometimes buried in his own boat, with his horses and weapons of war with him, to sail if he chose, or ride fully armed into the far country.

#### THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

To the Edda (great-grandmother, in Icelandic) we must go for the history, in song and saga, of what we now call Sweden. These ditties and ballads and legends were probably written in Scandinavia, but were stored away (how early in our era we cannot say) in Iceland, hidden as it were in that wonderful refrigerator, to be brought out long afterwards for the delectation of poet and scholar and historian.

This garrulous great-grandmother, or these great-grandmothers (for there are two Eddas), tell us not only of the secrets of Northern mythology and the doings in Valhalla, but they open for us the doors of the viking's home, and give us a picture of his domestic life as well as of his fierce conflicts. We read:—

"Then took the mother The embroidered cloth Of linen, white, And laid it on the board. Then set she down Thin loaves of bread, Wheaten, white, Upon the cloth. Next brought she forth Dishes brimfull. Silver-mounted. High-flavored ham, And roasted fowl. There was wine in the cans, Beauteous cups. They drank, they talked Till break of day."

"The dishes or plates upon which the food was served were indeed, usually, simple wooden trenchers though sometimes we have descriptions of such as were partly of silver." Food was cut with the com-



FRITIOF AND INGEBORG.

mon knives that every one wore attached to the belt. Forks were unknown, fingers were used instead, and the hands scrupulously washed before and after meals. Honey took the place of sugar, and milk of tea and coffee. Mead was a costly drink for rare occasions, and wine seems to have been scarce. The drinking-

horn was passed round by the daughters of the house. A tiny silver image of such a damsel, obliging but apparently not beautiful, is preserved in the National Museum.

The Edda has not only been the treasure-house of information about the early days of Sweden, it is "the great-grandmother of Scandinavian poetry," and teaches, in this respect, by example as well as direct instruction. Alliteration is a favorite mode of ornamentation and increase of expression in the Edda, and is to this day much and successfully used by some of the poets of Sweden.

Tegnér's beautiful rendering of Fritiof Saga makes us at home among the vikings, in war and peace. It is not necessary to give here quotations from its valued pages, for they are translated into all modern languages, and everywhere read with hearty admiration.

Professor Tegnér, as a poet, won enthusiastic appreciation in Sweden, and in the end a bishop's mitre, as well as an unseen but ever fresh laurel crown.

## A VIKING AT HOME.

He now learned
To tame oxen
And till the ground,
To timber houses
And build barns,
To make carts
And form ploughs.

The father sat
And twined his bowstring,
Bent elm for bow,
And shafted arrows.
But the housewife thought
Of handiwork,
Smoothed her linen
And starched her sleeves.

EDDA.

WE are too apt to think of the "old homestead," in the viking days, as like an eagle's nest in a lone cliff, where the young were trained only as birds of prey, for future deeds of blood. We have another side of the picture in the description of "Sigurd Ring, King over Svealand," who was reckoned in the North one of the richest and wisest and bravest men of his own time.

News had been brought that Sigurd's stepson, the future Saint Olaf of Norway, was returning unexpectedly from one of his roving expeditions. The announcement found the Queen at work in the midst

of her maidens. There was promptly the stir of preparation. The tapestries must be hung on the walls, and fresh hay strewn on the floor, and ale set on the table.

A swift messenger was at once sent to the King in the field, who was superintending the harvesters and critically scanning the farmyard. This gentleman



OLD NORTHERN HALL.

farmer was dressed in a blue coat, blue stockings, and high shoes (bound round the legs), a gray cloak over his coat, a broad-brimmed hat with a veil, and carried a staff with silver-gilt chain and mountings in his royal hand. While thirty well-armed horsemen were summoned to attend him, Sigurd donned then and there his festal apparel, sent him by his provident wife. He drew on his Cordovan boots, buckled his golden spurs, put on his silken clothing, cast over all

his scarlet mantle, belted on his sword, brilliant with inlaid work, and laid aside hat and veil for his gilded helm. His horse was brought to him, decked with shining cloth of gold. So rode King Sigurd to his home.

Between the various buildings - hall and sleepingrooms, virgin's bower, and the abodes of the dependants, - stood the still ranks of the retainers. The stepson made his magnificent entrée, with his banner flying. and accompanied by a hundred warriors. There, in the open air, the traveller was heartily welcomed, and then he must be conducted into the house to drink with his step-father, and meet his mother waiting, in womanly dignity, for him to come to her under the roof. She kissed the rover, and assured him that everything in the house was at his command. There she led him to his due place of honor. King Sigurd detailed certain men to care for the wardrobe of the strangers, and to see that there was proper entertainment for beast as well as man, and then sat down himself on the "high seat," and the feast was held after the noblest fashion. The stepson, during his visit, was regaled "one day with fish and milk, and the next with meat and ale." After a short stay with his mother, Olaf departed with his men, to bring under his subjection the whole kingdom of Norway.

As for Sigurd Ring, he was not always at home playing the royal farmer. He is heard of in the martial triumphs of the day, and especially in the great battle of Bråvalla, one of the most famous "wellfought fields" of Northern story, which left Sigurd Ring ruler over all the Swedes and Danes of the peninsula.

#### AN OLD ROVER.

FICTION and fact, legend and history, struggle and blend in the snake story of which Ragnar Lodbrok, the son of Sigurd Ring, is the hero.

A certain beautiful daughter of a Jarl has in her maiden's bower a casket, given her by her father, its treasure a beautiful little serpent, which is her plaything and her darling. The fascinating little creature grows and grows, day by day, with amazing rapidity, till first the casket cannot contain him, then the maiden's bower is too small for him. He coils round the outside of the home of his mistress, and like a jealous watch-dog, will let no one approach her. She is a helpless prisoner, while none dare venture within the reach of his poisonous breath.

Of course the Jarl issues a proclamation that any one who will slay the serpent and deliver his daughter may claim her for his bride.

Now Ragnar comes on the stage. At fifteen years of age, he has precociously begun his viking career, and has developed into a model of beauty and bravery. He hears of the distress of Sora, the Jarl's daughter, and is secretly resolved to deliver her. He prepares for himself wonderful hairy garments, which, having been boiled in tar and then dipped in sand, and suffered afterwards to harden, have become impervious to a serpent's breath and make the wearer invulnerable for all weapons. He kills the serpent, compels the Jarl to

keep his promise, and carries off his bride. Tora holds her lover by silken chains, and he stays quietly at home with her and the two little boys that are born to him, until she is laid in an early grave. Then, sorrowful and desperate, Ragnar roams the seas again in his dragon ships.

One day when near the Norwegian coast, Ragnar sent his men on shore to bake bread. They came back with their loaves burned, excusing themselves for the charred crusts by saying that they had seen in a horrid old woman's cottage such a beautiful damsel that they must needs look at her and let the baking go on as it could.

Ragnar at once found out the name of the charmer, and the next morning Kraka was summoned to come on board the vessel, neither clothed nor naked, neither fasting nor satisfied, neither alone nor in company. She came, wrapped in a fish-net, with her long fair hair flowing around her like a veil. She had but touched her lips with an onion, and had a dog as her escort and protector.

Ragnar wished to give her at once the goldembroidered skirt of his Tora, which the widower had probably taken to sea with him for its tender associations. Kraka said, in reply, "Such a garment does not become a maid who dwells in a cottage; but if thou dost not change thy mind, thou canst send for me at some future day."

The next summer Ragnar appeared, constant and eager, and carried off Kraka as his queen. Then Kraka told her bridegroom that she was no child of a cottage, but of a hero, who had been deceitfully and ignobly slain. Her foster-father had borne her off in his harp to the coast of Norway. At a cottage where he slept,

a gold ring that he wore, and a peep at some rich texture that seemed to be hidden in the harp, prompted the cottagers to kill their guest. Hidden in the harp was truly rich drapery; but it was worn by a little girl, secreted within. They took the child as their own, called her Kraka, and soon set her to watch their goats, and be to them more as a servant than a daughter. Ragnar and Kraka had four sons, the



A RUNIC STONE.

youngest of whom had something peculiar about his eyes, from which he was called "Snake in the eye." The sons were fierce rovers, winning everywhere fame and booty, and leaving death and desolation behind them, even penetrating to Spain and far Italy.

When Ragnar grew old at last, he refused "to die like a worn-out dog at the hearthstone." He would take two great ships and conquer England. He would not listen to the advice of his wife, to have smaller vessels that could land on England's coast; so she did her best, and gave him a shirt of mail which no weapon could pierce, and then, with many forebodings, bade him farewell.

The great vessels were dashed in pieces, but the fierce vikings swam to land, and ravaged castles and villages along the English shore. King Ella summoned his horsemen, and hastened to repulse the invaders, giving, however, the order that the leader should be taken alive. "For," said the prudent King, "Ragnar has such sons that if he should fall here, it would go ill for us."

The English hosts were too many for the few strangers. It was in vain that Ragnar, left to fight alone, struck mighty blows that no shield or buckler could stand, while he himself was protected by Kraka's shirt of mail. He was in the end surrounded, walled in by the enemies' shields, and taken. He refused to tell his name. The English should not know that they had Ragnar Lodbrok for their prisoner. The captive was cast into a den of serpents, till he should own his name and be dealt with accordingly. The snakes could not harm him while he had Kraka's gift as a protection. When that was taken away, they fastened upon him, and, dying, he cried out, "The pigs would grunt if they knew what the old hog was suffering."

Terrible, indeed, was the vengeance of the sons; but they too were conquered at last, though one of them, afterwards, gained by deceit possession of the country, says the story, and reigned king of England.

Ragnar Lodbrok (Ragnar Hairy-breeches) and his father, Sigurd Ring, are considered historical characters of early days, notwithstanding the impossible adventures that have crept into the legends. Ragnar's sons were even more famous, and the whole family are among the most prominent of the old vikings of the North.

## SWEDEN'S FIRST MISSIONARY.

WE pass from the half-saga and more than half-heathen period of rough old Ragnar and his fierce sons, to the dawning of light in Sweden.

Out of the dim doubtful mists of early times emerges the real, living form of the brave, zealous Christian bishop, Ansgarius.

The civilized nations saw no help against the ravages of the Northmen, but in christianizing the remorseless rovers. The Northmen had heard through their captives of the "White Christ" and his wonderful teaching, and longed to know more of this new religion. The hands from the North were not in vain stretched out to plead that a Christian teacher might be sent to them. Ansgarius, or Ansgar, a Frenchman, born in 801, gladly obeyed the summons. With a brother monk he set sail for Sweden. They met the vikings at sea, instead of on land. The ship and its cargo fell into the hands of the rovers. The books, gifts, and sacred vessels, provided by the Emperor Louis, were lost. With but their lives and the story of the cross as their treasure, the two strangers came safely to land.

They made their way through forests and "great inland seas" to the old city of Birka, where the King, Bear (Björn), gave them liberty to preach in the name of Christ. A church was built at Birka, the captives were cheered by holy words of counsel and comfort and by the offices of their religion, and many converts

were made, both outwardly by baptism and inwardly by the power of the truth. Ansgar was summoned home to be made archbishop of Hamburg; and when that city was burned by the vikings, he was removed to Bremen.

In 853 he visited Sweden again, and obtained further privileges and on firmer ground for the followers of the new religion. Ansgar died in Bremen in 865.

Ansgar was no rough preacher of righteousness. His nature was gentle, and the tears readily filled his eyes, but he could, on occasion, be as brave as a lion. His own body he kept under by harsh garments and poor and scant fare, but for the needy he had a liberal hand, and in him captives often found a friend to pay their ransom.

A thousand years have rolled by, and Birka is one of the lost cities of the world; but the name of Ansgarius is held in reverent and tender memory among the people, to whom he was the first to preach the religion of love.

Other evangelists came in time from various quarters, and the place is still shown where the English Saint Sigfrid baptized Olof (Skötkonung), who was one of the "braves" in the great sea-fight at Svolder, a noted battle of primitive Sweden. Kings were not all-powerful in those days, and needed any amount of patience and meekness. This Olof once ventured to be wilful in a great council (1018), when the law man, a mighty man on the occasion, said: "If you don't do as we say, it may happen that we fall on you and kill you. We don't bear any quarrelling and disturbance from you. How did our forefathers do? They cast into a cellar five kings who were full of arrogance just as you are to-day. Say now what you mean to do."

There was a clashing of weapons and a boisterous shout from the multitude, to express their approval of the speech of their leader; and the so-called king must peacefully promise to obey the expressed wish of his people.



SWEDEN'S FIRST MONEY (issued in the time of Olof Skötkonung).

## THE ROYAL SAINT.

If Eve could be called "the fairest of her daughters," Erik IX. may be said to be the best of his royal predecessors of the name. This is Saint Erik, who, though he was honored by no papal canonization, was by his own people sainted, both living and dead, — a good Catholic and a good Christian, according to his light. He was no king to "fare sumptuously and wear fine linen" (rather something far rougher next to his person), but was rigid and cleanly in his daily régime, taking his plunge, summer or winter, — whether through ice or bright ripples it was all the same to him.

As a lawgiver, Saint Erik was a pattern king. He "gaed his ain gait" round his dominions, to find out the real condition of his people, and to still feuds and administer justice in the fear of God rather than man. A royal progress so came to have the name of an Eriksgata, or Eriksway, all down the centuries. In the old heathen code of laws he cut out a bit here and made an amendment there, and, being a woman's-rights man, he ordained that the sexes should be equally protected by legal authority. A wife should be "honored as mistress of the house, and have full right over lock and bar, and her fair third in all movable goods and acquired real estate, as upland law and holy King Erik provided."

Not satisfied with being a good king at home, he must fight for the holy cross. He had the heathen close at hand. Some idol temples in Finland had been

changed to Christian churches, but there was little zeal for Christian faith and practice among the Finns or the few Swedish settlers. With zealous Bishop Henrik, an Englishman, to wield the spiritual weapons, and a well-armed force to thrust them home. Erik landed in Finland. The Finns were at first obdurate; but when the question was reduced to baptism or certain death, they submitted, and the Swedish King returned home, having, as he believed, added many souls to Christendom, and a fair bit of Finland to the crown possessions. Bishop Henrik, who was left in his new diocese, ventured to fine one of the Finnish extempore Christians for committing murder after his conversion. In revenge, the offender was not satisfied with waylaying and killing the bishop, but cut off his fingers, including the thumb, to get at the rings with which they were adorned. The thumb of the martyred bishop may still be seen in wax, in the episcopal seal of Abo Finland.

As for Saint Erik, he too met a violent death. While he was devoutly hearing Mass, there was the cry that the Danes were upon him, "almost at the doors of the church." The royal worshipper calmly remained where he was to the conclusion of the Mass, and then saying, "The rest of the service I may, perhaps, hear in a more glorious place," he went bravely to meet the enemy. He was overpowered by numbers, taken alive, and beheaded on the spot.

The well-known head of Saint Erik now appears in the coat of arms of the city of Stockholm, his remains are honored in their silver casket in Upsala Cathedral, and his memory is sainted in the heart of every true Swede.

## AN UNCROWNED KING.

#### BIRGER JARL.

A MAN may be in point of fact a king, without crown or throne or royal title, if he but bear an invisible sceptre, and bear it well. Such a man was Birger Jarl (or Carl); a mighty man, living on his own fine estate, and the foremost citizen in all the North. Birger had married a sister of the reigning king, one of the Eriks, and had so strengthened his own power and influence.

At this time certain Finns had risen up against Christian control, put out the eyes of such priests as they could lay hands on, murdered baptized children, and perpetrated other similar horrors. Birger promptly led a strong body of Swedes to Finland, to put an end to these outrages. While he was absent the King died, and Birger's young son was hailed as his successor,—"a child," as Birger angrily said, on his hasty return, "not yet able to rule himself, and much less a kingdom." Birger, however, proved really the ruler, and a wise one too.

Travelling in Sweden in those days, even for short trips, must have been a doubtful sort of pleasure, as one can judge from Birger Jarl's "peace statutes," which were so heartily welcomed, and have ever been gratefully remembered. He ordained that there should be "peace for woman, home peace, peace for the churchgoer, and peace for the lawgiver, on his way to the place of legislation." As to "peace" for the travelling public

at large, that could not as yet be thought of; every man had his sword or his club, it was supposed, and could fight his own battles.

The Swedish women had not hitherto been carried off wholesale, like their Sabine sisters, but some bashful suitor better at using his trusty blade than his tongue, or some outraged Lochinvar, might often attack the strongly equipped wedding-party and carry off the bride by force of arms. Birger Jarl's law for the protection of women put an end to such summary wooing.

A man's house was to be sacred, — his law-protected castle, — for he was not to be molested within his own gates. A man on the way to the house of prayer, whatever had been his offences, was not to be waylaid by the avenger. As the king's person was sacred, so must be that of the citizen, who, when on his way to the ting, represented the majesty of law.

Up to the time of Birger a daughter of a noble house had no share in the family inheritance; the last of the Jarls made her claim equal to that of her brothers. A poor man was no longer to sell his future services, for the pledge of bed and board, for life.

The law, not the "avenger of blood," was to punish offenders. The accused were no longer to prove their innocence by walking on hot iron, or like superstitious tests. To secure the church service against being interrupted by brawls, arms were to be left in the vestibule of the sacred edifice; and often in Sweden the entranceway to the church is called a weapon-house to this day (vapenhus).

Birger Jarl saw the importance of the position of the islands where Stockholm now stands. He strengthened the town then beginning, and, it is said, erected a strong tower on the site of the present royal palace. His imposing statue rises majestically in the midst of the great city, which he foresaw would be the capital of Sweden. He stands full armed on his column, apart from men, a new kind of St. Simeon Stylites, — no anchorite, but the imposing image of a human-hearted man, looked up to as a wise statesman and the real founder of "Birger Jarl's city," beautiful Stockholm.

Far from this solitary watcher, there is now in his city a breaking up and a pulling down, where a magnificent street is to pass, broad enough for fifty kings to ride abreast if ever a congress of rulers were to meet in the North to confer on the best good of the people of the world. This great thoroughfare is to be called Birger Jarl's gata (Birger Jarl's way), a proper memorial of the uncrowned king. Birger Jarl died in 1266.

## MAGNUS LOCK-THE-BARN.

When the strong tree fell, there was a crashing and a clashing among the branches. The sons of great Birger Jarl could not live in peace. The Queen was pleased to call her dark-haired, brown-skinned royal brother-in-law, Duke Magnus, "that tinker." That tinker came in due time, or undue time, to the throne; for he ousted the weak King, and put him into mild imprisonment for breach of the laws of God and man.

Magnus, like his father, had a taste for law-making. The hospitality of the Swedes has always been noted, but in those days it was suffering too severe a strain. As in most sparsely settled regions, travellers must often be sheltered in private houses, or lie under the open sky. This practice still continued in Sweden, but was made most offensive by the remorseless demands, and the swaggering and the bullying of the guests, who forced themselves and their trains on the unprotected country people. Such travelling gentry were hereafter to pay for "entertainment of man and beast," and to behave themselves respectably in the homes to which they were admitted. The name Magnus was retained for the wise ruler, with the surname Lock-the-barn, given in grateful memory of his protection of the rights of his people.

Magnus had a taste for splendor and high titles and high-mightiness. He appointed men to grand offices with grand names, and in his own way did his part to the establishment of a fixed nobility of riders, or *rid-dare*, the present house where the nobles meet being called Riddarhuset.



A PEASANT PLOUGHMAN.

While the vikings had their way, fighting by sea was naturally their most favorite pastime; but time went on, and battles by land became more and more common. A perpetual army of mounted horsemen in armor was to be sustained, and Magnus established the

law that all who would pledge themselves so to appear in time of need, to fight for land and king, should be freemen, and their estates freed land. The riders or knights had before appeared in Sweden, and had been formally invested in their dignities; but now the thing took form, and was to be perpetuated.

Magnus locked the barn for his peasant, but opened a wide portal for an authorized aristocracy other than that of merit and great deeds.

Magnus Lock-the-barn (Magnus Ladulås) died in 1290.

## SANTA BIRGITTA.

THE American housekeeper is familiar with the Catholic Bridget,—a necessary of life, but sometimes a necessary evil. The Saint Bridget of the Swedes was also a Catholic, but she is honored to this day by the most zealous Lutherans as well as by the members of her own church.

Women in the North had from the earlier times given evidence of being made of strong stuff. The widowed Queen Sigrid, of the old days, coolly left her troublesome lovers to sit late over their cups, and then burned the hall where they lay helpless after their carouse. A better and a gentler strength had come in with the better religion.

About the year 1300 a little girl who was named Birgitta was born in a noble household. Early left motherless, she fell under the care of an aunt, who whipped her for getting up to pray in the night, and forgave her when she saw the Virgin Mary assisting the child with her sewing, — so the story goes. Later, rumors about a saintly young maiden in his neighborhood convinced an aristocratic youth that she, and she only, must be his wife, and he took her early to his home. Ulf (Wolf) was his name, but not his nature; and Birgitta was venerated by her gentle husband as much as she was loved. Theirs was a model household, where affection, uprightness, and hospitality reigned. There was good management within, and loving care

for the dependants and the poor without. Four boys and four girls were carefully ruled by the mother, who so ruled herself that if her tongue gave offence, she chastised it by chewing bitter herbs.

From this home of peace and purity Birgitta was transplanted to the court, where deference to man and defiance of God went hand in hand. The high-souled woman was filled with indignation, and King and court-ladies and dashing young knights had to hear her well-deserved words of open rebuke. The lives of holy men and the dear words of the Bible were at court, as ever, Birgitta's favorite reading. The Scriptures she caused to be translated into so-called Swedish, — really a mixture of Norwegian and Swedish that obtained in time the name of the Birgittine language.

In 1340 Birgitta, her husband, and many other Swedes took the pilgrim's hat and cloak and staff and scallop shell, and started for far Spain to visit the grave of Saint James. They had almost as many perils by the way as Saint Paul himself had braved, and a plague district to pass through in addition. In castle and convent and wayside inn the noble and learned Lady Birgitta left the trace of her pure devotion, and her high regard for practical duties, mingled as they were with the superstitions of the day. After their safe return, Ulf betook himself to the convent of Alvastra, where he soon passed away.

After the death of her husband Birgitta did not separate herself wholly from the society of her fellows, though she followed personally an ascetic rule of life and devoted herself much to study, especially to reading Latin with her daughter. The society of the cultured and wise was always to her a source of pleasure. Birgitta's plan for her future convent slowly

matured in her mind. It should be a refuge for human beings weary of the world. The church should stand in the centre, the nunnery on one side, and the monastery on the other. In the church, which should be open to all worshippers, plain sermons should be preached, so worded that simple folk could understand them. Ladies of high rank should be there taught a pure faith and a holy practice, and go out to be a blessing to their families and dependants. Books of spiritual teaching should be written or translated for the good of the people. The sisters of the convent, though subject to a strict routine of prayer and fasting and looking daily into an open grave, should have the womanly occupations of sewing, embroidery, and lace-making.

Birgitta's ideal was realized. The King gave the ground for Vadstena Cloister. Birgitta's own liberality stirred many rich givers to imitation. The comfort of the nuns was provided for, and through passages in the walls hot air was conducted over the buildings.

Reformers rarely have a quiet life, and Birgitta did not escape her share of annoyances. In 1350 she journeyed to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pope for her convent. She was accompanied by her confessor and one of her sons. Before leaving her home Birgitta had divided the bulk of her property between her children and the poor. In Rome, Pope and priest, King and subject, who departed from a pure practice were sure to have the plain rebuke of the Northern saint and to take it meekly. The poor, the outcast, and the mourner found in her a friend; and for the Swedes in Italy the doors of her home were ever open, and to be there was to be blessed. For the Italians in hospitals and huts, Birgitta was as a mother. When seventy years of age, she made with some of her chil-

dren a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and shortly afterward passed upward to the true Holy City.

All through her life, Birgitta had trances and visions. Nothing new in doctrine or practice seems to have been revealed to her. These periods of exaltation appear to have been rather converse with heaven than heavenly revelations. Sometimes she heard in her visions the cries of the people robbed of their rights; sometimes



THE ROMAN HOSPITAL.

she was reminded there were lost sinners she must seek out and rescue. Occasionally the communication took a more prosaic form, as when Birgitta asked the Virgin Mary if she should borrow a certain sum of money, as seemed desirable for household needs. Birgitta's own clear sense of right probably suggested the supposed reply of the Virgin: "Certainly, borrow, my child, if you are sure of being able to pay. Otherwise it is better to be in want than to make a promise you know you cannot keep."

Santa Birgitta is for us a vision, and a real one, — an apparition of a noble woman, brightened by the light of truth, when popes and bishops were fumbling in darkness. She was a great reformer before the Reformation.

The name of Birgitta was in 1391 inscribed on the golden roll of the saints; that name had no doubt been long before written in the better Book of Life.

## MARGARETA'S UNION.

If "uneasy rests the head" that wears one crown, there seemed to be scant prospect of peace for the princess who was to wear three. Margareta of Denmark was born in a prison, but her life exemplifies the favorite saying of her father, Valdemar Atterdag: "To-morrow will be another day." 1

At eleven years of age the little princess was married to Håkan, King of Norway, to whom she had been suggested as a bride while his royal mother danced him on her knee.

The young Queen was not yet to have her own way. Santa Birgitta's daughter, the mistress of court-ceremonies, was her stern governess, and sometimes even used the rod to chastise Margareta for her childish follies. Margareta's will was not broken, it seems; for she proved a determined, energetic woman, who could drive three in hand when three kingdoms were harnessed together. Reigning Queen of Norway, on the death of her husband, and of Denmark when she lost her only son, she was called to Sweden to settle the difficulties there.

The "high lords" of Sweden had built themselves fortified castles, from which they foraged and oppressed or fought with each other, while the King from Mecklenburg was on the throne of their country He

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> From this saying the Danish King took his name, Valdemar Atterdag, or Otherday.

was displeased with them, and they were displeased with him. They asked a woman to help them, and a strong woman she proved. She took the crown they eventually offered her, and then made them feel her sceptre. They must pull down their castles, and behave themselves like peaceable subjects, now they had a queen to rule over them.

Margareta was so charmed with the plan of the Scandinavian threefold cord that she was resolved it should be perpetuated; but though she had three crowns she had no child. She persuaded her people to call a great meeting at Kalmar Castle, and there enact that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were united forever, and her sister's son from Pomerania should be the king to succeed to her triple crown. So the famous Kalmar (1397) Union was founded, — a union the source perhaps of more discussion and difficulty than even the most ill-assorted marriage that the world ever saw. Before Margareta died, in 1412, the Crown Prince had begun to meddle in the government with his unwise hands, and Margareta saw that she had chosen no suitable man for her successor.

The people had to pay heavy taxes in Margareta's reign; but she modestly apologized to them for the exactions, saying that "times were hard, and indeed she was sorry to be obliged to vex them." To the Church she had been a devoted daughter, even humbly kissing the hands of the nuns and monks of Vadstena Convent, of which she had formally been made a kind of royal sister. As to her private life, she was blameless; but her judgment had erred, at least in one respect, for the Kalmar Union was a lamentable failure.

The Pomeranian did not care what became of the

Swedes, if only money could be wrung out of them by Danish bailiffs set over them. The bailiffs were truly efficient; and if the peasants were refractory, they might find themselves, men and women, harnessed to their ploughs, some fine morning, by way of a punishment. Now there appeared a sturdy little man (nobody knows how trained, or exactly from what kind of a home he came), with a tongue to persuade and command, a wise head, and a brave right arm, ready for determined service. Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson was his simple name. His family. respectable miners in Dalecarlia, had probably never dreamed of having a scion who was to appear on the page of history. To the King, who liked to stay comfortably in Denmark, Engelbrekt twice betook himself, with loud complaints of the outrages of the Danish oppressors in Sweden. "Begone!" said the King at last to the petitioner; "let me never see your face again!" "You will see it once more!" said Engelbrekt, between his shut teeth, and departed.

With a band of rudely armed Dalecarlians, Engelbrekt swept through Sweden, the peasants everywhere joining him. In four months he had freed the land from the Danish extortioners; yet where his raw but disciplined troops had passed, it was said "not a cottager complained of so much as the loss of a single chicken."

A new kind of a Riksdag met at Arbtoga. Nobles and priests and peasants and burghers were its four classes of representatives. The authority of the nobility and the clergy, as the only legislators, was forever done away with in Sweden. Engelbrekt was first chosen chief ruler, and then a rich noble was appointed to hold the reins with the brave

miner. Death dissolved this form of government in 1436. Engelbrekt, while on a journey, was standing on the shore of an island in a lake, weak from recent illness, and leaning on his crutch, when he was set upon by the son of an enemy, who sprang from a boat, dashed down the deliverer with an axe, and left him pierced with arrows, dead on the ground. Weeping peasants bore the patriot to his grave, and History wrote his name high on her roll of honor.

Swedes and Danes - kings by name, or kings in authority but not in name - succeeded each other, like the prominent player in blind-man's-bluff or a child's game of "catch." Sometimes the same ruler was exalted once, sometimes twice, sometimes thrice; and so the changes and the rebellions and the confusion went on for more than eighty years. Two Sten Stures, at the close of the period, were among the most prominent of these rulers, and gave a promise of the strong Swedish kings who were coming. Sten Sture the Elder was in a hot battle with the Danes. where Brunkeberg Square now seems almost the centre of Stockholm. Blood flowed in torrents, and dead bodies were heaped high on the then wooded heights. Saint George, mounted and in full armor, appeared to help the Swedes, and take out his old British grudge against the "ravaging Danes."

Sten Sture the Younger, carried wounded from a later battle with the same traditional enemy, died in a sleigh, as he was borne over the strong ice in Lake Mälar. His wife, a brave Swedish woman of rank, kept Stockholm Castle until the deceitful proposals of the enemy induced her to yield.

THE DEATH OF STERN STURE.



# VI.

ROYAL REFORMERS AND SONS OF GLORY.

## SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PAST.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUN- SVEA'S DEAREST SON.

TRY.

NOT A WISE SON.

A STERN BROTHER.

A STRONG HAND.

GUSTAF ADOLF'S DAUGH-

TER.

A BOLD EXPLOIT.

THE RECREANT GRANDSON. THE PRACTICAL MAN.

A MILITARY GENIUS.

## THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

GUSTAF VASA (1521-1560).

"THERE will be a man of thee, in thy day, if thou shouldst live," said one of the Danish kings, as he patted the little Gustaf Vasa on the head. The prophecy proved a true one; but the subject of it did not become such a man as the Danes have reason to remember with pleasure.

The boy was sent to learn manners and the arts of society, not to a dancing-school, but to the courts of the Stures, and did not waste his opportunities. Later, at Sten Sture the Elder's new University at Upsala, Gustaf was better known as the attractive young Vasa "in his red English coat" than as a quiet scholar. The Vasas had for generations been handsome, stalwart, fair-haired, blue-eyed men, and their most illustrious specimen was after the same pattern. The family cognizance was a sheaf fully ripe; and now the race had brought forth its best fruit, but no one knew for what it was ripening.

Gustaf Vasa liked men better than books. Listening to the statesmen that Sten Sture the Younger gathered about him, Gustaf Vasa drank in their spirit of patriotism and their abhorrence of the Danish yoke. The King in Denmark at the time was a certain Christian II.; but certainly there was never a man bearing the name of "Christian" who deserved

it less. A bloodthirsty creature by nature, he took no pains to curb his malignity. He soon understood that the young Vasa might be a mutinous subject, and had him carried off to a Danish prison. The prisoner learned only too well how matters were going on at home, and finally made his escape, and landed in Sweden, with only his courage and his sword to rely upon. The news soon reached him that Christian II. had, after a sham trial, treacherously put to death eighty-two of the most prominent men of Sweden, - nobles, clergymen, and burghers, - and among them his own father. The very streets of the capital had been running red from the massacre, which well deserved the name, Stockholm's "Bloodbath," which it bears in Swedish history, and Christian II. became forever known as Christian the Tyrant.

Gustaf Vasa hastened to Dalecarlia to rouse the brave patriots there. No one would believe his story of the massacre, or volunteer to enlist under his banner. The Danes set a price on his head. His escapes were marvellous. Now he journeyed, hidden in a load of hay, safe though wounded in his concealment by the inquiring spears of the enemy. Now he was let down from a window at Ornas by his friendly hostess, and now he was thrust into a cellar, and the trap-door promptly covered by a tub of ale.

Unable to rouse his countrymen, the discouraged patriot was hopelessly leaving his native land, when there was a cry in the distance of "Gustaf Ericsson! Gustaf Ericsson!" Two men on swift skidor had been sent after him to the borders of Norway to summon him back to Dalecarlia, to be the leader and deliverer of his people.

Gustaf Vasa was no rash, ambitious rebel. He trained his raw troops, and improved their weapons before he led them on to victory. Stronghold after stronghold was assailed and taken. In 1521 Gustaf Vasa was made ruler of his country; and two years later, the Riksdag unanimously elected him King of Sweden. The Danes yielded up Stockholm at last, and into his future capital Gustaf I. made his triumphal entry on Midsummer Eve, 1523.

There was still another victory to be gained. The Reformation was to be established in Sweden. This was summarily managed. The treasures that had fallen into the hands of Mother Church were to be handed over to Mother Svea, to dispose of as she should see proper. Ceremonies and vestments were no longer to be matters of importance. The plain truths of Scripture were to be preached to the people, and the Bible translated for circulation among all who could or would read the Holy Book. Olavus and Laurentius Petri, two sons of a smith, educated, strong, clear-headed, and wise of heart, gave their help for preaching and translating and giving an example of Christian living. The King declared that it was no new religion he was introducing, but the religion of the Bible and the Apostles, purified from the heresies and evil practices of the Romish Church. Of the doctrine of the Reformers, he said, "I will hold to it as long as my heart is sound, and my blood is warm."

This was not all done without many a struggle. At the Vesterås Riksdag, where the clergy, headed by Bishop Brask, were unmanageable, the nobles joining with them, the King became so enraged that he poured out a torrent of angry eloquence. "You will all sit

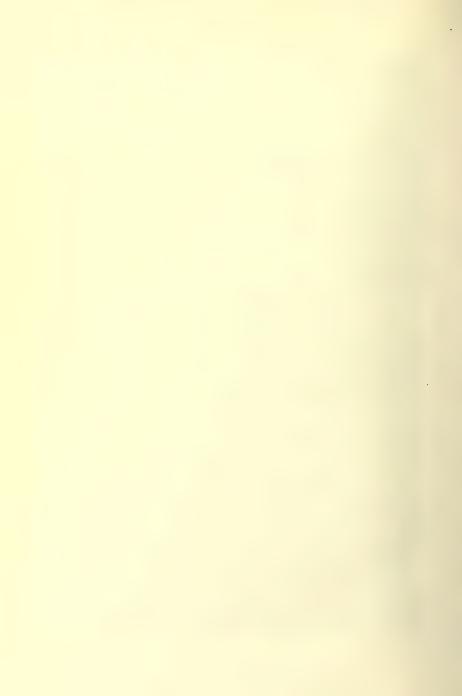
in judgment on me, and be my masters,—you, who have chosen me to be your king! I renounce the crown!" he said; and much more in the same vein. Bursting into tears, as he concluded, the King left the hall, followed by his friends and his dragoons. For two days there was much angry discussion, but no king in Sweden. At last Gustaf was urged most humbly to resume the crown, which he condescended to do on condition that the revenues of the Church should legally fall to the crown, the pure, unfalsified word of God be preached, and the Swedish clergy consent to obey the Swedish King instead of the Pope at Rome. The cloisters were broken up, Bishop Brask betook himself to foreign parts, and Laurentius Petri was made the first Protestant archbishop.

Gustaf Vasa had other than spiritual difficulties in his kingdom. The Dalecarlians were spoiled with the prominence and success that their bravery had won for them. They found it hard to obey, as a king, the wanderer they had helped to put on the throne.

Gustaf Vasa felt himself forced to appear among them again and again, with the strong arm, to execute ringleaders among the rebels and make the survivors humbly acknowledge their errors, en masse, on their knees. "If there are any more such doings," said the impetuous King, "I will so desolate your land that not dog or cock shall lift its voice to show that it was ever inhabited."

The children of such a king were not to be merely "the Vasa boys;" they must be hereditary princes, with an indisputable right to the crown, in the order of their birth. This law of succession was established, and there was to be no more choosing of kings in Sweden.

GUSTAF VASA CONVICTING THE TRAITOR.



The thrifty Gustaf I. had a princely private fortune to leave his heirs, a well-ordered army and navy for them to command, and for the first time the blue and yellow flag as the banner of Sweden.

Gustaf Vasa had three wives in succession: first a contrary and capricious one, Katarina of Saxon-Lauenburg; at her death a Swedish noble lady, domestic, simple, submissive Margareta Lejonhufvud, who looked after her dairy, her twenty cows, and knew the state of the royal larder; and finally, in his old age, the young Katarina Stenbock, who long survived him. He seems to have been a kind and faithful husband to them all, and to have kept them in proper subjection to his royal will. He was a man who commanded obedience by what he was as well as by his dignified bearing and fiery determined eyes.

Strange to say, the year of Gustaf Vasa's birth is only approximately ascertained. When he was past sixty years of age and in failing health, he summoned the Riksdag and high dignitaries of the kingdom to a solemn assembly. Royally clad, and with his sons about him, he bade them all farewell. "He needed no reading of the stars to tell him his end was approaching. As David was taken from the sheepfolds, he, a lone wanderer, had been set on the throne." He bade his "dear good Swedish men" forgive his shortcomings, but seemed to have still a comfortable sense of his own merits, as he said, "Many have thought me a hard king, but the time will come when they will be glad if possible to snatch me up out of my grave to rule over them." The King's will was read and pronounced valid; then he thanked all present, and bade them an affectionate farewell, and with tears in his eyes left the deeply moved assembly.

was soon laid on the sick-bed, and died in September, 1560.

Gustaf Vasa is interred in the Cathedral at Upsala. He was indeed the Father of his Country. He lifted Sweden from her abasement, and gave her an individual and honored place among the nations.

### NOT A WISE SON.

ERIK XIV. (1560-1568).

ERIK XIV. was disgraced and finally ruined by the one man in his kingdom whom he could not control, -that passion-tossed man himself. "Gifts are not graces." Gifts the unfortunate King had in abundance. He was imposing and attractive in personal appearance, a cultivated polished gentleman, a fine linguist, no mean poet or musician, a lover of study, especially of astronomy, and a dabbler in astrology. Fond of beauty and magnificence, he was resolved that his coronation should be unprecedentedly glorious. Mere nobles were not grand enough for the occasion. They must be made coronetted counts and barons, and have their privileges augmented and established. The means were not lacking for all the splendor that could be desired. Erik had the treasures accumulated by his thrifty father to draw upon, and he drew on them without stint. That coronation was a magnificent success.

This crowned King must have a wife to befit his high position. His wooings were many, both before and after his accession to the throne. He made his royal advances to Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland, and who knows how many German princesses, and finally married a simple girl, a corporal's daughter, who ought to have been his wife long before. Humble Karin Månsdotter's womanly unselfish devotion to her erring

husband in his disgrace, his misfortune, and his imprisonment, won the respect of the Swedish people, among whose queens she takes her place in history.

Erik, who had begun his reign with some show of wisdom and good will, soon gave evidence of his changeable, suspicious, unreliable character. The excuse is offered that he inherited his mother's peculiarities, but with such a father he ought to have been a better man.

Göran Persson—a quick-witted, well-read, bad son of a parson—gained full influence over the unstable King, and encouraged his worst faults.

The Swedish victories at sea over the Danes have failed to cast glory over this short miserable reign, though the names of the brave commanders are bright on the roles of fame.

The suspiciousness of the King increased. He was haunted by visions of spies and traitors and regicides. Astrology had told him his worst enemies would be fair-haired. His blond subjects were carefully watched. His brother Johan, with whom he had quarrelled from childhood, had before been imprisoned. Now the Sture family and other nobles were the objects of a malignant enmity on the part of the King. They were shut up in Upsala Castle. Into their place of confinement the King burst, in a fit of rage, half hate and half madness, and thrust his dagger into one of the Stures, who was then despatched by the King's followers. Erik fled to the country. His old teacher, who came out to seek him, was killed on the spot; and the order was given that the prisoner in Upsala Castle should be at once put to death. It was done. Two days afterwards the King was found straying about, dressed as a peasant, and wandering in mind. Again in full

possession of his senses, Erik began anew his evil course. There was at last a rebellion against him, headed by his brother Johan. The hated favorite and adviser of the King was cruelly executed, and Erik gave himself into the hands of the rebels. He was dethroned and imprisoned; and Johan, his brother, was proclaimed King. Erik was moved from castle to



MARKET SCENE IN TIME OF ERIK XIV.

castle, now kindly and now roughly treated, and died at last, after being nine years a captive.

The Riksdag had ordained that if Erik conspired to regain his throne, he should be secretly put to death; and there are dark suspicions that on a rumor of such an attempt being on foot, he was privately poisoned.

His only son was a reckless, despised wanderer, who yet honorably refused to have his name or his claim used to create disturbance in his native land.

So ended the first reign under the new law of succession.

Karin Månsdotter long lived peaceably on her estate in Finland, and her monument stands there in Åbo Cathedral.

Strange to say, the Swedish Psalm-Book for public worship contains two hymns by Erik XIV., written during his imprisonment. They breathe a spirit of perfect abasement, some murmurs of true penitence, and a faint hope of a heavenly inheritance.

### A STERN BROTHER.

JOHAN III. (1568-1592).

In the land of Thor a hammer was hardly considered of old a plebeian and disgracefully brutal weapon. Johan III. did not hesitate to carry, when it pleased him, a hammer in his hand, and used it, too, when his temper was up. He could be a rough Thunderer, but he was at the bottom timid, crafty, and changeable. Though hasty and imperious to those far below him, he was conciliating and even cringing towards the nobles, who had helped to place him on the throne. He granted them many so-called privileges. Counts and barons could be condemned to death only by their peers. Their lands were increased, and were to pass to their children in the order of birth. They were entitled to sit as judges over their dependants, for whom there was no court of appeal.

Though obstinate against the members of his counsel, Johan easily fell under the influence of irresponsible favorites, and his wife, for the time being, was his chief adviser. He was first married to Katarina Jagellonica, sister to the King of Poland. She was a Roman Catholic. Katarina shared her husband's imprisonment, in the time of Erik XIV., and there seems to have been real affection between the royal pair.

Johan was a gifted and learned man, and especially interested in theological matters. He prepared himself a book for public services, to which he gave the title of "Liturgia;" but the people, who would not accept it, called it "The Red Book," which name it still retains. It was a kind of compromise between Catholic and Protestant notions, and was expected to please both parties. In the end it pleased nobody but the disappointed author, who never lost confidence in this work of his truly skilful pen. Even the royal power could not force the Red Book upon the nation, though



JOHAN III.

the priests who refused to use it were severely dealt with, sometimes even to degradation from the clerical office.

Katarina died; and Johan married a young Swede, a blameless girl, of a noble family. She was not at first favorable to her crowned suitor, upon which he struck her in the face with his glove. After this royal courtesy her parents persuaded or forced the damsel to become a queen.

With the taking of a Protestant wife, Johan's zeal for the Roman Church declined.

There was during his reign, of course, trouble with Russia and Denmark, and poor Gotland changed hands. In these struggles, and when poor harvests came, and a depreciation of the currency, and quarrels with the nobles, Johan went to his brother Duke Karl for advice; and good advice he always got.

Years passed by, and Johan grew more and more irritable and melancholy and suspicious. His Liturgy had no friend but himself; his son Sigismund, now King of Poland, was mismanaging there, and in Sweden it was really his superior brother, Duke Karl, who governed instead of himself.

In 1592 Johan sickened and died. On his death-bed he set at liberty some nobles he had unjustly imprisoned, but he could not free his kingdom from the many difficulties which had crowded upon it during his unfortunate reign.

# THE RECREANT GRANDSON.

SIGISMUND (1592-1599).

THE reign of Sigismund, the Roman Catholic King, is chiefly remarkable for the full and legal and final establishment of Protestantism in Sweden. Sigismund, the son of Katarina Jagellonica, had been educated in his mother's native land as the probable heir to its throne.

When Johan died, Duke Karl took public matters at once into his hands, until Sigismund could be summoned home. The Regent made good use of his time. He promptly called, with the consent of the Council, a great meeting at Upsala, in March, 1593, where it was authoritatively established that "the Holy Scriptures are the right guide for the faith of man." For the expression of the belief of the Swedish Church, the Augsburg Lutheran Confession was adopted. When this step had been taken in the great meeting, the members rose in a body and cried out with a loud voice, "Now Sweden has become as one man, and we all have one God!"

The Roman Catholic King, still in Poland, refused his sanction to the creed adopted by his Swedish subjects. In the autumn he appeared in person, accompanied by Anna, his Austrian wife, and by Roman Catholics and Poles and even a papal nuncio. So supported, he again and again most decidedly refused to indorse the steps taken at Upsala. Poles and Swedes fought in the

streets, and even quarrelled and railed and skirmished in the sacred edifices.

The next year Sigismund went to Upsala with the double purpose of celebrating the solemn funeral obsequies of his father and his own coronation. Duke Karl



SIGISMUND.

appeared on the spot with a strong force, and plainly informed the Roman Catholic King that there would be no coronation unless before twenty-four hours had passed he had indorsed the decisions of the Upsala Assembly (Upsala-möte). Sigismund made the forced promise, and was crowned with all due state and ceremony. The promise was almost immediately broken. Catholic

services were performed here and there, and Lutherans were openly insulted. It was remembered that while Sigismund was taking the coronation oath, he had let his right hand drop, until his uncle reminded him, as if he were a naughty boy, that his hand should be kept up, and he was obeyed. After giving at last an undecided and imperfect permission for Duke Karl and the Council to rule in his absence, Sigismund betook himself to Poland, saying in private to his followers: "Now let Duke Karl and the Council claw and tear each other to pieces, if they will. It is just good enough for heretics!"

Duke Karl proved a competent manager, and in 1595 he was appointed by the Riksdag as authorized regent and the kingdom's chief and head.

Sigismund came again to Sweden with an armed force, but was defeated by Duke Karl and retired to Poland. In 1599 Sigismund was formally dethroned by the Riksdag, for breach of his word and misdoings in faith and practice. His son was to be acknowledged as King, if he appeared in Sweden to be brought up in the Lutheran faith; which of course he did not.

Sigismund lived as King of Poland, ever a hater of Sweden, thirty-three years after he had been forced to forfeit his throne.

## A STRONG HAND.

KARL IX. (1599-1611).

GUSTAF VASA must have had a great respect for a thorough education; for though himself more of a soldier and a statesman than a scholar, he was careful to have his children trained in all the learning of the times.

Karl IX. was a well-read as well as an able man, and knew how to make good use of his attainments and abilities. What he willed was generally accomplished, for he spared no possible means for the fulfilment of his purposes. He began his rule by the execution of more than a score of malcontents in Finland, and then disciplined the prominent men of Sweden by putting to death five of them, though their wives and children begged for mercy on their knees at the palace gates. The new King was now feared; it remained to make himself beloved. Beloved he became by the common people, in whose welfare he took a real and hearty interest, and for whom he claimed the same protection from the law as was awarded to the highest noble. He liked to win a rough miner's favor by draining to the dregs the big beaker that was offered him, or please a countryman by putting him in the seat of honor in a carriage, while majesty took a lower place. His reign was no time of continual peace. The usual enemies were to be met in the field, and found him no mean enemy.

Karl IX., the last of the sons of Gustaf Vasa, was thrifty for himself and his kingdom. His Queen, Kristina, carried her economy so far that she measured out the thread that was to be used by her ladies in attendance. The practical King was fond of handling the pen. He, too, made out an order for church services that was rejected by the clergy, and a catechism that met the same fate. His collections of hymns he published anonymously. Several of the sacred songs were, undoubtedly, of his own composition. He ever advocated the Bible as the simple rule of faith, and is said to have been influenced by his first wife, "the mild Maria of Pfalz," towards the doctrines of Calvin. His second wife, strong and severe Queen Kristina of Holstein-Gottorp, was the honored mother of the great king who is best known to the English world as Gustavus Adolphus.

#### SVEA'S DEAREST SON.

GUSTAF II. ADOLF (1611-1632).

The devout Saint Erik is the chosen patron of Sweden, but the saint to whom the heart of the Swede now gives its allegiance is the adored Gustaf Adolf. He is not dead. The little child lays its tender hand in that of the great king almost as truly as if they were humanly face to face. Gustaf Adolf lives to the warm enthusiasm of youth, and is the friend as well as the beloved king of the man of riper years. From palace and castle to the island hut of the lone fisherman, there is hardly a Swedish home where the marked, serious face of Gustaf Adolf does not look out from the wall on which hangs the picture or print that is the family treasure. He is revered in every country in Christendom; but in Sweden even the stranger learns to love the hero King.

Born in his country's capital, reared among warriors and statesmen, the young Gustaf Adolf drank in wisdom and knowledge from his surroundings, as well as from skilful teachers and books carefully studied. Karl IX. would gaze thoughtfully at his promising boy, and say in terse Latin, "He will do it!" The father was sure there was a glorious future in store for his gifted son. This son was early his stay, and at sixteen the future hero of the Thirty Years' War was already skilled in military tactics and was already

a brave leader in the field. At seventeen, on the death of his father, Gustaf Adolf was at once hailed as king, and he at once showed himself royally devoted to his country. His own silver was unhesitatingly sent to the mint, to help pay the sum required by the Danes as an essential condition of peace. On the Russians' own border he won a stretch of waste land, and Lake Ladoga and her smaller sisters, to make with the strong Finnish forts a barrier against the sudden invasion of Sweden on that side. Of the lakes he said (for once, humorously): "It will be hard for the Russian to hop over a brook like that."

The sympathies of the wise King were with young Protestant America, and he planned a "New Sweden" there, that was to be "the jewel of his kingdom." Providence has placed the New Sweden, not in Delaware, but in the Great Northwest.

He was a monarch who could have true and wise friends, from whom he was willing to learn. Foremost on this honored list stands the name of Axel Oxenstierna, who knew so well how to be a devoted subject and at the same time an uncompromising adviser. Side by side, bound together by mutual affection and a common love of their common country, the two labored for the public weal,—Gustaf Adolf with the fire of youth, and the cool-headed Chancellor with the calm far-seeing wisdom of riper years.

Gustaf Adolf was a brilliant military leader, but he did not neglect the internal interests of his kingdom. The Riksdag was made by law to consist of the four estates. A supreme court was ordered. Free instruction made it possible for the gifted boy

of any station to have a liberal education. Cities were founded; among them, Göteborg. The forces by land and sea were strengthened, disciplined, and organized. The King himself was soldier as well as commander. He could share labor and danger and privation with his men, and give them a loving, fatherly interest.

He was, by conviction and by living experience, a devoted Protestant. Into the thick of the fight of the Thirty Years' War he plunged as willingly, as impetuously, as he would have rushed to the aid of a single man surrounded by a persecuting mob. Right must be defended, cost what it would!

The world knows how "the golden-haired king," with his brave Swedes, suddenly appeared on the scene, to be mocked at by the Emperor, who was pleased to say, "So we have another little enemy on our back!" The "little enemy" was not to be trifled with or despised. The "golden-haired king" was soon covered with glory; but his bright, short career was drawing to its close. The riderless horse that told the Swedes at Liitzen the sad news of the death of Gustaf Adolf urged them on to victory. The sad tidings of the fall of the brave Swedish King spread from land to land throughout Christendom, and there was universal mourning. The whole Swedish nation was convulsed with sorrow, as of one stricken widow's mighty heart. The horse that bore the beloved King on that fatal day, the clothes he wore, are still preserved and pointed out by his devoted countrymen, as if the great monarch had died but yesterday.

When we look at the mature, serious face of Gustaf II. Adolf, and dwell upon his brilliant military career

and what he was able to do for his native land, we think of him as a man as mature in years and wisdom as if he were a kind of twin brother to the wise Axel Oxenstierna; yet he was but thirty-eight years of age when he died, in 1632.

Gustaf Adolf's strong, early affection for the beautiful and lovely Ebba Brahe he sacrificed to the imperative will of his mother, the stern Kristina. Perhaps the sadness then stole into his fine face never to leave it. He married a Brandenburg wife, Maria Eleonora, who was passionately devoted to him, but her tenderness never won him. She seems to have been to him rather like a troublesome, demonstrative child, whom he could meet kindly but could not love. His warm, faithful attachment to Axel Oxenstierna plainly shows what he might have been to a beloved wife, and how he might have enjoyed the sweet pleasures of home even in a palace.

An engraving can give but little idea of a face like Gustaf Adolf's, so rich in coloring, his clear blue eyes, fresh complexion, with hair, mustaches, and pointed beard, all of shining gold. His person was tall and imposing.

His religious life was sincere, and entered into all his acts and undertakings. His plans and purposes were formed with prayer, and their success prompted sincere thanksgiving. A hymn of his own composition, written in the midst of the struggles of the Thirty Years' War, and shortly before his death, still stands in the Swedish "Psalm-Book." In solemn assemblies and in the home circle, in castle and cottage, it is sung with peculiar effusion. Child and laborer, maid and master, can promptly point out Gustaf Adolf's hymn; they all

know it. So the great King still teaches his people, and lifts them up to the faith that enabled him to say, —

"With us is God, with Him are we, And victory is ours!"

# GUSTAF ADOLF'S DAUGHTER.

KRISTINA (1632-1654).

THE poet Snoilsky describes the six-year-old Kristina sitting in a room dark with black velvet hangings. The wise face and questioning eyes of the child now and then turn furtively towards her mother. The sorrowing Queen, in her widow's garb, sits weeping over the golden casket which holds her treasure, the heart of the dead Gustaf Adolf. The door is respectfully opened. There steps in the figure of a strong man, with hair tinged with gray, a wide lace collar under the square-cut beard, and black silk stockings closely fitting the well-formed legs. greets, with a courtier's grace, the silent mourner and the little Queen, but there is something in his bearing which tells that here he rules. It is Axel Oxenstierna. the friend of Gustaf Adolf, the stay of the widowed Queen, - the wise, firm man, who is to govern the kingdom for Kristina.

Perhaps it would have been well for Sweden if her people had used their old elective privileges, and had chosen at once Axel Oxenstierna for their king. As it was, he did his best for the country, while Kristina's wise Aunt Katarina took charge of the little girl, to be brought up with her playfellow and cousin, Karl Gustaf. The playfellows became in time betrothed lovers.

Axel Oxenstierna ruled the kingdom wisely and well. He was without personal ambition, and could be called "cousin" by the French King without wishing to have the usual crowned claims for such a familiarity. The post-office system was now introduced into Sweden, and newspapers began their great work for good or ill. The "New Sweden," of Gustaf Adolf's imagination, took form. The great captains of the great King brought ever-increasing honor to the banner of Sweden, which now waved nearly round the Baltic. The nobility meanwhile increased in riches and power, and lived in their magnificent castles like kings rather than subjects.

In 1644 the young Queen, now eighteen years of age, came formally to the throne. A learned and gifted woman, without balance, without a deeprooted sense of right, changeable and incomprehensible, she did not understand how to rule herself or her kingdom. She lavished treasure on her favorites and her pleasures, began to frown on wise Axel Oxenstierna, and to smile on the handsome and luxurious Magnus de la Gardie, who had more strong castles than he had letters in his name.

As for Kristina's cousin, Karl Gustaf, she declared that it was impossible for her to marry him; but she made him a royal amende, by first managing to have him appointed Crown Prince, and then leaving him her throne. Queen Kristina's course of study and folly and extravagance was soon seen. She was weary of the restraints and cares and duties of royalty, and the day was approaching for her voluntary, formal, and final abdication. She had been ten years a reigning queen, and longed to be a free, irresponsible woman, to indulge the whims and fancies

of her unsettled, unbalanced nature. She would leave her throne, her crown, and her kingdom behind her, and begin a new if not a better life.

It was a June morning, and summer was in its fresh beauty, when in the great hall of Upsala Castle the abdication was to take place. The wise and the powerful of the kingdom were there, in solemn assembly and in magnificent array. Kristina appeared in full royal apparel, and took her place on the throne, with her counsellors about her. At a short distance from the central group stood Karl Gustaf, in a full suit of black velvet, the former lover and future king.

The act of abdication was read. The Queen then motioned to the high officials to come forward and take her crown. No one stirred. She herself lifted the crown from her head, and was then soon relieved of sceptre, apple, and royal mantle.

Simply attired in white silk, and without ornaments, Kristina stepped down from the throne and dais, as "beautiful as an angel," writes a contemporary. She spoke freely and nobly, without embarrassment. Sometimes, for an instant, her voice was choked with emotion; and courtiers and court ladies, old counsellors and young admirers, felt their eyes suddenly filled with unexpected tears.

She first addressed herself to her cousin, and commended her kingdom to his care. She thanked the honored Council for the help they had given her, and asked forgiveness of them and her people for all her shortcomings, and then bade farewell to her crown and her subjects. Attended by Karl Gustaf, she turned to leave the assembly. At the door of the hall she motioned to her cousin to precede her; but

he fell back, and Kristina passed out for the last time as a queen.

In the afternoon of the same day the new King was crowned, with all due ceremony. Kristina was not present at the coronation.

Twelve Swedish vessels-of-war had been prepared to take Kristina to Germany; but she started the day after her abdication, with some foreigners and a very few Swedes, on her journey southward by land. As she passed from the Swedish possessions to those of the Danes on the peninsula, she hopped girlishly over the little stream that marked the boundary, saying, "Now I am free, and out of Sweden, and hope never again to return!"

"What did Kristina do at Innspruck?" asked, lately, one of the most gifted teachers of Stockholm of a class of little girls.

A child eagerly rose to answer; but her eyes filled with indignant tears, in a choked voice she said, "I cannot tell it!" and sat down. Not one of the class was willing to recount how Gustaf Adolf's daughter had abjured the faith for which he had been willing to die. The teacher must tell the sad story herself.

On entering the Catholic Church, Kristina took the added name of Alexandra.

Fêted, but in heart despised, Kristina went from court to court. The polite Parisians were sorely shocked at the hoydenish manners of the Queen of the North. Settled at Rome, she gathered around her, as usual, an odd circle of lovers of pleasure and lovers of knowledge, and managed long to enjoy their society. She "received" and wrote and danced and studied until old age and loneliness came upon her.

Twice Kristina made her appearance in Sweden, not

unwilling to resume the crown she had cast aside; but her abdication had been too open and too fully accepted. In the land of Gustaf Adolf there was no place for a Catholic Queen.

"Thou art poor, Kristina Alexandra, When life's drama nears its close,"

says Snoilsky, in one of his beautiful historical poems. Poor, indeed, in all that makes life worth living, was the Swedish Queen, when she closed her eyes in a far foreign land, in 1689, thirty-five years after her abdication.

Her library is treasured in the Vatican. Her remains lie in St. Peter's at Rome.

In Kristina's reign the treaty of Westphalia signalized the close of the Thirty Years' War. This long-desired peace is a nobler glory to associate with the time of Gustaf Adolf's daughter than even the victories of her great generals.

#### A BOLD EXPLOIT.

### KARL X. GUSTAF (1654-1660).

A woman had left the throne of Sweden to a warrior. Though a scholarly man, the new King had received a thorough training, theoretical and experimental, in the arts of war. He was a soldier by profession and preference. Short, dark-skinned, and with long black hair, he was, excepting his lively blue eyes, most unlike his ancestors, the Vasas, in appearance; but he was a true Swede at heart, as well as in language and modes of thought. The new King was as prompt in civil matters as military, and at once set on foot a movement by which the nobility must give up a fourth of their acquired lands.

An experienced soldier, but thirty-two years of age, could not be expected to settle down to a quiet reign; nor would the enemies of Sweden suffer him to do it. He had trouble with Poland, and came out of it with new laurels from his brilliant campaigns; but it was in his struggle with Denmark that he wrote his name highest on the roll of fame. Karl X. Gustaf was in Poland when the war broke out. He posted with a picked force to Denmark, and swept in with his men till the Danish waters, covered with doubtful ice, seemed to put a barrier in his way and bid him come to a stand. The winter had fortified the island homes of the enemy. But a son of the North was not to be

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Karl Gustaf was born and reared in Sweden. His father, Johan Kasimir, Count Palatine, married Gustaf Adolf's favorite sister, Katarina, and took up his abode in Sweden.

so set at defiance. Over the ice he took his march, with cavalry and cannon, and the tramp of the brave Swedes, who trudged cheerily on foot. The ice swayed under the moving army, and occasionally burst asunder; the half-melted snow was sometimes up to the bodies of



the horses; yet onward, over watery Belt after Belt, across river and island, the determined leader led his men. Copenhagen was threatened, and Karl X. Gustaf could make his own terms of peace. The Danish possessions, that had ever threateningly skirted Southern Sweden, were given up. The provinces of Skåne, Halland, Bleking, and Bohuslän became Swedish, and have remained so to this day. Now, for the first time, Sweden was a rounded whole, with her own natural boundaries.

The King was not allowed to have all the glory of this bold martial achievement. He shares it, in history, with his aid Erik Dahlberg, who counselled and encouraged and sustained the bold undertaking.

The peace with Denmark was soon broken. Some historians lay the blame on Karl X. Gustaf; others on the Danes. Copenhagen was besieged by the Swedes. Soldiers and scholars, quiet citizens and even their wives, lent their hands to the defence of the Danish capital. The ramparts were coated with ice; the ice was dyed with blood; balls and stones and hot water were alike showered down on the besiegers, and they were forced ignominiously to withdraw.

Karl X. Gustaf lost heart, called a meeting of the Riksdag in Göteborg, and hastened to be present. After a few days of violent fever he died there, having reigned but six years. He left a widow, Hedvig Eleonora of Holstein-Gottorp, and a little four-year-old son, who bore his own name.

### THE PRACTICAL MAN.

KARL XI. (1660-1697).

A CHILD now came to the throne, — a messenger of peace. With a baby ruler, a war with three kings was not to be thought of.

The guardians of the child, five high officers of the kingdom, and the widowed Queen formed a kind of provisional government. The forts were allowed to crumble away. State dignitaries who did not receive their salaries had hard work to make ends meet, and the common soldiers got out of their similar difficulties by simply absconding.

When seventeen years old, Karl XI. was declared to be of age. He was a moral youth, with much religious reverence, and an innate obstinacy that would not be conquered. He had preferred riding, hunting, and military drill to study, and had had his own way, as his life-long deficiencies in spelling and other more elegant accomplishments were continually proving. But Karl XI. was a practical man, and an honest one, bent on the good of his kingdom, and on ruling it in his own way. Foreign enemies thronged upon him, but where were the munitions of war? It was plain there had been mismanagement during the minority. The young King toppled over the "wise men" of Sweden, and took the reins of government in his own hand.

The guardians had established a new university at Lund. The inexperienced, unscholarly monarch was

to make Lund glorious in another fashion. There he brilliantly led his troops, defeated the Danes (1676) in Sweden's bloodiest battle, where half of the combatants were left dead on the winter snow. That day of glory is the "'76" of the Swedes, and has its "centennials" duly celebrated. Karl XI. always



KARL XI.

added, to the festal rejoicings on the anniversary of the day, much time spent in his own private room in solemn thanksgiving.

The peace with the Danes was almost immediately followed by another union,—not a Kalmar Union, but a marriage between the young King and the Danish princess, Ulrika Eleonora, who ever did all that she could to promote peace in the Scandinavian family.

The royal treasury was low for the want of the newly married couple and the public needs. The nobles must yield up their accumulated lands and palaces, and learn simpler ways. Karl X. had tried such a reduction of their claims and resources; his son now managed to have the experiment more thoroughly and successfully accomplished. The State profited by the movement, but the feathers were stripped from many a fine bird. The magnificent Magnus de la Gardie, the lord of many castles, was near, in the end, being left in his old age without a home. There were loud murmurs among the nobles. To keep all quiet, it was enacted that the King need consult his councillors only when he thought fit, - a pleasant position for a self-willed and obstinate monarch. It was not long before it was established by the Riksdag that the King of Sweden was an absolute, all-commanding sovereign king, who could manage his kingdom according to his royal will. Karl XI. willed well for his country, but Nature was stubborn; she would not be controlled by the arbitrary king. Unfavorable weather brought poor harvests. Poor harvests threatened the people with starvation, and of course trade and manufactures declined in spite of the King's vigorous measures for their support.

Karl XI. was no king to sit in luxury, in ignorance of the condition of his people. He was simple in his own needs, and friendly in disposition, though shy on court occasions. He liked to move unknown among his subjects, like the Great Caliph, and innumerable stories are told of his adventures in these secret excursions. A traveller on foot asked one day to ride with a passing peasant on his double sled (two sleds following each other and connected by

an iron ring and pin). There was a friendly answer, and the two fell into a conversation, in which the countryman spoke by no means favorably of the King. He thought the voice from behind did not sound very pleasantly, and looking round full into the face of his passenger, recognized the well-known features of his royal Majesty. In an instant the peasant pulled out the pin that connected the sleds, and drove off at full speed, leaving the King to his own reflections, sitting helpless on a sled in the middle of the highroad. Of course the King was soon helped out of his difficulties. The peasant was not punished for his freedom of speech or his sudden disappearance, and probably was better pleased with his King than ever before.

Karl XI. watched over the interests of the poor and unprotected, and was eager for the instruction of the lower classes. He made the priests responsible for their parishes,—that every member should be able to read, and be taught the essentials of Christian life and doctrine. He was a working king, often leaving official places unfilled, and taking on himself the duties of the position. If the day had not sufficed him for what he meant to do, he would be busy until late in the night. Rural festivities pleased him better than court entertainments. He was economical with his own funds, as with the public treasury. Hasty in his disposition, he could even draw his sword on an antagonist in a dispute when words failed to convince his opponent.

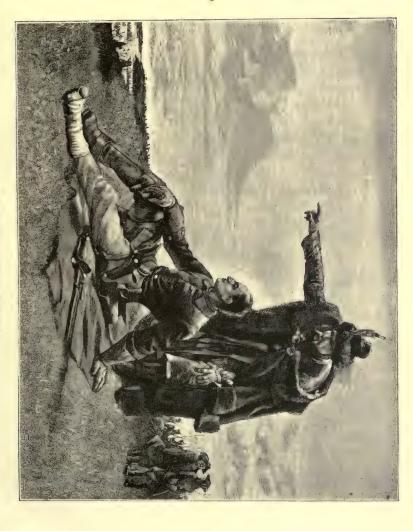
He died in 1697, when but a little over forty years of age. He left three children, — a son, the famous Karl XII., and two daughters, the youngest the little Ulrika Eleonora.

#### A MILITARY GENIUS.

KARL XII. (1697-1718).

A STRANGE bonfire and illumination celebrated the accession of the renowned Karl XII. While his dead father lay in state in the royal palace at Stockholm, a fire broke out, and consumed the whole building. It was no common reign that was so inaugurated. The escape from the palace is one of the first pictures that rises before us at the mention of the "fighting King." We next see an orphan madcap of fifteen, whom his grandmother and the wise heads associated with her are quite unable to control. He is ready to fight a bear with a wooden pitchfork, or make his horse leap over a pile of lumber as high as a cottage, or in a nightly prowl break the windows of his sleeping subjects, like any common disturber of the peace.

The coronation must, however, take place. The young King put the crown on his own head, and made no promises as to how he would govern his people. From his father he had learned that a Swedish king should be an absolute ruler. His mother had taught him that he owed subjection to the King of Kings, and obedience to His pure laws. Karl XII. held fast through life to the instructions of both parents. He added, moreover, to the Scriptural commands a sumptuary law for himself, that he should drink no wine. He was soon to know a new kind of intoxication.





"Now," thought the enemies of Sweden, "is the time to pay off old scores. It will be easy to manage the wild young King." Then the "wild young King" was suddenly sobered. His follies dropped away from him like cast-off garments. He heard the sound of the whizzing balls of the battle-field, and exclaimed, "This shall hereafter be my music!" It was a strange march to which that music led him on.

The eighteen-year old young King developed suddenly into a conquering hero. Czar Peter must, abashed, retire to learn the arts of war if he wished to humble his fiery adversary.

Karl XII., who had begun his military career with a blue silk bed and blue silk pillows as a part of his camp equipage, had soon learned to sleep, if need be, under the open sky, with but "his martial cloak around him." Wading through deep water, or struggling through marshes, or in hand-to-hand fight with the sword, on victory he was determined; and triumph after triumph awaited him. Danes and Russians and Poles were swept away before him. Bitter cold and scant fare in the land of Mazeppa could not subdue his spirit. Disastrous Pultava turned the scales. The eagle brooded in Turkey over possible conquests, and grew restless and suspicious and turbulent. The guest became a prisoner, and must murmur, like Sterne's starling, "I can't get out!"

The King of the North did escape at last. After a wild, desperate ride, dusty and disguised, he arrived one dark November night at Stralsund, then belonging to the Swedes. More war and more defeat followed. An empty treasury, a depreciated currency, and extortionate demands on the people for soldiers and money had brought sore distress upon Sweden;

but there must still be war, and war must end in victory! The Swedish forces were led against Norway, their King sure of success.

Leaning, one Sunday morning, over a breastwork, Karl XII. was watching his soldiers busy on the fortifications. He was warned that he was within reach of the balls of the enemy, but did not heed, if he really heard, the caution. His head was seen to sink down into his cloak; his left hand dropped at his side, as if he had fallen into a quiet sleep; it was the sleep of death. A ball had passed through his temples and killed him instantly.

The deeds of Karl XII, are too well known to be here more than hinted at. He himself is still to the world a mystery. His commands he could give, and insure their execution; but his thoughts he could share with none. Taciturn, self-controlled, reverential, true, and pure, careless of his own comfort, and as careless of the comfort of others, he passed through life with his secret depths unknown and uncomprehended by those who were ever near him. Self-confident, obstinate, and fearless, he could not believe there could be more than a passing shadow over his brilliant career. He was conquered by his own passion to conquer, and defeated by his own belief in the impossibility of his defeat; and yet but for that fatal Norwegian ball, who can say what his future might have been?

No children were to bear the name of the dead hero, but a soldier who had served under his banner was called a "Karolin;" and that title was an honor, indeed, and the pride of many a veteran.

Molin's admirable statue of Karl XII., in Stockholm, and the many engravings that are found in all



FUNERAL OF KARL XII.

countries, give a most distinct and striking impression of his personal appearance. His eyes were of a dark blue, his hair brown, and prematurely tinged with gray. He had no taste for royal apparel, but preferred to dress like any Swedish soldier. He might usually be seen in a blue coat with bright buttons, yellow vest and shorts, high boots, steel spurs, three-cornered felt hat, and at his side his enormous sword, that had served him in so many battles.

Karl XII. was but thirty-six years old when he died. His tender mother had long before been laid in the tomb. He had wedded no wife to be left to mourn him; but Svea still boasts of his achievements, and tenderly points to the plain, dark coffin in full sight, in the Church of the Knights (Riddarholmen kyrka), the mausoleum of the Swedish kings.



## VII.

## ONE STAR.1

<sup>1</sup> The strong kings of the Vasa race had passed away. During the century that followed the death of Karl XII., among the half-dozen sovereigns who successively occupied the Swedish throne, there was but one of any prominence; and yet this cloudy time with but its "One Star" had its own importance for Sweden.

## SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PAST.

SHORT-LIVED HONOR.

A DRAMA.

A HESSIAN.

A WANDERER.

A GOOD CARPENTER.

DUKE KARL.



IN THE TIME OF GUSTAF III.

#### SHORT-LIVED HONOR.

#### ULRIKA ELEONORA (1718-1720).

ROM the time of Gustaf Vasa to the present day, there have been but two Swedish queens reigning in their own right, Kristina and Ulrika Eleonora. They both abdicated the throne of their own free will. Ten years of the sceptre were enough for the strong, gifted, but fickle and frivolous Kristina; two sufficed for the incompetent Ulrika Eleonora. In the beautiful painting which represents the burning of the royal palace, in 1697, the prominent figure is that of the young King, Karl XII., conducting his grandmother and his sister Hedwig out of the reach of the pursuing flames, while the little Ulrika Eleonora seems to be tripping along, a mere accessory in the picture. would be pleasant to think of her always as a child, with a pet or a plaything in her arms.

The child grew to be a woman, and was induced by her German husband to have herself elected as successor to her distinguished brother. She received the crown, but had little to do with the sceptre. The Swedes had had enough of absolute monarchy. They were willing to have a throned ruler; but that ruler must be crippled in power, and bound by solemn promises not to be obstinate or impertinent, though the pledge was not exactly so worded. Ulrika Eleonora proved a capricious and self-willed sovereign; and after

a pair of twelvemonths the Riksdag willingly consented to humor her wish that her husband, of whom she was dotingly fond, should reign in her stead. She lived twenty years as queen-consul, but left no trace on the page of history.

#### A HESSIAN.

#### FREDRIK I. (1720-1751).

WITHIN the big wig of Ulrika Eleonora's husband, Fredrik of Hesse, there was little wit. Below the wig was a fat body, which seems to have been the preponderating element in his being. He was German to the core; and though king over Sweden for more than thirty years, he never fully mastered the Swedish language.

Fredrik's royalty was all a sham. If he "contraried" the Riksdag in matters of State or in any way overstepped his limited royal privileges, they were to be released from oath of allegiance to him. If he did not promptly affix his signature to the decisions of the legislative body, the Council should declare in the King's name that such decisions had become law.

The Swedish historians call the first fifty years that followed the death of Karl XII. the "Age of Freedom." It was rather the age of faction. Though the power rested more with the Riksdag than the throne, the Riksdag was itself in bondage to the capricious tyranny of malignant and unscrupulous party spirit. The "Caps" and the "Hats" were the names that were given to the two divisions of the members. The "Caps" were supposed to be womanish, and afraid to oppose the Russians; while the "Hats" claimed to be manly, and boldly antagonistic to the hereditary enemies on the other side of the Baltic.

In spite of the struggles with foes without, and perpetual dissensions within, there was, for a time, comparative prosperity in Sweden. Jonas Alströmer, a Swedish shop-boy, who had worked his way upward in England, came back to his native country to build factories and promote domestic industry. He had with



CHRISTOPHER POLHEM.

him a treasure which he hid in the ground to be a blessing for many generations. This treasure was the humble potato, now first introduced into Sweden.

Science had its deep students. Polhem and Emanuel Swedenborg (the latter not yet favored with visions) distinguished themselves in fathoming the secrets of nature and the difficulties of mechanics and engineering.

For all this, Fredrik I. deserves no credit. Fredrik finally died in 1751. Strange to say, three royal orders <sup>1</sup> that were to be given to the men whom "the King delighted to honor" were founded by Fredrik,—a monarch whose favor was little honorable.

While Fredrik was droning out his life on the throne, another king was growing up in Sweden. A "naughty boy who would not mind his book" went straying in the fields instead of sitting on the bench, and would have been put at a trade but for the interposition of a friendly doctor, who thought he saw something hopeful in this son of a poor country parson. The boy came to Upsala, found studies to his taste, and minded little that he had scant fare and . sometimes shoes out at the toes, if he but might linger late into the night over his favorite books. Eventually the youth, the young Linnæus, was professor at Upsala, and the pride of his countrymen, who named him the "King of Flowers," for he had shown himself a monarch who could understand the laws of the realm of Flora, and organize and number and name the subjects of her dominions. His statue stands in one of the most beautiful parks in Stockholm, wreathed round by a living garland of flowers, from early spring till autumn's frost. The little children who play about him, if they do not drop a courtesy as they pass, still look up into his kind face, and give him the respectful homage of their fresh young hearts.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> These orders are the order of the Seraphim, the Polar Star, and the Sword.

#### A GOOD CARPENTER.

#### ADOLF FREDRIK (1751-1771).

If King Adolf Fredrik had been born in a humble station, he would probably have passed along without blame, if without special praise. He was more skilful in using the tools of a carpenter or turner than in managing the wheels of State. He had been chosen from among the descendants of Gustaf Vasa to succeed Fredrik, to please the Russian Empress; and a poor choice it proved to be.

The royal name had fallen into disrepute. The kingdom was distracted by party divisions. The "Hats" and "Caps" were now up and now down, like the penny in the boy's game of "pitch and toss," and with apparently as little reason.

The stupid Adolf Fredrik tried marrying a gifted wife, but that did not profit him. The Louisa of Prussia he had taken for his wife was ambitious, imperious, and unscrupulous. She revolted at seeing her husband so humiliated, and prompted him to contend for his rights. He was still further restricted, and a seal was made to be used instead of his signature if he were obstinate about affixing his royal name to State papers. When, at last, the crowned pair were denied the superintendence of the education of their children, the queenly mother could bear no more. She planned a rebellion, not against, but for, the crown. The plot was discovered, and the royal rebels

were duly disciplined, — the Queen by a severe clerical rebuke, and the King by the threat of being dethroned if he did not behave himself better in future.

Sweden tried to take her part in the Seven Years' War, but came out of the undertaking without gain or glory.



ADOLF FREDRIK.

The country was impoverished. Bank-notes sank to a third of their proper value. The machinery from the silent factories was sold for a song, and there was a cry of real distress from the laboring classes. Adolf Fredrik laid down his crown. For six days there was no king in Sweden. The crown was again placed on his head, but it was not a symbol of power.

Gustaf, prince royal, betook himself to Paris. With Louis XV. on the throne, the French capital was no

good school of morals. While Gustaf was absent, Adolf Fredrik died suddenly, in 1771.

There were important changes in Sweden, in religious matters during the reign of Adolf Fredrik. Foreign residents were allowed to have their own places of worship, and were not to be molested in the observance of their public services. Confirmation was introduced into the Swedish Church, to be administered by the pastors after the due public instruction of the candidates. Clusters of devout men and women were springing up here and there, called by various opprobrious names, because they laid more stress on a deep inner life than on any forms, or any but the most fundamental articles of belief. The New Testament, Luther's Little Catechism, some Psalms, and a spelling-book and a dictionary were printed in the Lapp language, and religious teachers were provided for the wandering inhabitants of Northern Sweden.

#### A DRAMA.

#### GUSTAF III. (1771-1792).

WITH a mother like Louisa Ulrika of Prussia, one need not be surprised at the manifold gifts of her royal son. We have but to look at the statue of Gustaf III. by Sergel, his friend and subject, to know that we have before us the accomplished, elegant gentleman of the close of the last century. Standing quietly, we see the courtly king at his best. In motion, he was clumsy, an awkward dancer, and a poor horseman. His over-tender mother had not allowed him the athletic exercises that might have made him easy and graceful.

Nature had been lavish towards Gustaf III., but had been poorly seconded by education. Learning made easy, had been the method his otherwise skilful teachers early tried, and never wholly abandoned. His mind and character were alike undisciplined. At eleven he wrote, in French, a clever and amusing drama,—the experience of a refractory boy,—but the spelling was execrable. "To spell correctly was considered pedantic in those days." As a writer and an orator, the accomplished King was among the first men of his time in his own land. In the A B C of morality he had truly had instruction, but of its first principles he seems to have had no idea. The men of his court were more brilliant than reliable, and the women more graceful than good.

At nineteen, he had been married to Sophia Magdalena of Denmark, whom he had never seen until she came to Sweden to be made his wife. He never had for her any true or lasting affection.

Gustaf III. came to the throne, a man of twentyfive years of age, with his tastes and character formed. He found his country in a deplorable condition, and resolved upon immediate action. A coup d'état there should be, and there was. His plans were discovered, and there was talk of seizing the royal person. He suddenly appeared among the assembled officers and soldiers in the palace, saying: "If you will follow me, as your forefathers followed Gustaf Vasa and Gustaf Adolf, I will risk my life for you, and for the deliverance of my country." He was received with enthusiasm. The leaders of the "Caps" were arrested. The King, with a drawn sword in his hand, rode through the capital, with a white badge wound round his arm. White badges appeared promptly everywhere, as if there had been a sudden snowfall. The next day the King, in royal array, came into the Riksdag, and proposed a new form of government, of his own composition. It purported to claim no arbitrary power for the crown, though the royal prerogatives were greatly increased. It was adopted with acclamation, and Gustaf III. was hailed as the deliverer of his country in a time of sore need. The "Hats" and "Caps" were to abandon party names and party strife. For ten years there was a glad flash of prosperity and peace over the land.

In these so-called "glad days" a secret enemy had been undermining the national character.

Distilling had become a universal practice, and the products of the distillery had been lavishly consumed,

till the vice of intemperance threatened to degrade the whole people. The cure proposed for this evil was the limiting of distilling to the crown,—a plan which would also, it was supposed, considerably increase the royal revenues. The expedient proved a double failure. There were loud complaints from all classes that they had been robbed of their private rights and lawful indulgences. "Let the Court reform!" was the cry. "Let it give up its follies and its sins, and the people can take care of themselves!" For ten months the King had been lavishing money in foreign lands. "What did he care for the bad harvests at home, and the poor dying of hunger?" was the general feeling.

The army and navy had been the special care of Gustaf III. He now resolved to lead them into action, and win laurels for himself, and regain the love of his people. There was always Finland to quarrel about with the Russians. The Bear got the worst in a sea fight. But the King's brother, Karl, carried off the laurels, and at home the complaint was loud that the war had been begun without the consent of the Riksdag.

There was more increase of power for the King, and more fighting. The Russians had even prepared quarters on board one of their vessels for the captive Gustaf III., who was to be taken, of course; but he came off conqueror instead. Brighter days seemed coming, but there was discontent among the nobles. The King was warned that he had desperate enemies, and even that he had better not show himself at a certain masquerade ball in an opera house he had built. Disguised in a domino, he appeared in the midst of a scene which had for him especial attractions. He found himself suddenly surrounded by a

crowd of the motley guests. "Good-evening, beautiful master," sounded from a voice at his side. It was a signal followed by a shot. The ball entered the King's back, just above the hip. "I am wounded! Seize him!" cried the King. Others shouted that the palace was on fire, to increase the confusion, and allow the conspirators to escape. The doors were however made fast, and all present were obliged to unmask, and give their names. The wounded King was borne to the palace near at hand. He lived for thirteen suffering days, during which he appointed his brother, Duke Karl, as the head of a provisional government. There was no possibility now for the proposed revolt of the nobles. The outraged people were all on the side of the dying King. His sins and mistakes were forgotten, and he was mourned even before he was dead. To this day he has the warm affection of the Swedish nation, who like to speak with pride of the "Gustavian Period" as a brilliant one in their history. The King's charms of person and manners, his real love for his native land, his deep reverence for his honored forefathers, his brilliant gifts, his warm affection for his personal friends, his encouragement of genius, his love of art, his earnest parting wish that the conspirators who had caused his death should be gently dealt with, - have all conspired to throw a halo round his memory.

The Gustavian period was a rich blossoming time for literature and art, but it has left little lasting fruit, and few names of world-wide renown. The King's friend Bellman, the poet, like Burns (though a courtier instead of a ploughman), has too marked bacchanalian echoes in his sometimes beautiful songs. Sergel the sculptor's works still praise him. He was

distinguished all over Europe while living. In his statue of his friend and King love has crystallized every charm of the much admired gay monarch of the Swedes.

Gustaf III. founded the Swedish Academy for furthering the culture of the Swedish language and literature, and also the Academy for Historical and Archæological Researches. In a French opera-house Gustaf III. was first hailed as King of Sweden; in the Royal Theatre at Stockholm he received his death wound. His reign seems more like a long masquerade or drama, where a crowned king is the chief actor, than a serious part of veritable history.

#### A WANDERER.

#### GUSTAF IV. ADOLF (1792-1809).

A PARTY of strangers in Stockholm had been visiting the stately and admirable schoolhouse in Katarina parish. A poorly dressed little pupil had been sent with the travellers to show them the way through that puzzling part of the city. One of the ladies, who could speak Swedish, chatted with the intelligent child, and finally asked him, "Which of your kings do you like best?"

"Gustaf Adolf!" was the prompt and proud reply.

"Gustaf IV. Adolf?" continued the questioner, mischievously.

The boy came to a stand in the middle of the street where he was modestly walking. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said, "I - mean—Gustaf II. Adolf!"

"Why don't you like Gustaf IV. Adolf?" persisted the stranger.

"He lost Finland for us!" said the boy, as bitterly as if the wrong had been done yesterday, and he had been a personal sufferer from the offence.

The child had spoken out the feeling of the whole Swedish people. That Gustaf IV. Adolf let Finland slip away from her crown, was a sin for which Svea has never forgiven him. Gustaf III. had said of his only son, "He is stiff-necked and dull-headed, and will be sure to come to a bad end."

Small of calibre and narrow-minded as Gustaf IV. Adolf certainly was, he was still conscientious, and his private life was far more creditable than that of his gifted father. As the young King was only thirteen years old at the time of the royal murder, his uncle, another Duke Karl, was for five years regent. Gustaf IV. was not easy to rule. When a match had been arranged for him with the granddaughter of the Empress of Russia, he simply absented himself from the betrothal at St. Petersburg, when he found the future bride expected to worship in Stockholm, according to the rules of her own church. He married later Fredrika of Baden. At eighteen years of age, Gustaf IV. Adolf was his own master, and the ruler of his kingdom. The country was in a tolerably prosperous condition; for though Duke Karl was a weak man and easily governed by his favorites, the internal resources of the country had been in some respects carefully developed during his regency.

Bad harvests at last brought trouble. The King felt warmly for his suffering subjects, but he could not get the nobles in the Riksdag to consent to adopt the measures he proposed for the relief of the hungry. Murmuring was loud and open.

Gustaf IV. Adolf now aspired to a career for which he was particularly unfit and incompetent. He made up his mind to join the allied powers, and put down Napoleon Bonaparte, whom he verily believed to be "the beast" mentioned in the book of Revelation. He won no glory abroad for himself or his country, and soon had more than he could attend to at home. Bernadotte, in command of the French and Danes, was to assail him from the south. Prince Christian August, of Augustenburg, was to

come in with the Norwegians from the west; while Russia, when she had subdued Finland, was to meet the invaders before Stockholm, and Sweden was to be cut up like Poland, and shared among the victors.

Every able-bodied, unmarried Swede between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five was called to the field,—in all an army of thirty thousand men. An unskilful and obstinate leader, and the lack of the very necessities of life, brought this poor army into sad straits.

Finland was meanwhile left to itself, save that the King ordered the desperate Finns to retire northward through the deep snows and bitter cold. They unwillingly obeyed, but finally turned on their pursuers, and then came one of the bravest struggles ever recorded in history. In the midst of cold and want and sickness the little army of strong-hearted Finns had fought eighty battles when they were obliged at last to give up the ground for which they had contended, and retire to the ice-bound regions at the head of the Baltic.

What was now to save Sweden? It was resolved that the incompetent and stiff-necked Gustaf IV. Adolf must be deposed, — which was most peremptorily and summarily done. Armed men surrounded him in his own palace, and the whole change was accomplished without bloodshed in 1792. A pension was allowed the dethroned King, who was banished with his family. He led a wandering life as "Colonel Gustafsson," and died in Switzerland in 1837. Since the marriage of one of his descendants to the present Crown Prince of Sweden, the remains of the unfortunate King have been placed in Riddarholms Church in Stockholm, with those of his honored forefathers.

A treasure was added to Swedish literature through the loss of Finland by the poems of Finn Runeberg,<sup>1</sup> which vividly describe the bloody battles of the bold struggle, and inspire enthusiastic admiration for the brave generals who led on the hardy Finns.

In the diary of Sir Walter Scott mention is made of a so-called Count Itteburg, who appeared in Edinburgh in 1819, with his tutor, to pursue there his studies. The stranger was much interested in the fate of the Stuarts. On one occasion, while the Count was a guest at a country-house, the host was describing to him the adventures of the Pretender and his final failure. "How did he bear his misfortunes?" asked the stranger, eagerly. The sad story was told. The host looked up, and saw great tears rolling down the cheeks of his listener, who was, as he knew, the Prince of Vasa, the banished son of Gustaf IV. Adolf of Sweden. This son lived till 1877, while four Bernadottes were successively on the throne of his native land.

The Swedish King of the far future, the oldest son of the present Crown Prince, will in due time unite the blood of the Vasa and Bernadotte families on the throne of Sweden.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fänrik Stäl's Sägner.

#### DUKE KARL.

#### KARL XIII. (1809-1818).

KARL XIII. had not been a brilliant man in his youth. He was sixty years of age when he came again into power. Always doubtful of himself, easily influenced, undecided, and changeable, time had increased these peculiarities.

On the dismissal of Gustaf IV. Adolf, a Riksdag was called. A new form of government was made out in fourteen days,—the same substantially as that now existing in Sweden. Karl XIII. accepted the crown to rule under the new conditions. He had no heir to the throne, and it had been provided that a crown-prince should be chosen at once. After much discussion, the choice fell on Prince Christian August of Augustenburg, who had so lately led an army against Sweden, but had behaved mercifully towards the Swedish people, who were now to propose to have him reign over them.

Late in the year 1809 the old King had a stroke of apoplexy. It was important that the Crown Prince should be on the spot. He came simple, kindly, and warm-hearted, but no man to please in fastidious court society. In the spring of 1810, while superintending some military exercises, he fell backward from his horse, and was soon dead. A groundless rumor was spread that there had been false play, and that it was no natural death. At the State funeral of this Crown Prince

Count Axel von Fersen (the same who had aided Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in their attempt to escape to Vincennes) appeared magnificently dressed as Marshal of the Kingdom and in a State carriage drawn by six white horses. He had been before suspected of ill-will towards Christian August; and now the mob, excited against him by what they thought his unsuitable display on the solemn occasion, fell upon him, dragged him from his carriage, and in the end brutally murdered him in spite of the weak attempts made for his protection.

The old King was quietly at Haga, one of the royal seats in the neighborhood of Stockholm, when all this occurred. It was plain that a new hand was needed at the helm of the Swedish ship of State.



# VIII. THE BERNADOTTES.

## SVEA'S CHILDREN OF THE PAST.

A More than Crown Prince.
The Father of two Kings.
The Last Karl.

## A MORE THAN CROWN PRINCE.

KARL XIV. JOHAN (1810-1844).

A CROWN Prince was wanted for Sweden. Of course there was much weighing of the German princes in the search for the man for the occasion. An enterprising Swedish lieutenant took the matter into his own hands. He had been sent on government business to Paris. On his own responsibility he sounded Marshal Bernadotte, personally, as to whether he would be willing to rule the Swedes, now as their Crown Prince, and afterwards as their King.

The proposition struck the French Marshal favorably. The hasty determination of the young lieutenant was indorsed at home, and the proposition to Bernadotte was formally made and accepted.

Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, landed in Sweden, with his little eleven-year-old son, in the autumn of 1810. He left Napoleon, France, and Catholicism behind him, and began his new and unexpected career. He was now forty-six years of age; a distinguished military leader, who had shown himself skilful also, and energetic and efficient as the governor of Hanover and of the Hanseatic cities, and had even been given the same position in far Louisiana, though he never assumed its duties.

The dark-haired stranger had a nose like the beak of the king of birds, and an eye fit for a king of men. With a Frenchman's charm of manner, he united the commanding bearing of the hero of many battles. There was about him an attractiveness that pleased and captivated his new subjects at once.

Bernadotte was no accomplished scholar, but the world had been his school, and he had been no dull pupil. He was able to do what he was called upon to do, and was prompt and wise and just.



THE UNION OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Jean Baptiste Bernadotte was now Karl Johan, the Crown Prince of Sweden.

The usual enemies of Sweden had no weakling, and yet no lover of bloodshed, to deal with. With the Emperor of Russia Karl Johan soon entered on a lifelong, personal friendship. With the allied powers, the new King of Sweden was willing to attack Napoleon in the field, but he would not be among the invaders of France.

Norway refused to be handed over to Sweden by the Danes, but claimed an independent position. By prompt military manœuvres and wise diplomacy, Karl

Johan brought about between the twin sisters of the peninsula, welded together in the beginning of time like the Siamese twins, the political union suggested by nature. He saw them independent countries in their government, but united under his rule as the impartial King over both. The great military leader "conquered a peace" for Sweden that has lasted for some eighty years, a rest from war unknown before in her annals.

A Frenchman always, in language and character, Karl Johan gave to the Swedes the warm-hearted interest of his true Southern nature, and used his gifts and charms of manner to win the affections of his people and advance the interests of the country of his adoption. Internal improvements, substantial prosperity, and literary progress mark his reign. Göta and Södertelge canals, the appearance of the first Swedish steamboat, the establishment of the workshops at Motala, and the factories at Norrköping are some of the striking advances of his reign. A special education for medical men and for engineers was provided, and the lower schools were wisely cared for. Berzelius was king among chemists, and John Ericsson was preparing to lead the engineer corps of the world. Geijer, the historian-poet, was busy with his powerful pen. Tegnér and Runeberg wrote Swedish poems, that have been rendered into many languages, and Franzén and Wallin were singing their devout sacred songs.

It was a long reign, and one of wise, progressive development.

In 1844 Karl XIV. Johan died, at eighty years of age, the most long-lived of the Kings of Sweden in modern times. His little wife, Desideria (Desirée), daughter of a French merchant, did not come to Sweden at first when the Marshal was made Crown Prince; but

she lived for many long years in the Northern capital, and died in old age.

The change from being Crown Prince to King naturally took place in 1818, when Karl XIII. died; but Karl Johan had been the real monarch from the time he set foot on Swedish soil.

## THE FATHER OF TWO KINGS.

OSCAR I. (1844-1859).

OSCAR I. was the only son of Marshal Bernadotte. He was past forty years of age when he ascended the throne. He was French by birth, but having lived from his boyhood in Sweden, he was familiar with the language, character, and habits of the people he was to govern. His reign was a time of internal prosperity. In the twelve years after his accession, the imports and exports of Sweden had tripled, and in this short time as great advances were made in the business world of the country as before in centuries.

During this reign a law was passed that even in humble life sisters should inherit on equal terms with their brothers; a check was put upon the work of the distillers, and a strong effort was made to decrease the vice of drunkenness, prevailing among the people; the telegraph tied city to city, and facilitated free intercourse over the land, and the State decided to build railroads to be under careful inspection and superintendence.

Oscar I., in 1857, two years before his death, conscious of his failing health, placed, with the consent of the Riksdag, the government in the hands of his son, afterwards Karl XV.

Oscar I. had no favorites at court. He was accessible, but the same to all. Absent-minded, he would often stop in the midst of a conversation, to be called

back, by a touch from the Queen, to the subject in hand. Capital punishment was repugnant to him. He pardoned rather than that the murderer should be executed. He inspired more, it is said, the feeling that one might have towards an attractive private gentleman, than the awe inspired by an absolute



QUEEN JOSEPHINE.

sovereign, or the enthusiastic devotion called out by a brilliant hereditary king. His wife, Queen Josephine, survived him for seventeen years of loving activity towards the sick, the suffering, the poor, and the discouraged, and her name is held in affectionate memory. She was a Catholic, as was her father, Prince of Leuchtenberg, who is better known as Eugene Beauharnais, the son of the Empress Josephine.

## THE LAST KARL.

KARL XV. (1859-1872).

WITH the late King, Karl XV., we have fairly come down to our own day. The muse of History is a presbyte. She cannot see clearly and fairly what is too near to her eyes, and she knows her failing.



LANDSCAPE PAINTED BY KARL XV.

We do not need to go to history to hear about Karl XV. Almost everybody one meets in Stockholm has some story to tell about the friendly King, who could leave his royalty in the vestibule of a subject's home, and sit down to chat with the family within, as if he were one of themselves. He liked to meet his people

as a man and a brother, in the palace, the cottage, or by the fireside of the comfortable citizen. It is reported that his mother said of him, "Karl pleases, without trying to please."

The re-organization of the Riksdag, before mentioned, was the great work of this reign. In January, 1867, the Riksdag first met, according to its new organization, made under the superintendence of the honored statesman, Baron Louis de Geer. The law forbidding the assembling of dissenters in private houses was annulled in the time of Karl XV. The schools were much improved, under the influence of the minister of ecclesiastic affairs, the late F. F. Carlson. The wife of Karl XV. was the gentle Louisa of the Netherlands. She died in 1871. The next year, the King, who had been for some time in failing health, died at Malmö, on his return from a foreign journey. He was succeeded by his brother, the present King Oscar II.

The great historian Geijer has said "the history of her Kings is pre-eminently the history of Sweden." We leave Oscar II. with the responsibility of his own life, and the history of his country during the reign of the fourth of the Bernadottes. May it be a fair page, on which posterity will dwell with unalloyed satisfaction!

THE END.

